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German Spies at Bay

Being an Actual Record of the German Espionage in Great Britain during the years 1914-1918, compiled from Official Sources :: ::

By Sidney Theodore Felstead

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE late war has been unprecedented for many reasons, one of which is the large number of memoirs written by the sailors and soldiers who actually controlled the naval and military destinies of their respective nations. Such a proceeding is in vivid contrast to the past, and the effect of this frankness is likely to exercise a curious result on wars of the future. Whether that influence will be good or bad time alone can tell.

In presenting to the public a narrative of the doings of the German spies in Great Britain during the time of the Great War I am hoping that the facts revealed will help to assess at their true worth some of the methods by which the Germans make war. It would seem, to judge by the activities of his Secret Service, that the Hun was by no means as clever as he would have had the world believe. Of course, against this must be reckoned the fact that, being a group of islands, we were in a much better position to resist the clandestine activities of the enemy than were our French Allies.

It would also appear that preparation is not everything. The Germans started the war with a great deal of preparation, in their Secret Service as in everything else, but it availed them nothing in the end. During the closing months of the war our intelligence agents outnumbered those of the Germans by at least five to one. And I am afraid that this arose from the fact that, although the

enemy could not seduce the allegiance of any true-born British subjects, even those whom he had interned in his prison camps, the same scruples were not ingrained in the breasts of the Germans. Thousands of them were only too glad to undertake espionage for one or another of the Allies.

This account of how our counter-espionage authorities frustrated the efforts of the German Secret Service in Great Britain is, I hope, but the forerunner of many similar phases of the war. There are many marvellous stories still to be told, especially those dealing with inventions which effected a radical alteration in the course of the war. One in particular is that of the evolution of directional wireless telegraphy, an innovation which was directly responsible for Field-Marshal Lord Allenby trapping and destroying the Turkish Third Army in Palestine. In addition, this new method brought about many of the triumphs of the late Lieut.-General Sir Stanley Maude in Mesopotamia. Report has it that the inventor has up to date been rewarded with a Military Cross! although I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of that statement.

London, February, 1920.

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GERMAN SPIES AT BAY

CHAPTER I

The German spy system in Great Britain prior to the war—Its destruction on the outbreak of hostilities.

I AM writing this book that something may be known of the manner in which we were guarded from the secret perils of the late war. Countless volumes have been written revealing the glories of our armies in the field; the Navy has had its deeds chronicled in brilliant fashion by writers who have had personal acquaintance with them.

But there is another side to the war of which all too little has ever been made known—that of the service which protected us against spies, against the terrible crime of sabotage, which wreaked such havoc in Russia and the United States of America, of our propaganda and counter-propaganda and a host of other things, all the more effective that little, if anything authentic, was ever said about them.

The time has come when it is possible for the veil to be lifted. But as a preliminary I should like the reader to understand that this is a narrative of fact. During the war an immense amount of fiction, alleged to be founded on actual happenings, was written around the doings of German spies in Great Britain. These stories, as may be imagined, gave an altogether false

impression of the subtlety of the German Secret Service, and they also credited the enemy with making a great deal more preparation than was actually so. What I have to tell is nothing but truth: I am not one who would weave a halo around the head of a German spy, especially in view of the fact that most of the enemy agents whom we brought to justice were hirelings, men and women who spied for what it would bring.

Of the multifarious duties of "Special Intelligence," the department responsible for the duties I have just indicated, one could write without end. That of the Postal Censorship alone involved the employment of over four thousand people, and the results which sprang out of the work are to this day incalculable. By it we kept a check on the German spy system which brought to light some of the most astounding comedies and dramas of the war, stories of secret inks and ciphers which might well belong to the realm of the writer of fiction.

The average man in the street will have little or no conception of the fact that we established during the war an Imperial and Inter-Allied Intelligence Organization which played an exceedingly successful part in defeating the enemy. He knows that we assumed control of the cables immediately war was declared: does he realize the colossal work involved in cutting Germany off from the outside world, of gradually closing down all her sources of supply, or the unceasing vigilance which was necessary that cipher messages should not flash across the ocean, eventually to reach a far-distant enemy agent, and result in some act of sabotage, or in the sending of a spy from a neutral country?

Primarily, of course, the object of "Special Intel-

ligence" was counter-espionage, and it is to that fascinating subject that this book is devoted. Who did not feel a thrill in the early days of the war when "German spy" was mentioned?

* * * * * *

There have been spies from the time of Rahab, and although we British people, with perhaps unconscious hypocrisy, indulge in heated indignation when the German spy system is discussed, we are really deluding ourselves. Spies and counter-spies exist in every civilized country of the world, and much as we may abhor their necessity, they are a concomitant of warfare without which no belligerent nation could maintain operations in the field. Never was this illustrated better than in the Russo-Japanese War. For want of spies the Russians fought decisive battles in the most appalling ignorance of the enemy strength, while on the other hand, the Japanese, whose Secret Service is perhaps the best in the world, were actually receiving information from their spies at Russian Headquarters.

One has to go back some years to trace the genesis of the German spy organization in Great Britain. Its recent development can probably be dated from 1905, a period when the Emperor William first began to reveal the thoughts of European domination which lay dormant in his mind. Certainly at the time the notorious Steinhauer, a personal friend of the Kaiser, was appointed to the head of the German Secret Service, and signalized his advent by throwing around Europe, especially Russia, France and Great Britain, a network of male and female spies, whose fell work, so far as the first-mentioned country is concerned, has

an everlasting monument to-day in Bolshevism. I shall have more to tell of Steinhauer later.

In Great Britain the German Secret Service mainly devoted its energies to the securing of information dealing with our Navy. We had several visits from Steinhauer himself, and from time to time naval officers would be tempted—for a monetary consideration—to write on things that were happening. The German was certainly artful; he would approach a neutral, usually a Dutchman or Scandinavian, and with him make arrangements for publishing a work dealing with the navies of the world. To acquire the British particulars and to allay suspicion it was necessary to appoint an English agent, who would be requested to obtain from authoritative sources articles written by naval officers and paid for at remunerative rates. Couched in flattering phraseology, such as the world-wide renown of the officer on some special subject, a letter would be sent, asking for articles dealing with matters such as light cruisers of the future, or a dissertation on the possibilities of the destroyer in its relation to submarines. It was all very crafty; the extent to which it succeeded is another matter.

Open bribery of naval ratings was occasionally resorted to, one instance being that of a Chief Gunner named Parrott. Timely discovery led to Parrott's arrest and subsequent conviction, and an alteration in armament which left the Germans as wise as before. But, in the main, the German Secret Service strongly deprecated buying information openly; it was far too dangerous. There was a spy who came to this country for naval information who was followed all over the country, and on his departure to Rotter-

dam was accompanied, without his knowledge, by a British agent, who, in the disguise of a tatterdemalion, down-at-heel loafer, sat alongside the German on the seat of a park while the latter detailed to his principal the result of his visit to Great Britain. We were not so slow, even in those days.

* * * * * *

The outbreak of the great European War in 1914 found Germany without a spy system in this country. The reason for this did not lie at the door of Steinhauer, but rather at that of certain far-seeing English gentlemen, who for some years previously had a strong suspicion that the day was not far distant when Germany would throw off the mask of friendship and reveal her true intentions towards mankind in general. Acting on the assumption that it is easier to deal with a peril you know than one you are uncertain of, we forbore to arrest the numerous German spies in this country. We were contented with keeping ourselves informed of their numerous activities and manifesting a personal interest in their correspondence.

The assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand on Sunday, June 28th, 1914, was a danger signal appreciated to the full by our counter-espionage officials. A fortnight later, when the clouds of war were gathering fast, there was full-dress mobilization of that Military Intelligence Department which concerned itself with counter-espionage. The fruits of our long and unwearied vigilance over the German spies in Great Britain were about to fall into our hand, and we wanted to ascertain how the plucking would work.

I must digress for a few moments to deal with the

case of Karl Gustav Ernst, who, on November 13th, 1914, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude on a charge of espionage. Ernst, a German born in Britain, married to a German woman, the proprietor of a hairdressing establishment in the Caledonian Road, North London, was the pivot on which the German spy system in this land to a large extent turned. A broken reed, one thought, seeing him in the dock at the Old Bailey, but possibly the best Germany could obtain.

Somewhere about the end of 1910 Ernst was approached by another German barber, Kronauer by name, as to whether he would be willing to forward to people in Great Britain letters received from a "commercial inquiry agency" in Berlin. These letters, already stamped, would be sent to him in large envelopes; all he had to do was to re-post them to the people concerned. The remuneration for this work was to be one pound a month, a sum which Kronauer said he was receiving for like duties. Why the "commercial inquiry agency" should have required their letters to be franked with British stamps and cancelled by the postmark of this country was a shallow mystery which, apparently, did not require much solution. Ernst, under cross-examination, alleged that he was ignorant at first as to the real nature of the work, although he confessed to communicating with Steinhauer in Berlin, whose *nom de guerre* was temporarily Madame Reimers. His tale received the reception it deserved, and his sentence of seven years' penal servitude was a fitting punishment. He was lucky to escape with his life.

I have gone to some length in writing of such an insignificant personality as Ernst, but the importance

of the matter is sufficient justification. The Berlin address from which he received the letters for reposting was that of the headquarters of the German Secret Service. The letters received were, in the main, addressed to the German spies scattered throughout the country. About two hundred a month was Ernst's quota, so that he cannot be said to have been overpaid, although Steinhauer did increase his remuneration to the munificent sum of thirty shillings a month when he protested. It was not a great deal, certainly, to imperil one's life for.

These happenings, together with a visit to Ernst on the part of Steinhauer, who wished him to obtain other Germans who would do the same work, had not passed unnoticed. Our Military Intelligence Department were taking more than a passing interest in the correspondence received by the little German barber of Caledonian Road, and an even more pronounced interest in the people to whom he sent his Berlin letters. Officials who thoroughly understood German were taking the liberty of opening Ernst's packets, extracting the contents, opening them, reading and photographing them, and then sending them on to the rightful owners. It may have struck the outsider as somewhat complaisant, but for us it possessed the inestimable advantage of giving into our possession what might be termed a complete genealogical tree of the German spy system in Great Britain. Whether the people who received the letters ever suspected anything remains doubtful to this day; if they did, they gave no hint.

August 4th, 1914, came with its soul-stirring events, and the test mobilization of our Military Intelligence Department was put into actual practice. The spy

"tree," compiled with such painstaking care from Ernst's letters, was felled to the ground. Instructions were wired all round England to chief constables to arrest the spies, and of the twenty-two known to have been at large in this country only one escaped, he through the port of Hull. No criminal proceedings were taken against the arrested men. They were brought to London, and one by one interrogated and thence placed in an internment camp to await a suitable opportunity for deportation. It was not in the interests of Great Britain that the breakdown of the German spy system should be known across the Rhine, and although in the course of a few weeks the enemy must inevitably have learnt that something had happened to his spies, he remained in ignorance long enough to enable us to get our Expeditionary Force across the Channel, and have it there for seventeen days before he became aware of its presence. In preventing leakage of information we were a good deal more clever than the Germans generally imagined: that which we permitted to leak was another matter.

The names of the German spies who were arrested on the outbreak of war are possibly not of any great importance to-day. If they ever again come to this country on the search for naval and military information, it will probably be with an assumed name, allowing they are not recognized at our ports. However, there is no harm in giving their names; it may help to identify them should they have the temerity to spy once more. They are:

Antonius J. F. Dummenie, arrested in London.
Karl Stubenwoll, ,, Newcastle.

Karl Meyer,	arrested in	Warwick.
Johann Kühr,	,,	Newcastle.
Oscar Buckwaldt,	,,	Brighton.
Karl Hemlar,	,,	Winchester.
Friedrich Apel,	,,	Barrow-in-Furness.
Max A. Laurens,	,,	London.
Franz H. Losel,	,,	Sittingbourne.
Thomas Kegnamer,	,,	Southampton.
Adolf Schneider,	,,	London.
Karl von Weller,	,,	Padstow.
Marie Kronauer,	,,	London.
Celse Rodrigues,	,,	Portsmouth.
Friedrich Diederichs,	,,	London.
August Klunder,	,,	London.
Lina M. Heine,	,,	Portsmouth.
Heinrich Schutte,	,,	Weymouth.
Friedrich Lukowski,	,,	Newcastle.
Otto Kruger,	,,	Mountain Ash.
Johann A. Engel,	,,	Falmouth.

From the places where the majority of these Germans were captured by the police one could have little difficulty in surmising what it was the Germans wanted. It was naval information, and this they thirsted for some considerable time after the war had been in progress. It was not until the New Armies began to land in France in the summer of 1915 that the enemy awoke to the fact that we had become a power on land as well as water.

Under cross-examination by the officials most of the captured spies made no compunction of saving their skins; cheerfully did they tell of everything they had done in England; even more cheerfully did they take their way to an internment camp, there to indulge in complacent speculation about their country-

men who had fled to their native land immediately war was threatened. In the mind of the average Hun the safety of an internment camp was much to be preferred to fighting for the Fatherland on the already blood-stained battlefields of France and Flanders.

CHAPTER II

August 4, 1914—Our organization to cope with espionage—The War Office arrangements.

FROM a counter-espionage point of view the war caught us napping. It is perfectly true that the Committee of Imperial Defence had previously prepared schemes ready for the taking over of the railways, a cable censorship evolved by Colonel (now General Sir Francis) Davies, which in practice worked so perfectly that throughout the war it underwent no radical alteration, and plans for the registration of aliens, all of which were put into operation immediately war was declared.

But there was no ready-made system for dealing with the large numbers of neutrals who came through our ports, and it was primarily owing to this cause that Germany was enabled to send many spies to this country, usually in the guise of a commercial traveller of South American or Dutch origin. We had no means of sifting the harmless trader from the German agent who came spying under the cloak of commerce. It was much later that the officer in direct charge of counter-espionage was given the opportunity of checking the ingress and egress of "neutrals" by keeping his own staff at our ports, and it was more than a coincidence that from that

time onward we were not so seriously troubled with German spies.

Another justifiable cause for complaint was the non-internment of aliens of enemy origin. It is one of the greatest mysteries of the war that with 32,000 Germans in this country no attempts at sabotage took place. Perhaps our vulnerable points were too well guarded; perhaps the certainty of detection was too great; whatever the reason it is beyond all doubt that we were never subjected to sabotage of the kind so common in America in 1915 and 1916. I can state without fear of contradiction that there was not a single explosion which occurred in this country which was not ascribable to accident. Our casualties from this aspect of warfare were confined entirely to explosions which were inevitable in the manufacture of munitions on an immense scale. And even the number of fires which took place was much less than in normal times.

Nor was it ever anticipated by the War Office that any postal censorship other than the examination of the correspondence of suspected persons would be necessary. It was even thought that it would not be possible to provide the requisite staff, although when it became evident that for counter-espionage purposes, as well as that of the blockade, it would be imperative to examine all correspondence passing through the different war zones, the postal censorship staff so increased that by the time the armistice was signed, on November 11th, 1918, it numbered over four thousand people, which included experts in every language on the face of the earth, chemists whose sole duty it was to detect the numerous invisible inks which German spies were continually using, and

men who could unravel the most complicated cipher ever invented. We were indeed a liberal education to the Hun; as we discovered, so did he evolve something fresh. It was a battle of wits, in which we were certainly not worsted.

Prior to the war, our staff for the detection of spies consisted of fourteen people, four officers, three detectives and seven clerks. It was small, certainly, but efficient enough judged in the light of results. But by the time the war had come to a conclusion the number of people whose business it was to counter enemy espionage had increased to such an extent that the staff numbered seven hundred. And this not counting the cable and postal censorship, which played a most important part in detecting correspondence addressed by the German Secret Service to their chief spies in Great Britain, America, Scandinavia, Holland, Spain and Switzerland, and, correspondingly, by the spies to the addresses specially provided for that purpose.

It had always been recognized by the British authorities that on the outbreak of a European War it would be necessary to establish a special department to deal with enemy activities of a clandestine character outside the actual area of military operations. It was quite anticipated that some machinery would have to be created whereby we could have a Secret Service, operating mainly on the continent of Europe, a counter-espionage department, the control and, if necessary, internment of aliens of enemy birth, a cable and postal censorship, the control of the Press, the facilities to detect and seize contraband of war. All these matters had received consideration in times of peace. It was fully foreseen they would

play a vitally important part in any great war we were likely to wage. But what was not fully recognized was the extent to which such a department was likely to expand. Perhaps the magnitude of the war itself, which certainly exceeded the expectations of the Germans, absolves our authorities from blame, although it does not do away with the fact that we were in a most lamentable state of unpreparedness when war came, and, indeed, showed but little inclination to remedy the deficiency until the officials concerned were able to show the Government that without a department capable of effectively controlling all enemy communications to and from Europe our efforts at checking espionage, sabotage and trading abroad would be heavily hampered. In a later chapter I will give some indication of the extent to which we were hindered with our postal censorship owing to want of the necessary staff.

It would not be correct to say that we had no department which in pre-war days did not concern itself with matters outside the realm of the armies in the field. There was what was known as the Directorate of Military Operations, a War Office department, divided into five sections, two of which dealt with military intelligence, the others with strategical, geographical and special matters, the latter of which includes the subjects mentioned in the previous paragraph as awaiting attention in the event of an outbreak of war.

By February, 1915, the activities of the Special Section had become so far-reaching, and the size of the staff had grown so considerably (exceeding, indeed, over six thousand people, and thus becoming the fifth largest Department of State), that it became neces-

sary to organize the section as a self-constituted department under a general officer, who had the position and authority of a director.

In January, 1916, Lord Kitchener decided to reorganize the Imperial General Staff, and for that purpose brought back General Sir William Robertson from France to act as Chief. Experience had already shown that the existing arrangement of the General Staff was wholly unadapted to modern warfare. The Directorate of Military Operations had grown to unmanageable dimensions, and it was clearly essential that the work should be more evenly divided. It was decided by the new Chief of Staff to divorce questions of Operations from Military Intelligence, and a new Directorate of Military Operations was formed out of the old Strategical Section, while the Intelligence and Geographical Sections became a new Directorate of Military Intelligence.

Out of the Special Section was formed a department known as the Directorate of Special Intelligence, which, for some reason best known to the authorities, was made subordinate to the Directorate of Military Intelligence. Considering that the duties of the director of this former department were largely concerned with obtaining information concerning our naval, military and air forces, it would have seemed more fitting that the Director of Special Intelligence, who had to serve all three, should have been given a position somewhat analogous to that of Sir Maurice Hankey in the War Cabinet, whose duty it was to co-ordinate the naval, military and aerial policy of our fighting forces, and to direct the combined operations of those arms towards the common goal. In exactly the same way the Directorate of

Special Intelligence had the task of gathering up all the loose ends which were devoting themselves to the prevention of the leakage of naval and military secrets by such methods as censorship of letters and cables, counter-espionage and the control of the Press. Even had it been found impracticable to place the Directorate of Special Intelligence directly under the War Cabinet, it should have been possible to have put it on the same plane as the Directorates of Military Operations and Military Intelligence, which were of infinitely smaller size and probably less importance.

Unfortunately, however, the new Chief of the General Staff, fresh back from France, was probably unaware of the extent to which the work of "Special Intelligence" had grown, and from its title possibly conceived it to be merely a branch of the Directorate of Military Intelligence, which it most certainly was not. In any case, it was clearly out of the question for the head of the latter department to have assumed control of the two.

However, "Special Intelligence" came into being as subordinate to "Military Intelligence." The title was a most inappropriate one, as everybody knew; but all efforts at getting a more suitable one failed, so the name stuck, and, indeed, still remains.

The Director of Special Intelligence was Brigadier-General G. K. Cockerill, who had assumed office in September, 1914, as head of the Special Section. General Cockerill appears to have possessed all the necessary qualifications for his onerous duties. A lifelong experience as an Intelligence Officer in India, a comprehensive three years' service in the South African War, in which he was mainly engaged in administering Cape Colony under martial law, gave

him the opportunity of knowing exactly how far it was possible for the military authorities to control a civil population in time of war, without the actual imposition of martial law. It was General Cockerill, or lieutenant-colonel as he was at the time, who first seriously approached the problem of obtaining the necessary powers to deal with any possible contingency in time of war. Taught by the experience of the South African War, he drafted a measure, the purpose of which was purely naval and military. But as the war went on this measure, known as the Defence of the Realm Act, or more commonly still as "Dora," became a political weapon. "Dora" lost the dignity of passing through the House of Commons: she became "Regulation," and could be added to by an Order in Council, passed by a little group of officials sitting in the War Office. Her name became a byword throughout the country—but she never lost her power.

There were many important problems for the new Directorate to tackle. First and foremost was that of countering the efforts of enemy spies in Great Britain. For obvious reasons it is not possible to give the name of the very gallant officer who was responsible to the Director of Special Intelligence for this work; but it is sufficient to say that he was exceedingly successful, and received the reward of merit not long ago with a well-deserved knighthood. Serving under this officer were five others, whose respective duties all had as their ultimate object the detection of suspected enemy agents. There were dozens of ways by which spies could be caught, and whether it was through information supplied by our agents in a neutral capital, or from a haul made by boarding officers from a ship brought into one of our ports, or an intercepted

message, it was all co-ordinated effort which had to be grouped into clearly defined sections, each under the charge of an officer.

On a very small scale, our counter-espionage department was brought into existence in 1909 for the express purpose of defeating the spy system which the Germans were then endeavouring to create in Great Britain. For two years the efforts of the department were hampered by it being impossible to convict a spy unless he were caught with the evidence of guilt in his possession. In 1911, however, the Official Secrets Act was passed, and, as a result, we were enabled to expose many of the ramifications of the German Secret Service in this country, and convict the spies responsible.

In addition to checking the activities of spies, our counter-espionage department was also charged with the initiation of measures for the control of aliens and of the civil population during the war, in so far as it concerned the revealing of information likely to assist the enemy. It was quite obvious that unwittingly the public and Press might give information of enormous value to our adversaries. The proper method was to prevent such information leaking out. This was carried out with a good deal of success, if the examples of the landing of our Expeditionary Force in France, the withdrawal from Gallipoli, or the manufacture of the Tanks are to be regarded as any criterion.

The counter-espionage section, to give it its proper title, consisted of five sub-sections, as follows :

1. For the prevention of espionage and the control of aliens and undesirables, in consultation with the Home Office.

2. The detention of espionage and the punishment of enemy agents, in close touch with Scotland Yard.
3. The control and examination at ports and frontiers of civilian passenger traffic in transit to and from zones of military operations.
4. The co-ordination of Imperial counter-espionage, correspondence with Dominions and Colonies and special measures for countering espionage and sedition in the Far East.
5. The examination of the credentials of aliens seeking employment in connection with any form of war service which would offer special opportunities for hostile activities, especially Red Cross and munition work.

It was the counter-espionage section which was responsible for the travelling restrictions which made passages to and from the Continent so difficult. Naturally, travelling was discouraged as much as possible; it was no part of our policy to create endless trouble for ourselves by permitting more or less unrestricted intercourse. Nor did our Allies desire it. One had only to watch the boatloads which came into Havre and Southampton during the war to judge of the dangerous possibilities from an espionage point of view.

Everything which could possibly lead to the detection of spies was brought into being. Measures were adopted for keeping a close watch on well-known spies, while in Paris there was established what was known as the Bureau Central Inter-Allié, which was entrusted with the exchange of information between the Allies in regard to suspected persons and other

matters under the ægis of the Directorate of Special Intelligence. Whatever the Germans may have thought at the beginning of the war, they were possessed of no doubt towards the end that our Intelligence methods were no whit inferior to theirs.

From August, 1914, our counter-espionage section brought to justice over thirty German spies. Twelve of these were executed, eleven being shot and one hanged. One committed suicide when conviction was inevitable, six were sentenced to death and had their penalty commuted to penal servitude, while another six received varying sentences of imprisonment. In addition, there were dozens of spies interned for want of evidence likely to convict them, mainly people taken off boats who had not actually landed in this country, and who therefore could not be tried under our laws. In no case did we shoot a female spy, although there were several who richly deserved that fate.

* * * * * *

It must not be thought that "Special Intelligence" concerned itself entirely with counter-espionage. That was the primary object of the Directorate's existence certainly, but there were other sections whose work was of almost equal importance. There was the cable censorship controlled by Colonel A. G. Churchill until January, 1918, when Colonel Lord Arthur Browne succeeded him, which exercised a dominating influence on Germany's efforts to obtain supplies from abroad, and, incidentally, was responsible for most of the proceedings which took place in our Prize Courts.

The postal censorship, under Lieut.-Colonel G. S. H. Pearson, opened millions of letters, played havoc with

enemy correspondence to Germans abroad, and was directly responsible for the detection of many of the spies. Our command of the seas gave us wonderful opportunities for sending Germans abroad propaganda leaflets of a type which brought a reply from a Hun in a foreign country—also through our postal censorship—saying that he had read through the leaflets sent him, and that they were magnificent—until he began to read on, when doubt entered his mind whether the leaflets had not actually come from the accursed British.

In addition to the two censorships there was a propaganda and counter-propaganda section, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Fisher. Some of the stories of how we fooled the Hun make reading too rich to be lost in oblivion. Ludendorff, in his recently published Memoirs, refers continually in the most acrimonious fashion to the evil effects of our propaganda. He seems to imagine we were unscrupulous, a comment which, coming from a German, is perhaps the best joke of all.

Another section was that under Major G. L. Hoare, which concerned itself with the restriction of enemy supplies, military international law, and the provision of personnel for our Intelligence Corps. Although under the jurisdiction of the Director of Special Intelligence, it had little to do with counter-espionage and, therefore, I do not propose to deal with it.

It will be seen that the new Directorate in all its different sections had exceedingly important duties to carry out, and that the process of expansion would alone entail endless worry. It was not all done in a day, as may be imagined. We learnt as we went along, and the Hun himself taught us a good deal. So fast

as we outwitted him did he evolve something new, although towards the end there were indications that he was growing tired. All the spies he sent to this country were entrusted amongst other things with the task of ascertaining the state of our *moral*, indubitable proof that his own was fast declining. It is very certain that any information the Hun did get on this score—particularly regarding food—far from reassured him. His agents always managed to live well in this country, if only for the fact that they never knew when another enjoyable meal would come their way.

Naturally, our Intelligence methods were not in anything approaching a state of perfection when the curtain was rung up on the tremendous drama which followed our declaration of war on August 4th, 1914. We had broken up the German spy system in Great Britain a week after that date, and were waiting for the first of the players in the new drama to make his appearance.

CHAPTER III

An execution in the Tower of London—Carl Hans Lody—His last words and letters—Anthony Küpferle—His amazing confession and suicide.

THE dawn of a chill autumn morning in the Tower of London. Heavy grey mists come swirling up from the river outside, clothing the whitened walls of the Tower with a gargantuan shroud. The all-pervading stillness received but an occasional disturbance from the mournful echo of a ship's siren as the vessel felt her way down the river.

Inside the Tower the birth of day had been responsible for a great burst of activity. Troops were bestirring, and from their grave demeanour it was easy to surmise that matters of moment were about to be decided. And indeed they were. For the first time in a hundred and fifty years the Tower of London was about to witness a sight, common enough in its earlier history, rare enough in these prosaic days of prisons and hangings: the execution of a prisoner of State. To be more precise, it was the execution of a German spy.

The preparations were soon completed. A chair was placed in a small hall used as a miniature rifle range, and the firing party, eight stalwart guardsmen, were marched in with a sergeant at their head, and sharply came to a position of ease, awaiting the coming of the

condemned man. Seasoned soldiers to a man, the task of shooting a fellow being in cold blood had never yet fallen to their lot. Curious glances were cast at the chair which so soon was to hold a dead body, and one could sense an uncomfortable, half-ashamed atmosphere reflected in the faces of the men. Almost could one hear them whispering that they would be glad when the job was over.

There was a bustle at the door, and the spy, escorted by two men of the military police, clad only in his shirt and trousers, came in. An intelligent looking man, who walked with upright head, he bore himself bravely, and was apparently going to his doom with a composure which could only come of a long recognition of the inevitable fate of spies. At the order of the sergeant-major superintending matters he seated himself in the fatal chair, and suffered his limbs to be bound without protest. But the offer of a bandage was refused. As he had gone through the career of a spy with open eyes, so would he die. The handkerchief was gently waved aside and the sergeant-major did not persist. Instead, he leant over the spy, bared his breast to the cold morning air, and stepped clear, awaiting the last scene.

"Are you all ready, Sergeant-Major?" asked the officer in charge. "All ready, sir," came back the reply. An order to the firing party, and eight rifles were aimed at the condemned man's chest. He did not flinch, merely watching curiously some of the men whose distaste for the job was plainly evident. One last look at the spy and the officer in charge raised his stick, then suddenly brought it down. He was answered by a burst of red flame and a crash which went echoing throughout the Tower. The figure in

the chair gave one great convulsive shudder and then fell forward limp and bloody.

* * * * * *

Carl Hans Lody was the first spy to be executed in the Tower of London since the time of George III. He was also probably the most favourable specimen of a German agent with whom we had to deal during the war, for there is no doubt that his motives were purely patriotic. On those grounds there was some talk of his death sentence being commuted to penal servitude for life; but when the proposal was brought before the head of the counter-espionage section it received the strongest possible refusal. It was argued, with excellent reason, that the execution of a spy and the public announcement thereof would have a most deterrent effect on future German spies who might be thinking of coming to this country. This finally decided the matter, and Lody paid the supreme penalty on Friday, November 6th, 1914. He met his death without flinching, and on the morning of his execution, when the Assistant Provost-Marshal came to his cell to tell him his time had come, he said, rather wistfully, "I suppose you will not care to shake hands with a German spy?" "No, I would not," said the A.P.M., "but I will shake hands with a brave man," and so Carl Lody died.

Of all the impossible tasks with which any war historian is confronted, that of analysing the mental psychology of a spy is the worst. There are patriotic spies and hireling spies: it was the latter type which predominated amongst the German agents who came to this country during the war. Nearly all of neutral origin, they came into the game for what they could

make out of it, and the inevitable conclusion one came to was that they had very little conception of the odds against them. There were Peruvians, Brazilians, Uruguayans, German-Americans, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Scandinavians and Spaniards. When captured and interrogated they behaved with the characteristics common to their race. The Dutchman and the Scandinavian would preserve a sullen indifference to everything, answering questions reluctantly, and making desperate endeavours to avoid committing themselves.

Not so the South Americans: with the charming insouciance of the Latin they would answer any and every question—too readily, in fact. But they were permitted to go on until such time as their information became nothing but a mass of contradictions—when they would cheerfully own up to lying. The German-American would be indignant, threatening his interrogator with all the pains and penalties of international law—until confronted with the evidence of his guilt, when he would lapse into glowering silence. The German lied—continued lying—until his forged passport and secret ink messages were produced, when he, too, would see that the game was up, and would accordingly relapse into silence.

There was one spy who broke down badly under the relentless cross-examination. As he was asked a question, so would he reply and then ask: "Can you tell me if this means death?" "I cannot say," his interrogator would answer. So it went on for half an hour. Every time the spy replied to a damaging question he would ask if it meant death to him. At last his interrogator grew curious, and asked: "Why is it you want to know?" The spy whose nerves

were rapidly approaching a state of collapse, burst into tears and, holding his hands over his face, sobbed : " I have an aged mother in Stettin, and would like to provide for her before I die."

It could not be said of Carl Lody that he gave his cross-examiners any assistance when taken to Scotland Yard. He was a professional spy, whose appointment had been specially approved by the Kaiser, and although he made a great mystery of the fact right up to the time of his death, there is no doubt that he was sent on a special mission with the knowledge of his Emperor so soon as it became evident that we had for the time being wiped out the German spy system in Great Britain.

Lody's past history made him eminently suitable for the precarious post. About fifty years of age, he was one of those cosmopolitan Germans who find employment all over the world. He spoke excellent English—with an American accent, it is true—by virtue of long residence in the United States. About the year 1900 he had been a lieutenant in the German Navy, but resigned owing to lack of means, and was posted to the Reserve of Officers. Afterwards he entered the employment of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Line as a tourist guide. In that capacity he travelled all over England, and was well known in London. At one time he attempted to enter the employ of Thomas Cook and Son ; but that firm, being rather suspicious of his bona fides, did not engage him. Lody returned to Berlin from a Norwegian tour a few days before August 4th, 1914, ready to take up his duties of spy. It was necessary to obtain him a passport which would protect him in the projected masquerade of an American citizen, and the manner

by which this was brought about was typically German. There was staying in Berlin at that time an American named Charles A. Inglis, who had made application to his embassy for a passport to be viséd to enable him to continue travelling in Europe. This had been duly granted, and had been passed on to the German Foreign Office for visé purposes. There it disappeared. Carl Hans Lody had become Mr. Charles A. Inglis. The latter's photograph had been removed and that of Lody substituted. It was an excellent ruse in its way, for hundreds of Americans were pouring out of Germany at the time.

The spy's next appearance was in Scotland, where he first stayed at the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh. From there he sent a telegram to one Adolf Burchard in Stockholm which aroused the suspicion of the authorities, and from that time onward he was a marked man. Apparently recognizing that hotels were dangerous places for spies, Lody took private lodgings, and with a bicycle spent a fortnight searching for places of naval interest around Edinburgh. He cycled a good deal around Rosyth and aroused more than common curiosity by the questions he asked. To his landlady he was merely an American sightseer, a rôle borne out by his strong American accent. From Edinburgh he came to London, staying at a Bloomsbury hotel, still in the guise of an American tourist. Lody took the greatest interest in our anti-aircraft defences: the covering of the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, and other places with strong wire netting being duly reported by him to Stockholm. But, unfortunately for Lody, the messages

were being intercepted. Even at that early stage of the war our postal censorship was in fair working order.

After two days in London Lody returned to Edinburgh, unsuspicious that his every movement was under observation. On September 26th he left the Scottish capital and journeyed to Liverpool, where the business of fitting out our big ocean liners as auxiliary cruisers was in full preparation. The spy used his technical knowledge to the full here, and made it the subject of a subsequent communication to the German Secret Service in Berlin. From Liverpool he went to Holyhead, there to take boat for Ireland. A challenge of his identity brought him a momentary blanching of the cheek, but he was permitted to land, and went to the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, a great resort of Americans visiting Ireland, where he wrote a letter to Burchard, which shows that he was beginning to get frightened.

"As I mentioned in my last letter it is absolutely necessary for me to disappear for some time, because several people have approached me in a disagreeable manner. This has happened not to me only, but to several other Americans, who have told me they are watched. Fear of espionage is very great, and one meets a spy in every stranger. I chose the route Liverpool–Holyhead–Dublin on purpose in order to make observations."

I may here remark that of all the spies who came to England Carl Lody was easily the worst equipped. He wrote all his letters to Sweden quite openly, in both English and German, using ordinary long-hand, and never even utilized an invisible ink, however

simple, which might have afforded his communications some slight prospect of passing the censor's eagle eye. Most of the information he sent to his employers was of comparatively little value, even allowing that it reached them, which it did not. Lody even fell into the trap of sending that famous story of the Russian troops passing through England, describing with a wealth of detail how huge, bearded men, with the snow of the steppes still clinging to their boots, were landing by thousands to ultimately take up their position on the Western Front and so check the advance of the victorious German armies. We permitted that item of "news" to go through, but how far it affected the enemy plans we shall never know; it certainly caused a great deal of perturbation to the German General Staff.

Lody went on to describe what he had seen in his travels: the armament of ships, our defences on the Firth of Forth and around Rosyth, and details as to Zeppelin bombardments. From Dublin, after writing this letter, he travelled to Killarney, presumably on his way to Queenstown. Apparently the authorities had decided it was time to arrest him, for at that place on October 2nd he was detained by the Royal Irish Constabulary to await the arrival of detectives from Scotland Yard. In his kit-bag was found the forged passport, £145 in Bank of England notes, £30 in English gold, some German gold and Norwegian notes, and a note-book with particulars of the naval fight in the North Sea which had occurred a few weeks previously, addresses in Berlin, Stockholm, Bergen and Hamburg, and copies of his four communications to the man Burchard in Stockholm. That evidence alone was sufficient to have condemned him.

After his arrest Lody was brought to London, and was tried by court-martial at the Guildhall, Westminster, on October 30th and the day following, Lord Cheylesmore presiding. In a well-cut blue serge suit he stood in the dock looking more clerk than spy, with flushed, clean-shaven face and deep, bespectacled eyes, betraying the closest interest in the proceedings.

Lody's counsel did not dispute the evidence against him, and stated to the court that his client simply represented one who had done his duty and leaves the consequences entirely in their hands. His grandfather had been a great soldier who had held a fortress against Napoleon, and it was in that spirit that he wished to stand before his judges that day. He did not wish to cringe for mercy, and was not ashamed of anything he had done, and would accept the decision of the court—whatever it might be—as the decision of just and righteous men.

The accused man was found guilty and sentenced to death, the execution taking place five days later.

Before he died Lody was permitted to write a letter to his relatives in Stuttgart, as follows:

"MY DEAR ONES,

"I have trusted in God and He has decided. My hour has come, and I must start on the journey through the Dark Valley like so many of my comrades in this terrible war of nations. May my life be honoured as a humble offering on the altar of the Fatherland.

"A hero's death on the battlefield is certainly finer, but such is not to be my lot, and I die here in the enemy's country, silent and unknown. But the con-

sciousness that I die in the service of the Fatherland makes death easy.

"The supreme court-martial of London has sentenced me to death for military conspiracy. To-morrow I shall be shot here in the Tower. I have had just judges, and I shall die as an officer, not as a spy.

"Farewell. God bless you.

"HANS."

He also wrote a letter to his guard, as follows:

"London, November 5th, 1914.
"Tower of London.

"To the Commanding Officer of the
3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards,
Wellington Barracks.

"SIR,

"I feel it my duty as a German officer to express my sincere thanks and appreciation towards the staff of officers and men who were in charge of my person during my confinement.

"Their kind and considered treatment has called my highest esteem and admiration as regards good fellowship even towards the enemy, and if I may be permitted, I would thank you for make this known to them.

"I am Sir, with profound respect,
"(Sd.) CARL HANS LODY,
Senior Lieutenant Imperial
German Naval Res. IID."

Lody left a ring to be forwarded to a lady in America, which was duly sent and acknowledged. It

is understood that, following the usual practice with their spies, the German Government had insured Lody's life for £3,000, this sum going to his relatives.

There is no doubt that his character was a fine one. His demeanour evoked the keenest admiration from all who came in contact with him, and his death was a matter of regret even to those people to whom the name of a spy is anathema. A few months afterwards, when his end had become known in Germany, he became something of a national hero, and the townspeople of his native village planted an oak, to be known for evermore as the "Lody."

* * * * * *

Of the numerous tragedies and comedies associated with the trapping of enemy agents none was more typical of the spy drama of fiction than the case of Anthony Küpferle, alias Copperlee, an ex-non-commissioned officer of the German Army who came to England from America, ostensibly as a traveller of Dutch extraction with business as a woollen merchant. Here was the German spy of the fiction writer: stiff, upstanding hair, round spectacles, a painfully assumed American accent, and an even more painful determination to let everybody know that he was an American citizen.

And Küpferle's brief stay in this country, his shadowing by the police, his trial at the Old Bailey before a gorgeously caparisoned court, with the Lord Chief Justice of England in his ermine supported by two other judges, all three reverting to the ancient custom of carrying a bouquet of flowers that the offensive odours of the Court might not oppress them, and the Lord Mayor of London in his scarlet robes

of office, followed by equally gorgeous aldermen and sheriffs, were more in keeping with the stage than the trial of a spy for his life.

And then the last scene of all: the dramatic suicide of the spy in his prison cell following the first day of his trial, and the pathetic message he left on his prison slate, in which he confessed to being tired of perjuring himself, and died affirming his loyalty to his Fatherland.

Küpferle, who was born in Germany, but had been taken to the United States at the age of nine and educated there, served on the Western front in the early days of the war. Presumably he had been sent back to America for espionage purposes, and, although never at any time a member of the Secret Service, he so pestered the egregious von Papen, then acting in conjunction with Captain Boy-ed and Count Bernstorff in plotting against Great Britain, that his wish to do something for the Fatherland was acceded to. Accordingly, arrangements were made for him to obtain a passport, the *raison d'être* of which was commercial business in England. This pretence was simplified by his previous career in America, where, until going bankrupt, he traded as a woollen merchant in Brooklyn under the name of Küpferle and Co. The passport was obtained on January 25th, 1915, and on February 4th the spy sailed from New York as a third-class passenger in the White Star liner *Arabic*. The passage across was not marked by any untoward incident except that Küpferle took occasion to inform all and sundry that he was an American citizen with business in England. He was quite an artless individual, and apparently imagined that his frankness would disguise the real purpose of his visit.

On Sunday, February 14th, he arrived in Liverpool, and from that date until five days later our counter-espionage department was busily engaged in collecting evidence against him. Suspicion was first aroused by a letter written to an address in Holland, which in the ordinary course of events was opened by the postal censorship in London. On the face of it the communication was harmless enough. It merely informed his correspondent that he had arrived in Liverpool, and intended travelling on to London to do business on the morrow. At the end of the week he hoped to arrive in Rotterdam. It looked innocent enough, the only remarkable feature being that it said absolutely nothing. But the keen eyes of a woman in the postal censorship had detected something else: that was the trace of an invisible ink between the lines. A re-agent was sought, and, sure enough, there appeared in brown letters a message of much more significance. It was nothing more or less than a description of the war vessels which the writer had seen in his trip across the Atlantic. The letter concluded with the words "morgen (to-morrow) in Dublin," which showed that whatever else might happen he was not coming to London as he said.

Küpferle went to Dublin. There he stayed until Wednesday morning and came back through Holyhead, arriving at Euston the same night. From there he wrote to his employers in Holland, asking them to send him a little money, as he was short of cash, and was held up by the damned "U" boats, the so-called intensified "U-boat" campaign having been started at that time. As a matter of fact this had no real effect on his leaving the country as, "U-boat" campaign or not, he had been earmarked for arrest at

Folkestone, if and when he should arrive there on his way to Holland. By this time he was under close observation, and when he changed his hotel at Euston to one at Victoria he managed to escape arrest by about ten minutes, although unaware of that fact. He was found by the police the following day, and was informed that he was suspected of espionage. On being taken to Scotland Yard and searched he was found to be in possession of letter-paper similar to that traced from Liverpool. But there was something more in the bag. It contained two lemons, one of which had already been cut, and a bottle of formalin labelled, " L. Friesch, Deutsche apothecary, Brooklyn, New York." And in his vest pocket, if further evidence were needed, was a pen with traces of lemon juice still adhering to the nib. Here were all the materials for invisible writing—crude possibly, but efficacious enough in their way.

There is not a great deal more to tell of Anthony Küpferle. After interrogation at Scotland Yard, where, incidentally, he lied so badly and acted the stupid Prussian so well that he stood convicted before he left the room, he was taken to Brixton Prison, there to await trial at the Old Bailey. After some considerable trouble the authorities persuaded counsel to appear for him, as he was being tried for his life, Sir Ernest, then Mr., Wild, K.C., reluctantly taking the brief. Awaiting trial at the same time were two other German spies, Muller and Hahn.

Sir John Simon, then Attorney-General, appeared for the prosecution, and gave a full description of the prisoner's activities. Küpferle stood in the dock dressed in a black frock-coat, buttoned tightly across the chest, his cold, pale blue eyes following the pro-

ceedings with the closest attention. There was practically no defence, and when the court adjourned until the morrow it was palpable that, barring a miracle, his life was forfeit.

* * * * * *

There was never a second day of the great spy trial. The morning after, when everyone in Brixton Prison was sound asleep, a muffled rapping could be heard in the cell where the chief warder, Herbert Bell, was sleeping, in order that he should be close to the spy who was then under trial. Bell had no idea what the persistent noise signified, but thinking it wiser to investigate, hastily donned his clothes with a view to finding out. He had hardly finished dressing when there burst into the cell the night warder, whose duty it was to watch Küpferle. Greatly agitated, the night warder told Bell he could not see the spy in his cell. Together the two men hastened to the cell, and there saw a sight that drove their blood cold. It was that of Küpferle hanging on the wall, a silk muffler suspending him from the grating which, high up on the wall, gave ventilation to the cell. A heavy book supplied to the prisoner from the library was under his feet; it had apparently been utilized for the purpose of enabling him to reach the ventilator, and then, when he had fastened the muffler round his neck, kicked from under him. The body, still warm, was cut down immediately, and the two men, summoning the prison doctor, made strenuous efforts to restore life by artificial respiration. It was all in vain; the spy had cheated his captors, although he had given himself the end he dreaded more than any other—death by hanging.

When the cell came to be searched there was found written on the slate allowed to prisoners an amazing message. The handwriting was educated and firm; there was little or no trace of the mental struggle which the spy must have suffered before making up his mind to take his own life.

" To whom it may concern!

" My name is Küpferle, nee to (born in) *Sollingen, Rastatt I/B* (Baden). *I am a soldier with rank I do not desire to mention. in regard to my behalf lately I can say that I have had a fair trial of the U Kingdom, but I am unable to stand the strain any longer and take the law in my own hands. I fought many a battles, and death is only a saviour for me.*

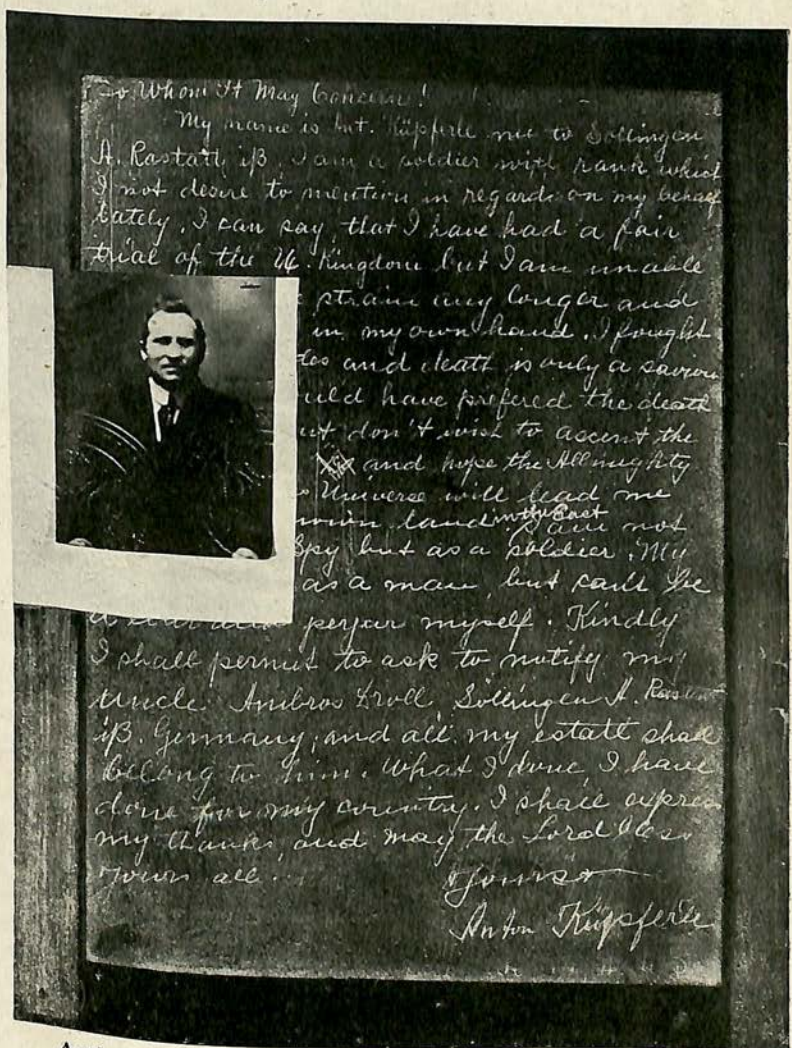
" I would have preferred the death to be shot, but don't wish to ascend the scaffold, as—(here follows a Masonic sign). *I hope the Allmighty Architect of this Universe will lead me into the Unknown Land in the East. I am not dying as a spy, but as a soldier; my fate I stood as a man, but can't be a liar and perjur myself. Kindly I shall permit to ask to notify my uncle, Ambros Broll, Sollingen, Rastatt, Germany, and all my estate shall go to him.*

" What I done, I have done for my country. I shall express my thanks, and may the Lord bless you all.

" Yours,
(Signed) " ANTON KÜPFERLE."

On the back of the slate was written :

My age is 31 *years and I am born June* 11, 1883."


To Whom It May Concern!
My name is Ant. Küpferle me to Sollingen
A. Rastatt i/B. I am a soldier with rank which
I not desire to mention in regards on my behalf
lately, I can say that I have had a fair
trial of the U. Kingdom but I am unable
strain my longer and
in my own hands. I fought
ies and death is only a savior
uld have prefered the death
ut don't wish to ascent the
and hope the Almighty
Universe will lead me
safe landing in the East
Spy but as a soldier, Nu
as a man, but call me
person myself. Kindly
I shall permit to ask to notify my
Uncle Ambros Krull, Sollingen A. Rastatt
i/B. Germany, and all my estate shall
belong to him. What I done I have
done for my country. I shall express
my thanks, and may the Lord bless
you all.
Yours
Anton Küpferle

Anthony Küpferle and the message he wrote on his prison slate.

[To face p. 38.

The dead man was buried in Streatham Park Cemetery, where his body lies in a nameless grave. In the early days of the war he had fought on the Western Front, and bore on his face the marks of a violent blow, caused, it is believed, by the butt-end of a rifle. Whether this was a specimen of German military discipline or as the result of an encounter with French or British troops was never ascertained. While in Brixton Prison he wrote a letter to another spy awaiting trial which was confiscated by the authorities and runs as follows :

" DEAR FRIEND,

" After my study to-day I cannot refrain from writing a few words again. Here is the true appearance of that deceitful friendship (referring to our declaration, for obvious reasons, that Belgian paper currency was then worthless). The English refuse credit to her so-called best friend ; so I suppose the fact that Belgium is now in our hands has nothing to do with the state of things.

" I believe Ypres and neighbourhood have now fallen. If I could only see the day when the whole British trickery is exposed, England's shame must be made known, otherwise there can be no justice. Oh, if I could only be at the Front again for half an hour !

" That is my sole remaining wish. I shall not admit or say I am a soldier, or that I know anything about military matters.

" Our cavalry has been heard of in Russia for the first time. Of course, the cavalry has been used for infantry service. Reports have been made by cycle and telephone, and the latter is of greater importance.

The gas must have a great effect, and be distasteful to the English. In any case, it is a stupefying death, and makes them first vomit like sea-sickness. It is an easy death, and if the war lasts for some time many more will be killed by it ! "

A true reflex of Prussian mentality, if nothing else, those last three sentences.

CHAPTER IV

Spy mania in Great Britain—Karl Frederick Muller and Peter Hahn—How we trapped the most important spy of the war —The astonishing story of Robert Rosenthal.

"SPY mania" afflicts all nations in time of war, and in saying that we in Great Britain suffered from the complaint quite as badly as any of our Continental neighbours I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration.

Who has not heard of the thousands of German waiters, all of whom were spies, anxiously waiting for "Der Tag"? Where is the man or woman who did not know a German who had a concrete gun platform built in his back garden? It never seemed to occur to these individuals that the Germans could use our concrete pavements much more easily.

Now it is very painful to destroy so many fond illusions, but the cold fact remains that on the outbreak of war the German waiters in this country did only one thing; that was to throw down their table napkins and make a bee line for the Rotterdam boat which sailed from Harwich. In fact, it was a race between them and the police as to who should reach Harwich first. In nearly every case, however, the police won, so that the majority of our one-time waiters spent the period of the war in the comparative security of an internment camp.

And who, at one time or another, did not know

of a fashionable restaurant patronized by naval and military staff officers where German spies, disguised as harmless waiters, were always found to be standing at the back of the officers' chairs, carefully gleaning the conversation which was taking place? Where was the man who could not tell you, with a wealth of dramatic detail, how he had suddenly turned to his Swiss waiter and asked, "What is your station?" And pat would come the reply, "Chatham."

Innumerable were the complaints the guardians of the law received concerning waiters known to be in possession of plans of the defences of London, pieces of paper which on investigation proved to be plans of the dining-room to which the waiter had been newly-promoted. It was all very amusing in a way, although it caused immense inconvenience to an already overworked police.

But perhaps the biggest myth of all was that of signalling. The number of people who were reported to the police as signalling to Zeppelins ran into thousands: in practically every instance the culprit was either a careless servant girl or a blind flapping in the breeze. Countless also were the cases reported of Germans said to be signalling to each other across a street. Apparently it never entered the heads of these people that if two Germans wished to communicate with each other they would adopt the simple and infinitely safer method of walking across the street and give their message by word of mouth.

Things were even worse on the coast. Submarines were being signalled to by the thousand: our seaside towns were full of German spies, male and female. The sober truth of the matter is that never during the course of the war was any attempt discovered to

communicate with German vessels from a coastal town. The people who made the complaints rarely stopped to think that with the postal censorship then in existence it was next to impossible to get letters to or from Germany. And it may be said on behalf of the German Secret Service that it never indulged in such painfully crude methods.

Zeppelin and aeroplane raids were always responsible for an aftermath of spy scares which could never be proved to have any substance in fact. There was an unfortunate individual from whose house a light had been seen on the night of a particular raid, reported to the authorities as having been seen signalling to the enemy, who was raided first by the Competent Military Authority, then by the police, and, lastly, by the naval authorities, who drew a cordon round the house, and then sent a bluejacket to swarm up the balcony and seize the culprit in the act.

There were spies in every military camp; not a week passed without an enemy agent being shot—according to common report. A famous airman was shot in the Tower of London as a German spy, although, unfortunately for that tale, he still manages to fly. Perhaps he possesses a dual existence. Enemy ciphers existed in certain newspaper advertisements; the country was full of big advertising signs which had directions to German troops concealed on the back. We could not send out our own officials testing telegraphs without having them arrested by a zealous local constabulary. There were wireless plants on the top of almost every house, the owners of which were signalling to the German naval bases, to submarines, to Berlin—everywhere, in fact. Heaven

alone knows the trouble it involved in investigating; we had "spy mania" very badly in those days.

The spirit was quite a praiseworthy one, but there was really no need for it all, as the subsequent chapters of this book will show.

* * * * * *

In the early part of 1915, the time when "spy mania" was at its fullest, the authorities were able to lay by the heels a man who was probably the most important spy, individually, who came our way during the war. His name was Karl Frederick Muller.

Although we had no means of gauging the particular value placed by the Germans on their spies, there can be no doubt that Muller was an agent whose arrest and condemnation had far-reaching effects on the enemy's espionage plans in this country. Muller's great asset—from the German point of view—lay in the fact that he had lived in Great Britain for some years prior to the outbreak of war; that he passed without suspicion as a Russian from the Baltic Provinces, and that he could travel all round the country without being in the least suspected. It is more than possible that, had he been permitted to carry on his machinations unmolested, he would have become the head and shoulders of as effective a spy organization as could have been found in the whole of Europe. About the middle of February, some few days after the arrest of Anthony Küpferle, the officials of the Postal Censorship entrusted with the task of examining all correspondence to Holland, at that time strongly suspect owing to the presence of a spy school in Rotterdam, came across a letter which seemed to require further investigation. There was nothing particularly suspicious about the letter itself. It

contained the usual effusive wishes for the health of the addressee, was plentifully interlarded with kisses, and was remarkable chiefly for the fact that the addressee was someone in Rotterdam of whom we were suspicious. The writer of the letter was " L. Cohen," and the address he gave was 22, High Street, Deptford. But on investigation at that particular place no such person as " L. Cohen " had ever been heard of. Just about that period of the war we were beginning to get out counter-espionage on something like an efficient basis. Letters which said really nothing worth saying and which contained false clues as to the sender were naturally regarded as being the medium of some secret communication, and were sent, as a matter of course, to be treated for messages written in invisible ink.

Those were the happy days when the Germans were equipping their spies with so-called secret inks which a child could discover. One had only to pass a hot flat-iron over the letter, when the hidden message would be revealed for all the world to see. So an iron was heated in that branch of the Postal Censorship which concerned itself with such matters, and, hey, presto ! out came as pretty a mass of information as any enemy could desire to possess. There were certain divisions of the New Armies training at Aldershot which would cross the Channel before long, certain ships building on the Clyde which would be a grave menace to the German submarines, and remarks to the effect that the *moral* of the people was poor, and that the recruiting for Lord Kitchener's armies had died away to nothing.

It was plainly evident that we had come across a German spy of some importance. Unfortunately, we could obtain no immediate clue which would assist

us. All we could do for the time being was to send over to Rotterdam, where it was addressed, and find out who was to be the medium of this interesting communication. Much as expected, it was the residence of a man strongly suspected of being connected with the enemy's Secret Service. However, nothing could be done; we could only sit down and wait for something definite.

Weeks passed by. Two or three more letters from the same individual were intercepted, and from their tone the writer was getting decidedly angry. "How do you expect me to get you valuable information if you do not send me money?" he kept asking. "I am sending you news which is of enormous value, and am daily in peril of my life." Whether the recipient of those expostulations replied to the angry one by means which escaped our notice we could not tell; but for quite a month no clue which would enable us to capture the spy could be obtained in any way.

Luck turned at last. One day the Postal Censorship people, by then keenly alert for anything addressed to the master spy in Rotterdam, came across a letter, which, on being treated for invisible ink, showed at the bottom a postscript which was to end all our troubles. The message was quite short, but none the less effective. "C. has gone to Newcastle, so I am writing this from 201 instead."

The postmark on the envelope was again Deptford, and 201 was palpably the number of a street. Nobody who knows the East End of London will deny that the number of streets in that part of the world which carry No. 201 on the doors is very small indeed. So the officials at Scotland Yard, who had been requested to look into the matter, telephoned to the

police station at Deptford asking what streets in that district carried a number 201. After a short search Scotland Yard was informed that High Street was the only one, and that the occupant was one Peter Hahn, baker and confectioner. Hahn was a name calling aloud for investigation under such circumstances.

A little party of police from Scotland Yard were requisitioned, and went down to Deptford, where Hahn, a stout young man, was found serving bread behind the counter of his shop. Terror leapt into his eyes as the police came in, to be accentuated as he was told that he would be taken to Scotland Yard to be examined on suspicion of being a German spy. While waiting to take him away some of the police made a search of a back room, where, much as they expected, they found a complete kit for writing in secret ink. There was the ink, special paper, wool and ammonia, neatly stowed away in a cardboard box. But of the actual spy himself no trace could be found.

"Who is C.?" we asked Hahn.

"I do not know anything about him," was the sullen answer.

"Oh, yes, you do," said the official in charge. "You have told someone he has gone to Newcastle."

"Well, find him yourself, if you can," was Hahn's parting shot, as he was taken away in a cab.

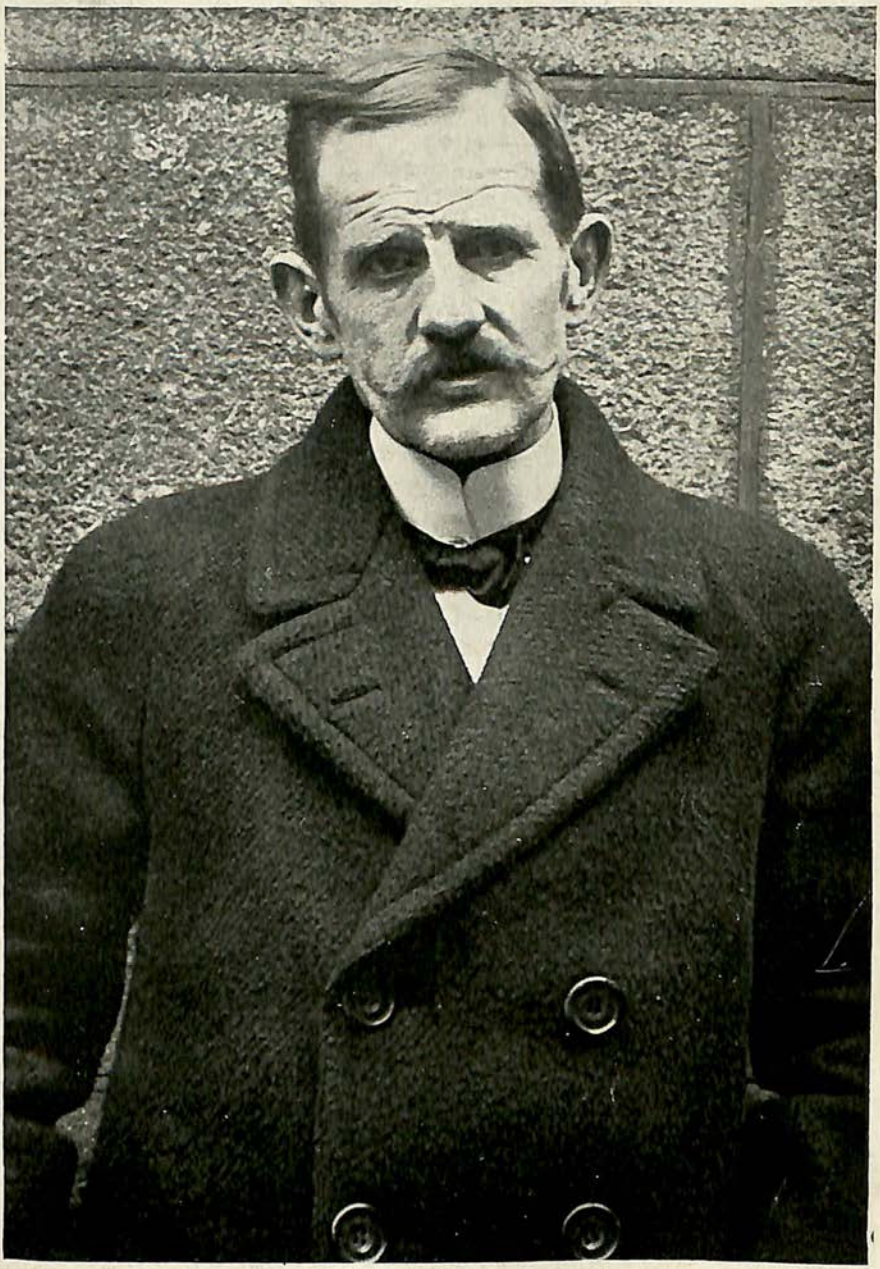
That was exactly what the police intended to do. For some hours afterwards they conducted a weariless investigation among the cosmopolitan crowd in the neighbourhood and ultimately found a woman who remembered a tall Russian gentleman who visited Hahn regularly. His name was thought to be Muller and his address somewhere in Russell Square. To

Bloomsbury the officials made their way and started a search of every lodging-house register in the vicinity. Luck again attended their efforts. The name of one Muller was found in a certain boarding house and the landlady fully corroborated the statement that he was a Russian. "But he is not here just now," she added. "He has gone to Newcastle to see some friends." After a little pressing the landlady gave us the address.

Up to Newcastle the trail was carried the following morning and sure enough we found the long-wanted spy. He proved to be a tall, worried-looking individual, with a perpetual frown. When told that he was suspected of being a German spy he turned white with anger and for just a moment showed fight. But the police speedily dissuaded him from that idea, and Muller calmed down, saying: "Oh, well, I can explain all this when I get to London. You are making a mistake, my good gentlemen. I am a Russian subject and hate all Germans."

On arrival at Scotland Yard Muller denied everything. He had never seen Hahn, never been in Germany, could not speak the language and most certainly was not a German spy. After about half an hour of these lies his interrogator produced a letter from underneath a pile. "Have you ever seen this?" he asked, starting to read it to Muller, who thereupon relapsed into silence.

The subsequent investigations into the past histories of Muller and Hahn proved to us that we had broken up what might have become an exceedingly dangerous conspiracy. Muller, who spoke English with a hardly perceptible accent, had been many things before, and none of them long. He was one of those roaming Germans who are hotel-keeper in one country, com-



Karl Frederick Muller.

[*To face p.* 48.

mercial traveller in another. At one time of his career he had been a check-weigher of cargoes at Hamburg, at another an agent for a firm of motor-car manufacturers. We also found that he had gone through the usual routine of spies, the love-making to impressionable young women, the fulsome promises of wealth to come and talk of many friends in high places. But he never seemed to have told anyone that all these highly-placed friends were in Germany. Muller had been in England prior to the war and evidently was of too great importance to be included amongst the spies who received their instructions through the man Ernst, whom I have referred to in a previous chapter. In his character of a Russian he had managed to escape internment, and but for the interception of the letter to Rotterdam there is little doubt that he might have continued to send information to Germany for a considerable time. As a matter of fact he possessed some claim to be a Russian, for he had been born in Libau in 1857, and spoke Russian, Flemish, Dutch, French, German and English fluently. For purely espionage purposes he was certainly a much more valuable spy than Lody, although the latter, owing to his being the first German agent captured during the war, was then, and still is, regarded by many English people as the principal German spy who came to this country.

There could be no doubt that Hahn was merely the tool of the older man. The proprietor of a small bakery business in Deptford, which he started in 1910, he was the son of a naturalized German, who at that time was living in Germany. He himself had been born in Battersea and does not seem to have prospered in his affairs, for in 1913 he passed through the Bankruptcy

Court, with assets of £3 as an offset to liabilities of £1,800, an excellent example of the manner in which many tradespeople of German origin have been able in the past to live on their trusting British creditors. His motives in turning spy may possibly have been patriotic: more probably they were entirely mercenary, if his past record was any criterion. There appears no reason to doubt that Muller had communicated a certain amount of information to Germany, although naturally we were not given the possibility of ascertaining what it was. But one thing was quite certain. It would not do to try Muller and Hahn in public. Apart from the enemy thus becoming acquainted with the fate of two of his spies, we had other plans in view. As in the case of Küpferle, we had found it profitable to keep the arrest of a spy secret for a few months.

As a naturalized British subject Hahn had the right to be tried by a civil court, so together he and Muller faced the civic authorities at the Old Bailey in May, 1915. The evidence was clear enough: letters written in invisible ink giving information of our military preparations, demands for money, and letters from Rotterdam which had been retained by the postal censorship. Muller was found guilty of espionage in the first degree and sentenced to be shot, while Hahn, who throughout the trial protested that he was acting under orders, was given seven years' penal servitude. Muller appealed against his sentence, but the appeal was rejected.

On June 23rd, 1915, Muller was executed in the Tower of London, he being the second spy to suffer the extreme penalty of the law since war had been declared. He was removed from Brixton Prison to the

Tower the day before his execution. Two taxi-cabs had been hired for the purpose, one for the assistant provost-marshal, the other for the spy and his escort. While proceeding through Upper Thames Street on the way to the Tower the cab containing Muller broke down. It was the luncheon hour of the busy city and the streets were thronged with people. Inevitably a big crowd gathered round the disabled cab, where the sight of an obvious-looking foreigner, seated between two military policemen, together with the proximity of the Tower, quickly brought the situation to the minds of the onlookers. Cries of "German spy" went ringing up and down the crowded street, and the guardians of the spy had an anxious few minutes before another cab could be procured.

The condemned man broke down badly the night before his execution. All through the long hours his guards could hear him sobbing for his wife and children, all forgetful of the evil he had done. He recovered his self-possession a little when the fatal call came with the dawn, and was led forth into the miniature rifle range, where nothing would satisfy him but to shake hands with the firing party. After some little hesitation his wishes were acceded to, and he solemnly went up and down the line of men waiting with rested rifles, shaking hands one by one, telling them he bore no animosity for the duty they had to carry out. Then he was placed in the chair and blindfolded and went to his death, if not exactly with composure, at least with a certain resigned courage which redeemed him in the eyes of the world.

That, however, was not the end of Muller. The numerous letters he had been writing to Holland

had begun to bear fruit while he was in prison. Answers were coming at last, enclosing the long-desired money and asking for further information on certain points. Who shall blame us, therefore, if we acceded to the request. We were employing officials who were able to produce more than a respectable imitation of anybody's handwriting, so what more natural than that we should continue Muller's correspondence for him? And we certainly earned the money the spy agency paid us for our information. It was "important" to the last degree.

It is to be feared, however, that the Great General Staff in Berlin began to grow sceptical as to its genuineness, for after a time Rotterdam commenced to grow angry. The Iron Cross which we were within an ace of earning gradually vanished into the *ewigkeit*, and finally Rotterdam grew so suspicious that they would not write to "Mr. Muller" at all. So very reluctantly we were forced to conclude that the Huns had heard of his death. It was a merry game while it lasted, and reflected infinite credit on the people responsible. Some day, perhaps, a candid German, if such exists, will tell the world how the British Intelligence Service spoofed them and what it cost them.

* * * * * *

It is a fact well-known in official circles in this country that many German spies were recruited from the criminal classes, who were either released from gaol on condition that they undertook espionage abroad, or were given a merely nominal sentence with the same object in view.

There is—or was—a certain *juge d'instruction* in Berlin who during the war recruited a great many spies by this method. When a prisoner was brought before him for interrogation, as is the custom in most Continental countries, this individual would carefully consider the accused man, and if of the opinion that he would make a suitable spy, would make him the following proposition: that on condition of his entering the German Secret Service the prosecution would not press the case against him. He would get a nominal sentence, and would be released after a few days. After that he would be required to report to the authorities, who would give him instructions as to his new duties.

Quite a number of these individuals came to England, their disguise almost invariably being that of commercial travellers. They were vendors of coal, of pudding powders, cocoa, anything which the Dutch might have for export. Their real business was that of gathering information from our naval ports. It is questionable, indeed, if they ever got anything of value: foreigners who wandered around places such as Portsmouth, Chatham and Dover in 1915 were apt to be unpopular, and were either promptly interned or else deported before they had time to discover anything.

In the early months of that year one of these individuals came to England and the manner of his capture is still so inexplicable that the incident is worth relating in detail.

Going through a postal bag which came from Denmark, an official of our postal censorship one day came across a letter addressed from Copenhagen to Berlin. Apparently a mistake had been made, but nevertheless we had no scruples in seeing what the letter

contained. Anything addressed to Berlin was naturally of interest to us in such troublous times. Judge of the surprise of the officials who translated the letter —written in German—when it proved to contain a statement from one Rosenthal to a spy agency in the Prussian capital, stating that his preparations for travelling to England were complete, and that under the guise of a traveller in patent cigar-lighters he was about to leave for these shores. We sat up and took notice, to put the matter quite mildly.

What rather discounted the authenticity of the information was the date of the communication, which was some few weeks old. The only thing to do was to warn the passport officials to keep a strict look-out for a foreigner, nationality unknown, who might be selling cigar-lighters.

Never did we have greater luck: never did the long arm of coincidence get a bigger stretch. Only a few hours after the telegrams had been dispatched a message was received from the port officials at Newcastle that a young man who corresponded to the description was found on board a steamer waiting to sail for Copenhagen. That was on May 11th.

Officers were sent from Scotland Yard to bring the young man to London to be examined. All the way down in the train the prisoner, a Jew of undefinable nationality, kept calling Heaven and earth to bear witness to his innocence, and invoking the justice of the land for the punishment of his traducers. This tone he maintained until his arrival at Scotland Yard, when he was asked to explain his movements for the past few weeks. He denied everything, denied ever having lived in the Danish capital, disclaimed all knowledge of anything or anybody German. But then

Robert Rosenthal.

[*To face p.* 54.

came the dénouement, one worthy of a drama of the "Lyceum."

"Do you know anything at all of this letter?" asked his interrogator quietly, producing the document from beneath a pile of correspondence. It was the letter from Copenhagen to Berlin. Rosenthal, licking his dry lips, sat in his chair, while the letter was read to him.

Half-way through he jumped to his feet and, clicking his heels together sharply, said: "I confess everything; I am a German soldier."

Now the astonishing part of this undoubtedly strange case was that Rosenthal was not a German soldier at all; he was a criminal, a forger, to be exact. Perhaps the feeling common all the world over to stand well in the eyes of our fellow beings was the cause of that extraordinary confession, damaging though it was.

It turned out subsequently that his full name was Robert Rosenthal, that he was a German, born in Magdeburg in 1892. At the age of fourteen he left school, when he was sent by his parents to learn the baking trade in Cassel. This did not suit either his health or his inclinations, and after a few months he went back to Magdeburg, where he obtained a post in a lamp store, remaining there until he was about fifteen, when he committed a forgery and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. After that he went to sea, and ultimately found a temporary home with relatives in Waco, Texas, which place he left at the end of 1913.

On his arrival home in Hamburg he tried to obtain employment, but had no references and no one would employ him. Finally, he made up his mind to go to sea again but was unable to obtain a ship, and wasted

his time around Hamburg for some weeks until August 1st, 1914, when the Germans declared war on Russia. He then joined a train-load of reservists going to Berlin. For a time he was engaged by the American Relief Commission, but the work appears to have been a blind, for on going to Denmark he apparently received instructions to proceed to England for espionage purposes.

Rosenthal volunteered to write a confession, and produced a very lengthy statement concerning his career and travels. He offered his services to the British authorities, adding that he would gladly render all possible assistance in solving the real spy system of Germany, a proposition which, needless to say, was not accepted.

Rosenthal was incarcerated in Wandsworth Detention Barracks, a military prison. He was duly tried by court-martial, and made practically no defence. His whole bearing indicated pride rather than grief, and all through the proceedings he gave one the idea that he had righteously failed in the execution of his duty and was paying the penalty accordingly. After his conviction he made two attempts to commit suicide, but was unsuccessful. For reasons connected with the military occupation of the Tower it was decided by the authorities that the spy should suffer death by hanging, so at 8 a.m. on the morning of July 15th, 1915, Rosenthal, escorted by two stalwart policemen, went to his death. Towards the end he broke down badly and gave unutterable disgust to the authorities by his lack of common courage. In fact, the commandant described him as a "cur."

The youngest spy to be executed in this country, he was a typical specimen of the ne'er-do-well, drugging

himself with cocaine, and from the date of his first crime in Germany, about 1906, until his capture in this country in 1915 had been everything by turns and nothing long. Rosenthal was undoubtedly a young man of some ability; he spoke and wrote English very well, and had a certain gift of composition. He was, however, utterly unscrupulous, quite willing to become a traitor to his own country if given the opportunity.

CHAPTER V

The spy M.P.—The true history of I. T. T. Lincoln.

THERE must be many people in this country who feel exceedingly uncomfortable when the name of Ignatius Timothy Trebitsch Lincoln crops up. Journalist, curate, M.P., international spy and common criminal, the amazing story of the deceptions he practised deserves to go down to posterity, if only as a warning to future generations.

Lincoln, or to give him his real name, Trebitsch, was a Hungarian Jew with an irresistible penchant for dabbling in high politics. He finished up a kaleidoscopic career in England, after having been M.P. for Darlington, by fleeing to the United States, and being subsequently extradited on a charge of forging the signature of the well-known Quaker philanthropist, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree. His trial and sentence of three years' penal servitude I do not propose to deal with; the facts are well known to the public. But I should like to tell the astonishing story of his early life and his adventures in England after the outbreak of the war. Our history will never contain a more interesting character.

Lincoln was born some forty years ago at Paks, a small commercial town on the Hungarian part of the Danube, where his father, a prosperous Jewish merchant, had built up a river shipbuilding business

which more than paid its way. It was intended that Ignatius, the younger son, should enter the Jewish Church as a Rabbi, and with a view to that end he was put to study at an age when most boys were developing their physical abilities rather than their mental. Incidentally he acquired then that knowledge of languages which probably had much to do with his becoming an international adventurer.

In his early twenties young Lincoln went a-travelling and found himself in London, where the teaching of the Anglican Church apparently so affected his impressionable Jewish mind that secession from the religion of his fathers began to augur a more probable alteration in his future life. On his return to Hungary there were violent quarrels between father and son, culminating in Ignatius eventually going to Hamburg, where in 1899 he was received into the Lutheran Church. From there he was sent to Canada to assist in a Presbyterian mission to the Jews. In 1902, when that mission was transferred to the Anglican Church, young Lincoln changed his faith accordingly. For two or three years following he preached through Canada, creating a more than favourable impression by his fiery oratory. A holiday in Germany, necessitated by a breakdown in health, terminated his colonial career. While in Germany he made application to the Archbishop of Canterbury for an English curacy, and after some little inquiry was appointed to the parish of Appledore in Kent.

Naturally enough, the taciturn Kentish villagers did not take kindly to their Hungarian Jew curate, and after fourteen months' stay, marked by mutual misunderstanding, Lincoln proffered his resignation and shook the dust of Appledore from his feet. From

there he migrated to London, and for a couple of years earned a fair living as a journalist, contributing to any paper which would accept his matter.

About the beginning of 1906 Lincoln came into touch with Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, who was so impressed with the undoubted abilities of the young Hungarian with the British name that he engaged him as his private secretary. This post brought him into constant communication with the Liberal Party, of which Mr. Rowntree was at that time a prominent figure, and in March, 1909, Lincoln was invited by the local executive to contest the strong Unionist constituency of Darlington in the Liberal interest at the next general election.

It says much for the plausibility and appearance of this amazing adventurer that he was returned when the election was duly fought in 1910. Such a thing has never happened before in our history, and the people who supported him at the time can have had absolutely no conception of the true character of the man. He bluffed everyone, including his best friend, Mr. Rowntree.

It would take more space than is at my disposal to deal in any way fully with his career in the years following his election to the House of Commons. It is sufficient to say that, under the patronage of Mr. Rowntree, he was sent to the Continent to inquire into economic conditions generally, and from that time his head seems to have been turned by the notable personages, including many ambassadors, whom he met. Those seem to have been the years when the fascination of high politics gripped his very soul and largely accounted for his subsequent undoing.

In the House of Commons he was treated more

or less as a joke, his foreign accent, coupled with the sublime interest he professed to manifest in the well-being of Great Britain, proving an irresistible source of mirth to Press and public alike. And all the time he was under suspicion by reason of constant visits to the Continent.

Lincoln had no particular predilections as to nationality, and it is quite certain that, whatever his ultimate fate may have been, he had no intention of turning German spy on the outbreak of the European War. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that he was willing to spy for anyone. Funds were very low in 1914, when he had lost his seat in the House of Commons and was in the desperate position of being ready to do anything for money. He was quite agreeable to spy for both Germany and Britain, and equally to betray both.

Now comes the time when Lincoln's astounding effrontery revealed itself to the full. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, August 17th to be exact, he made up his mind that the plight of enemy aliens in this country was going to be an unhappy one. With a view to obviating all trouble he utilized his position as an ex-Member of Parliament to obtain letters of introduction to the War Office, where he applied for a position as censor of Hungarian and Roumanian Correspondence. Actually this was given him, after some little hesitation, and thus we had the spectacle of an enemy alien reporting on the correspondence of compatriots. Perhaps Lincoln carried out his work conscientiously enough; he seems to have been quite honest in the early days of the war, and passed on to his superiors letters likely to have been of assistance to the enemy.

All the time he was in the postal censorship there was some considerable dissatisfaction amongst his fellow workers concerning the presence of an enemy subject in their midst. Representations were made to the War Office, with the result that Lincoln was informed that it would be better for him to resign. This he did. An object of suspicion everywhere, he found himself unable to earn a living, and, worst of all, life at the National Liberal Club, of which he was a constant habitué, began to grow impossible. Old-time associates studiously refrained from talking to him, and the suggestion that he should be asked to relinquish his membership became open. It was that, apparently, which drove the iron into his soul and made him a German spy.

It is doing the man an injustice to say that he was a member of the German Secret Service. Probably no such thought had entered his head prior to the war. But the outbreak of hostilities, with its concurrent animosity to enemy aliens sweeping across the country, made the life of such a palpable adventurer as Lincoln exceedingly unpleasant. He had to choose between the Allies and the Central Powers, and popular feeling in Great Britain made his espousal of the cause of the latter practically inevitable.

By December, 1914, Lincoln appears to have formed the resolve to betray Great Britain. To do this thoroughly it was his intention to try and obtain a post in the British Counter-Espionage Department Service! Consider the effrontery of this Hungarian Jew! But newly discharged from the postal censorship, an object of suspicion everywhere, with the hidden intention of betraying us to Germany, he attempts to enter a service which, above all others,

makes the most searching inquiries as to the *bona fides* of the people it employs.

To assist him in obtaining an introduction to the officials of the counter-espionage, Lincoln enlisted the aid of people who still believed in him, and a meeting was arranged for the following day to enable him to be made known to our Intelligence Department as a gentleman anxious to be employed. There is an old axiom that, given sufficient rope, any thief will hang himself; probably that was the policy adopted towards the ex-M.P. It should be remembered that he still possessed many influential acquaintances, Cabinet Ministers and politicians, unaware of his true character, and inclined to take him at his own valuation for the time being.

Lincoln's plan, as proposed to our authorities, was startling enough in all conscience. It was that we should send a few warships into the North Sea, and that the Germans, through him, should be made aware of the fact. They, naturally, would send a stronger squadron and would destroy our force. From that onward the Germans would gain confidence in his information, and after similar tactics had been adopted three or four times, the "trap" would be ready for the desired prey. On the last occasion, when the British Admiralty had dispatched a bigger squadron, in order to entice a large part of the German Fleet, we should have in waiting a powerful squadron of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers, able to pursue and sink anything the enemy might send.

The audacity of this Hungarian adventurer! His real intention was, of course, to inform the enemy exactly what was to occur—if his plan was adopted. Lincoln must have imagined we were a race of simple-

tons to believe that any man, having intercourse with the Germans, would not attempt to ingratiate himself by betraying the nation for whom he was ostensibly acting.

It was the amiable intention of this infamous scoundrel to carry on with his twisted plottings for an indefinite length of time, the gist of which was to give the Germans precise information as to the disposition of our naval forces. How he ever expected the ancient traditions of centuries of honourable sea fighting to be besmirched by the employment of a rogue such as himself dictating naval policy is a mystery; only the brain of a semi-lunatic could have evolved such an idea.

After pestering the authorities for about ten days as to their answer, Lincoln was informed that his scheme could not be accepted on any account; it would necessitate disclosing to him the position of part of the British Fleet, and that could not be done to anyone in his position.

Temporarily beaten in amiable proposal number one, the tortuous brain of Lincoln evolved an even more extraordinary scheme. He would go to Rotterdam, then the headquarters of the German spy system against Great Britain, and by more double dealing obtain from them information which would convince the British authorities that he was genuinely anxious to assist us in our troubles.

He obtained a passport through political influence, and on December 18th found himself in Rotterdam. There he made the acquaintance of the German Consul-General, one Gneist, and after a fortnight's lying, which must be unique even in the annals of the German Secret Service, he had so far gained the con-

fidence of that individual that it was agreed that he should be given certain spurious information, in return for which he would gain the gratitude of our authorities, and so be able to work his own ends. Heaven knows what he expected to get out of it all; all the world over a traitor is detested.

The probabilities are that the German Consul in Rotterdam trusted Lincoln about as much as we did; certain it is that the information supplied to him was quite valueless. However, Lincoln duly brought it back to England as a specimen of what he was willing to do, and made further proposals as to his future employment.

By this time the net was closing around him. His dealings in Rotterdam had convinced the authorities in London that whoever Lincoln might be acting for, it was not Great Britain. To say that he was suspect is putting the matter mildly. The information he had brought from Holland had been passed on to our Intelligence Department, who, in their turn, forwarded it to Captain, now Sir Reginald, Hall, the Director of Naval Intelligence. Not receiving any reply within a week, Lincoln began to grow afraid, and went to the War Office to ascertain what was happening. He learnt enough to convince him that he was in a dangerous morass, but, resolved to bluff the thing out to the finish, told the officer he was seeing that he would exert all kinds of political pressure to get what he was pleased to term "justice."

This book is not meant for the purpose of personal recrimination, but it is an undoubted fact that Lincoln was sufficiently unsuspected by his old acquaintances of the House of Commons to ensure political pressure being brought to bear on the officials concerned, with

a view to his being employed on intelligence work. But they refused to entertain the proposal. They had a better knowledge of Lincoln's real character than his friends.

So passed a few more days. Summoning all his remaining courage, Lincoln decided to visit the Admiralty to ascertain what had happened. There he handed in to a secretary a long statement of his case, and was eventually taken to see the Director of Naval Intelligence.

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The situation was worthy of a better background than the unromantic room of a Government department. Picture the ex-M.P., double-dealing spy and general adventurer, trying to convince someone who could read him through and through that he was anxious to help us all he could, his semi-frightened pleading that in doubting him the authorities were alienating one of their best friends, while all the time, at the back of the brain of the Director was a keen perception of what Lincoln actually represented, the traitor who would betray anyone. But of this nothing was said. Lincoln was permitted to depart with the promise that his case would be attended to in the course of a day or two.

But nearly a fortnight passed, and still nothing happened. Now in a state of pronounced "funk," expecting to be arrested almost any moment, Lincoln kept worrying some of his Parliamentary acquaintances to get the recognition due to him. On January 27th there came a telegram which caused him alternate fright and hope. It was from the Director of Naval

Intelligence, requesting him to call at the Admiralty and to bring his passport. On arrival there, Lincoln was admitted to Captain Hall, who informed him that they would have nothing to do with him, and that the sooner he left England the better we would like him. He was handed back his passport, and got outside, wondering, perhaps, that we had not bothered to pursue the matter further.

Lincoln took the hint offered him, and the following day left in the steamer *Philadelphia* for New York, where he arrived on February 9th. There he reported himself to the German Secret Service, asking for financial assistance, but was merely laughed at. For six months in the American metropolis he earned a precarious living, writing, publishing in some of the pro-German newspapers accounts of his alleged experiences in European diplomacy. But in the meantime some of his past crimes in England were being revealed, among them being the forgery of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's name to a draft for £700. Application was made to the United States Government to extradite the accused ex-M.P., and for that purpose the late Chief Inspector Ward was sent to New York. A warrant was sworn out before the British Consul, and on August 4th, 1915, Lincoln was arrested.

There were lengthy legal proceedings before the request for extradition was acceded to by the United States Government, but in the end they went through, and Lincoln was duly brought to England, to stand his trial at the Old Bailey, and receive a sentence of three years' imprisonment. That period expired in the summer of 1919, and it was intended that he should be deported to his native country, Hungary. Circumstances connected with the Communal Govern-

ment under Bela Kun, then ruling Hungary, necessitated the postponement of this plan for a few weeks. It was carried out in September, 1919, however, and for the first time for many years Lincoln saw the once-familiar city of Budapesth. He was not wanted there, however, and quickly betook himself to more congenial haunts in Berlin, where he renewed his acquaintance with Count Bernstorff, the late German ambassador to the United States. Apparently the one-time member for Darlington identified himself with the monarchial reactionaries, for a few days later he was reported to have visited the ex-Emperor William in the Bentinck Castle at Amerongen. But the Kaiser, low as he may have fallen, did not care about making the acquaintance of such as Lincoln, who returned to Berlin, there to resume his machinations with Count Bernstorff and his fellow conspirators.

It is quite possible that we have not heard the last of Ignatius Timothy Trebitsch Lincoln. We refused to gratify his inordinate vanity by trying him as a spy in 1916, although, in the light of later events, it is more than likely that he will not give us another opportunity. But a preliminary condition to that would be a sojourn in England, and that is an improbable proceeding on the part of a man cunning in the extreme.

CHAPTER VI

The Postal Censorship—How it assisted to trap German spies—International complications—Baffling the enemy cipher experts.

No book dealing with counter-espionage would be complete without a special chapter devoted to the duties of the postal censorship. It was primarily owing to the vigilance of that department that many of the spies who came to England were trapped, for in nearly every case it was necessary that the post should be utilized if their information was ever to reach its intended destination.

But that alone was a comparatively minor part of the functions of the censorship. There was the important work of checking the millions of letters which came to and from Northern Europe: it must not be thought that the Germans were simple enough to have dangerous correspondence addressed direct to Germany. No, they made full use of neutral countries, like Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland: it was these countries which figured so largely in the "Black List" of suspect addresses, which was gradually built up as the result of investigation abroad.

And what astounding finds there were sometimes! One might be from a spy asking for instructions—and also for money. Another would be a cipher message, containing information gleaned in America,

as to the disposition of certain of our naval forces. Or, again, it might be a remittance addressed to a spy: our Treasury benefited by these. In addition to all this, our postal censorship fulfilled another exceedingly valuable purpose—that of an Intelligence Department for news concerning the internal condition of enemy countries. Through the thousands of letters making some mention of the war one could always feel certain of getting something which would give information of the whereabouts of the different German armies, and also a very fair idea of the disposition of the German Navy. There would be tidings of the casualties suffered in certain areas, what the *moral* of the troops was like, and a thousand other things which, individually, were of relatively little value, but in the aggregate, coupled with the intelligence systems of our Allies, enabled us to construct a most valuable conception of what our adversaries were doing.

It was the postal censorship, in conjunction with the cable censorship, which enabled the strangling Blockade to be so perfectly developed. The data compiled from enemy letters and cables was amazing. It was nearly as wonderful as the sublime confidence of the Hun, who, long after the time when he knew that all mails proceeding through the different war zones were being examined by us or our Allies, persisted in writing letters which were literally mines of information. It certainly revealed a faith in our simplicity which proved to be quite unjustified. Practically all the evidence given before the Prize Courts concerning vessels whose cargoes were claimed by the Crown as being destined for an enemy country, was furnished by the cable and postal censorship,

the amount involved by the end of the war totalling something like £40,000,000. Enemy securities seized in the post were another source of wealth to us. And when, in addition to all this, it is reckoned that we seized most of the remittances addressed to spies who were plying their nefarious trade here it will be realized that the postal censorship was quite a profitable undertaking.

On August 3rd, 1914, the day before the outbreak of the war, the postal censorship consisted of exactly one person. On December 31st, 1917, no fewer than 4,200 were employed: 172 men and 1,256 women at Liverpool, the remainder in London. This remarkable expansion had not been effected without great difficulty. As I have already stated, the cable censorship had been thought out in every detail long years before the war, by General Sir Francis Davies, and the last finishing touches put to the scheme by General Cockerill, who succeeded him in charge of the Special Intelligence Section of the General Staff at the War Office in 1906. The latter officer then devoted himself to the task of arousing the country and the Press to the need for some control of the Press in time of war, if the nation's secrets were to be kept. To this view he succeeded in converting the Press itself, and obtained their assent to a voluntary censorship. He also turned his attention to the task of inducing the legal advisers of the Crown to recognize the fact, that, when war came, the military and naval authorities would require to exercise extensive emergency powers, and that, if these were to be assumed without difficulty, their extent, and the method of exercising them, would have to be settled in time of peace. General Cockerill's contention was that the

necessary powers should be given by statute, and this view finally prevailed. It is on this account that the General's friends twit him as being the spiritual father of "Dora," the notorious Defence of the Realm Act. But he pleads that "Dora" was a very nice girl until she came under the influence of the civil authorities, and he declines to take any responsibility for her subsequent behaviour. On leaving the War Office in 1907 General Cockerill was succeeded by Colonel Edmonds, who laid the foundations of the Secret Service, and then made way for Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Sir George, MacDonogh, who, on the outbreak of war, was appointed to Sir John French's staff as Chief Intelligence Officer. These two officers had devoted much attention to the creation of a military counter-intelligence service, but, on the other hand, had not found it possible to proceed very far with the organization of a Press censorship; moreover, such arrangements as were made were conceived on lines which subsequent experience proved to be impracticable. The idea of a postal censorship, that might have to deal with every letter that entered or left the United Kingdom, had occurred to nobody, or, if it had, had been dismissed as chimerical. The provision of staff for such a gigantic organization as would obviously be necessary seemed an utter impossibility, while those who knew the financial authorities of the War Office and Treasury would have deemed it hopeless to try to obtain sanction for the financial expenditure which would be incurred. And so it nearly proved.

One of the first duties that claimed the attention of Colonel Douglas MacEwen, who was appointed to succeed Colonel MacDonogh, was the examination of

the mails intended for neutral countries adjacent to enemy territory. It was clearly futile to censor soldiers' letters in France if, for example, officers and men, on returning from France, were able to write freely to friends in Holland. Obviously, too, it was foolish to permit enemy agents to communicate with their employers abroad. So a few officers of the General Staff were detailed to open letters, while efforts were made to obtain outside assistance. The difficulties were stupendous: delays inevitable. In spite of every obstacle, however, premises were secured, increases of staff sanctioned, and some sort of organization rapidly improvised. Then, in September, 1914, Colonel MacEwen, who had displayed the utmost energy in a task of supreme difficulty, was called to the command of a battalion in France, and Colonel Cockerill, as he then was, reassumed command of the Special Intelligence Section after a lapse of seven years.

During the next few weeks he had a busy time. He had to expand and reorganize the British Secret Service and also to superintend the counter-espionage service, create a military examination system at the ports, start a military permit office, get into touch with the military authorities in the Dominions, perfect the cable censorship, centralize the control of Press telegrams, and last, but not least, proceed with the organization of the postal censorship. Fortunately he had the assistance of an ideal Chief Postal Censor, in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. H. Pearson, who held that position to the end of the war.

The staff of the postal censorship was as yet wholly inadequate. The corridors of the building were choked with mail bags, addressed to every quarter

of the globe. Every member of the staff was surrounded knee-deep with letters waiting to be examined, and complaints were pouring in to the Government from all over the world. There had been no opportunity of evolving a system whereby each censor could be held responsible for letters opened by him, and no complete means of utilizing the mass of valuable information contained in the correspondence. In its then state the postal censorship was no more equipped for the task of coping with tons of mail, than were the authorities prepared for the hundreds of thousands of men who choked the military depots throughout the country, in response to the call of their King and country. Order had to be evolved out of chaos. That, of course, took some time: it was months before the work could proceed smoothly. It was necessary, in addition to expediting the examination of mails, to create sub-departments for dealing with the different branches of the work, such as the detection of spies' letters, the reading of ciphers, the discovery and development of invisible inks, experts in propaganda, and people who could speak every language under the face of the sun, from Lithuanian to Chinese.

It may well be imagined that the difficulties reacted on the harmony of our diplomatic relations abroad. There is no harm in stating now, that in the early days of the war the postal and cable censorships were continually involving this country in international complications. Many and bitter were the complaints from America. Less than a month after he had assumed office, Colonel Cockerill was requested to call at the Home Office to see Mr. Reginald McKenna, the Home Secretary, and Mr., now Sir Charles, Hobhouse, then Postmaster-General. He was informed

that the Government thought the censorship ought to be abolished, and he was asked what he had to say to the contrary. Both Ministers were obviously worried over the countless complaints being addressed to the Government from neutral countries, but after a long explanation they were convinced that the abolition of the censorship was unthinkable, and that the military authorities would stand by that attitude to the end.

About the same time the Foreign Office was greatly perturbed by the growing hostility evinced in America against the postal censorship. The late Dr. Page, then American Ambassador, called upon Viscount, then Sir Edward, Grey, to inform him of the strong protests being made to his Government in America, mainly by business men, against the cable censorship. Now, however, we were on safe ground, as our action was strictly in accordance with international agreements. Colonel Cockerill, as on the previous occasion, was able to give a satisfactory explanation. Dr. Page was informed of some of the activities of German agents, both in America and Northern Europe, which left him in no doubt that in our own interest the action taken was both reasonable and proper.

That, however, was not the end of the matter. As the war went on, and the ever-tightening Blockade gradually closed down all enemy transactions abroad, the Director of Special Intelligence was continually receiving complaints, many of which unquestionably emanated in Germany, as to the effect of our censorship. We met that plaint by improving our methods to such an extent that the matter of delay was almost entirely eliminated, certainly altogether by comparison with some of our Allies, who took weeks to examine

letters. The other phase of the trouble, that of the damage we were doing to enemy commerce abroad, we did not bother to answer. That was one of the primary purposes for which the censorship had been established. To a certain extent conflict between the military authorities and politicians was inevitable in such matters, although for the credit of our politicians I must say that, when shown the class of communication which the censorship was daily bringing to light, they had little or no hesitation in acquiescing in the military attitude.

It can be said of our Foreign Office that in all the political trouble which occurred they supported the War Office and refused to budge from the position that by the rules of international law a belligerent nation possessed the right to examine cable and mail matter, confiscating or detaining anything that might be of assistance to their enemies, but forwarding as rapidly as possible genuine and innocent private correspondence. In time the United States Government concurred in this view-point, stating, through Mr. Robert Lansing, the Secretary of State, that although the U.S. Government appreciated our right to examine mails, the American elector did not. But in any case this conversion necessitated much time and patience.

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The great importance of the postal censorship, apart from its immediate local results, lay in the grip it gave us over practically the whole of the world's correspondence. One could feel quite thrilled by the fact that outside the region of the Central Empires

there was hardly a country communicating with them to whose correspondence we did not have access. Either we or our Allies were in a position to examine everything, and later on, as we established bureaux where all the information obtained was passed from one to the other, the enemy had good cause to curse the fact that the freedom of the seas had thrown him entirely upon his internal resources.

There were censorships in all our Colonies, in addition to places of strategical importance, such as Gibraltar, Alexandria, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sierra Leone and Halifax (Nova Scotia). All correspondence intercepted at these places, when found to contain information of Imperial interest, was forwarded on to London, and, in turn, to our Allies where it concerned them. It would be impossible in a book dealing with a different subject to go exhaustively into the full effects of this restriction of intercourse, although one might say in passing that the inconvenience caused was nothing to the unalterable fact that by it we directly shortened the war. The postal and cable censorships were the eyes of the Blockade, and in years to come, when the full history of the late war comes to be written, it will be found that the shortage of supplies and the consequent collapse of the enemy *moral*, was primarily brought about by the Blockade. Our countering of enemy propaganda, another vital factor in determining the ultimate issue, also depended largely on postal censorship.

It is not out of place to quote here a letter seized from the Headquarters of the Bulgarian Army in the Field, showing to what extent a strict censorship of correspondence was necessary. And it also shows the value of our examining all mails. The letter in

question was addressed to the Bulgarian Legation in Washington, dated May 22nd, 1916:

"The Intelligence Department of the German General Headquarters has informed us that, owing to an order of the English Government, the English official casualty lists will not in future give any indication of either the battlefields or the units to which fallen men belonged. In this way the most important source of information hitherto available for following the distribution of the British Armies between the different Fronts and battlefields will disappear in the future. Owing to this, all other sources gain in importance and require the greatest attention.

"Special value in the enemy Press attaches to the provincial papers because in their descriptions of different incidents of the war, in their sport notes, appeals for gifts, etc., and acknowledgments thereof, there are always to be found some hints as to where the armies are. As up to now, special attention must be paid to the war papers" (naming well-known service papers such as the *Army and Navy Gazette*).

"It must be borne in mind that with the expected censorship of the English papers, information of use can only be found in the unimportant places and also in small advertisements and notes.

"Sometimes the French Press contains important information about the English armies. So, for instance, the first news about the arrival of the Australian armies in France was given in the *Progrès de la Côte d'Or*, Dijon, in March, 1916, and in the *Matin* of March 13th and 28th, 1916, in paragraphs from Dijon and Marseilles.

"Besides this, it is of special importance to examine

and check all letters which are sent from the Front and collected from the prisoners and killed.

"Valuable conclusions can also be drawn from the stamps of the field post and those of the censorship to be found on the envelope and wrappers. As their meaning may be disputable, it is absolutely necessary to send in the originals.

"At present information with regard to the following questions is of importance:

"(1) What divisions are being transported from Egypt to France. The date of their transfer.

"(2) Are there also troops being transferred from Egypt to Salonika (perhaps to take the place of French troops that are being brought back again), or are they also going to withdraw the English troops from Salonika.

"(3) When will there be transferred to France the last eight divisions of Kitchener's Army, numbers 40 to 47, which are still in England, the first Territorial divisions of the second line: and which of the Territorial divisions of the second line will be transferred first.

(Signed) "MAJOR VASILEV,
Chief of the Section of Information
and Censorship of the General Staff."

Could anything reveal better the need for a stringent censorship? It is believed by the military authorities in this country that the first information gained by the enemy as to our projected Somme campaign in the summer of 1916 came from a letter published innocently enough in the British Press in June, 1916. It was the letter of a junior officer, who should have known better, saying that the new trenches, being

situated on chalk, were infinitely more comfortable than the clay of Flanders. Being quite as well informed of the geological strata of France as ourselves, the German Intelligence Department had only to glance at a map to understand that the British Front was being greatly extended and that offensive operations in that quarter could be expected before long. It will be remembered that not long after that the Press was requested to refrain from publishing such letters.

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Although the postal censorship was in itself a section of the Directorate of Special Intelligence, the other sections relied upon it and the cable censorship for a great deal of the information necessary to the conduct of their work. Most important of all was the counter-espionage section, which depended upon the examiners in Colonel Pearson's department to send them correspondence addressed to enemy agents in this country and by them to places abroad. Every examiner of mails was supplied with a book containing a list of people who were suspected of being under enemy influence. These, as may be imagined, were of all classes. There were merchants, engaged in important products intended for the use of the enemy, people known to be forwarding information sent from foreign sources, and last, but by no means least, the actual addresses of members of the German Secret Service living in a neutral city, where they acted as forwarding agents for the receipt and transmission of matter likely to be of interest to the Great General Staff in Berlin. Throughout the war the headquarters

of the enemy Intelligence Department were at Wesel. For the purposes of spying in England, Rotterdam was utilized throughout the war, Barcelona being as a base of operations against France. The Germans also made use of Antwerp, although the fact of that port being unavailable for neutral shipping rendered its use limited. In addition to this we had to cope with the numerous spy organizations which the Germans created in America, both in the United States and countries such as the Argentine, Peru, Chile, Uruguay, Brazil. There were also plenty of suspect addresses in Scandinavia, so it can readily be imagined that examiners of mails had to keep their eyes opened.

The number of people to whom German spies had to forward their information was comparatively limited; perhaps not two hundred in all, which explains why we were enabled to trace such letters so freely. It would have been impossible to examine every letter for invisible writing; the simplest method was to turn up the address and, if it was found to be suspect, to have the communication chemically treated. Many of the letters were suspicious in that they said nothing. They would be full of inquiries as to the welfare of the addressee's family, with love and kisses freely bespattered all over the page—but nothing to really justify the sending of the letter, especially as it contained no English address and no readily recognizable name. Such letters were at once put aside for further examination: nine times out of ten they either contained invisible writing, giving information of naval or military importance, or were in code with the same intent.

It says a great deal for the efficiency of the censor-

ship, and also for the skill of the cipher experts, that up to the end of the war we detected nearly three hundred of these letters in cipher, all of which, as stated by Lord Fisher, were actually deciphered. And an even more significant indication of the usefulness of the work lay in the lessening number of messages detected as the war continued. In the first half of 1916 they averaged over ten a week, but during the same month in 1917 they fell to less than an average of one a fortnight. Then the Huns gave it up.

All letters, whether in cipher or containing messages written in invisible ink, went to the sub-section concerned. Some were photographed for distribution to our Allies, the original being kept in a special department, which will remain one of the most treasured relics of the war. They are a comprehensive guide to future Hun activities in the event of another great European War.

It will give some idea of the work involved when I say that in the closing years of the war an average of 375,000 letters were examined daily. During 1917 it is estimated that 180,000,000 postal packets were gone through, 356,000 being detained as likely to be of value to the enemy. Most of these were, of course, quite innocent of malicious intent.

It being found that the average censor was made, not born, schools were established where instruction was given in the examination of correspondence and detection of matters likely to assist the enemy. Women were found to be particularly clever at the work, with the result that their employment not only released many men for fighting purposes, but probably meant added efficiency.

The general effectiveness of both our cable and

postal censorships greatly impressed our Allies. The French, Belgian and Italian organizations borrowed many hints from our system, while the Americans, when they came into the war, were so enamoured with our method of postal censorship that they were content to rely on it for the information they required.

CHAPTER VII

The Naval Intelligence Division—Rear-Admiral Hall and his methods—The amusing case of Conrad Leyter, secret dispatch carrier—Boarding Officers and their captures—Matahari and her visit to Scotland Yard—A ration of Iron Crosses—Frederick Parker Dunbar—The Baron Otto von Gumppenberg.

AMONGST the British officials whose duty it was to counter the activities of German agents, none was more strongly feared than Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, who held the important post of Director of Naval Intelligence, a department which might be said to have belonged to him, for he succeeded his father, who created the service some forty years ago.

The extraordinary efforts which the Germans made to obtain information as to the disposition of our naval forces, what we were building and what we were likely to do in the future, naturally rendered Admiral Hall's post one of the most onerous in the Admiralty. His was the duty of safeguarding naval secrets, as well as that of keeping track of enemy subjects and agents who were proceeding through the war zone. Many were the strange little dramas which sprang out of this latter duty. There were scenes in Sir Reginald's room in the Admiralty which deserve to be immortalized, if only to show the methods employed to make the suspected one reveal his true mission.

In the counter-espionage department of every nation it is an accepted axiom that different nationalities must have different methods of cross-examination.

For example, persistent reiteration has little or no effect on the stolid temperament of the Teuton or Scandinavian: they will give you back as good as they get. It is waste of time talking in sprightly fashion to the vivacious Latin: he will lie to you with the utmost of pleasure, and do it so effectively that unless you have a carefully prepared list of questions and keep pegging away at them your interrogation will leave you as wise as you were before. But reverse the method. Apply reiteration to the mercurial temperament of the Latin, and break down his defence by a cold-blooded persistence which will so affect his light-heartedness that he will grow tired, and then see what will happen.

About the middle of 1915 our Naval Intelligence Department received information from Holland that, sailing on a steamer from Rotterdam to Buenos Aires, was an Argentino named Conrad Leyter, who had been to Berlin and was strongly suspected of being in possession of dispatches addressed to the German Embassy in Madrid. Always being interested in such missives, instructions were given to have the steamer detained at Falmouth for the usual search, and to ask Señor Leyter if he would be good enough to come up to London and see Admiral Hall. Rather unwillingly, the Señor complied with the request and in due course found himself undergoing a prolonged scrutiny from the Admiral's keen blue eyes. After this had lasted some minutes, during which time Leyter began to grow exceedingly uncomfortable, the Admiral suddenly said: "Tell me, Señor, why were you going to Spain?"

The Argentino jumped up from his chair as though shot, and then burst forth into fluent explanation.

He was a shipping clerk, he said, and had come to Europe for a holiday, and was now on his way back to his work in Buenos Aires. He had done nothing but travel over Germany and Holland, and knew of nothing likely to cause his detention in Great Britain. This peroration lasted for about fifteen minutes. Admiral Hall, watching him intently all the time, said nothing, but when it was finished and the Argentino had leant back in his chair, fully satisfied with himself, the Admiral quietly said: "But tell me, Señor, why were you going to Spain?"

Another torrent of explanation, with a minute description of all his doings in Europe, at the end of which he again leant back, fully convinced that he had satisfied this stupid English sailor, only to get the same question, even more quietly than before: "But tell me, Señor, why were you going to Spain?"

So it went on. Explanations lasting ten minutes, eight minutes, six minutes, four, two, one, and always the same reply: "But tell me, Señor, why were you going to Spain?"

As the relentless air of his interrogator continued so did Leyter's mercurial spirits droop. He had been carefully coached in his part before embarking on his ship, but apparently nothing had ever been told him of how he would be treated if captured by the British. As he finished his last explanation and the same old question was fired at him, all his self-control vanished. Jumping up from his chair he shouted wildly: "Ah, well, if you will know, I am going to Spain, yes."

"Thank you," said Admiral Hall blandly, "and pray what were you going to Spain for, by such a roundabout route?"

Rear-Admiral Sir W. R. Hall.

[*To face p.* 86.

"Ah, I am carrying dispatches to Prince Ratibor, the German Ambassador in Madrid," answered the now thoroughly demoralized man.

"Thank you again, Señor," replied the Admiral, still more blandly, "and where are those dispatches?"

"They are in a lifebelt in my cabin," said Leyter.

"Thank you, that will be all," was Admiral Hall's gentle reply. And Leyter was removed, to subsequently find a safe haven in an internment camp.

It all turned out as the harassed Argentino had said. The dispatches to Prince Ratibor were found hidden in the cork filling of the lifebelt, and provided us with excellent information concerning some of the enemy's amiable intentions towards us in the form of sabotage and espionage, which we found more than useful. As for Leyter, it was not possible to try him as a German spy: he had not entered this country voluntarily, nor had he attempted to obtain information here, so he was interned under the Defence of the Realm Act and subsequently deported to his native country, where, doubtless, he had something to say to his friends as to the fate of people who interfere in matters of international importance.

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Of all the fascinating duties connected with the Naval Intelligence Department those of the Boarding Officers easily came first. It was very much like mixed game shooting: you never knew what you would bag next. Sometimes we knew what was coming, as in the case of Dr. Dumba and von Papen, and made our plans accordingly. On other occasions somebody of importance would slip through, and

afterwards, in the German Press, boast of the clever methods which had been adopted. Our Navy, being silent, never attempted any controversy: it merely smiled and took note for future contingencies. We had to live and learn.

On the outbreak of war there were very large numbers of German army reservists living in South America and Spain, who, with a patriotism worthy of a better object, made up their minds to return to the Fatherland and do their duty. But, unfortunately for them, they had to travel by steamer, either through the Straits of Dover or else via the Mediterranean and Italy. As even in those days we were maintaining a most efficient patrol of all steamship routes the task was hedged in with difficulties, and only those Huns who posed as neutrals and had a fluent acquaintance with the language could reckon they had any chance of reaching Germany. Every steamer passing through the war zone underwent a most rigorous examination, and every passenger had his or her innermost life so dissected that there was little left afterwards.

It was quite obvious, of course, that the majority of suspected people found on such ships were not German spies, in that they had no intention of landing in this country and therefore there could be no question of bringing them to trial. But we were perfectly justified in stopping any man or woman of enemy nationality and interning them if it was thought worth while.

We had a typical instance soon after the outbreak of war. A steamer bound from Chile to Holland was brought into Falmouth, and the process of examining passports was in full swing. The authorities had their suspicions of a fat, curly-headed man, who looked a Hun, but swore by all the deities of the Catholic

Church that Spanish was the only tongue he knew. To give colour to his assertion he let loose a flood of language which might—or might not—have been Spanish, without, however, greatly convincing the Boarding Officer.

"Curly locks" was left alone for a few moments while other examinations went on, but was kept under observation. Apparently he was by no means optimistic as to his chance of bluffing his way through, for he was seen to pass to an attractive-looking Austrian woman with whom he seemed to be friendly a small piece of paper. Nothing was said by the Boarding Officer when the fact was reported to him: he merely waited until it was possible to get the woman alone, when she was requested to surrender the scrap of paper in her possession. It proved to be a message in excellent German, imploring her not to betray him to the British authorities. So the writer was sent up to Scotland Yard, given pencil and paper and asked to write something from dictation. As this "something" was his own message in German "Curly locks" looked rather foolish. He shouted out that he did not understand such a language, but when his interrogator informed him that the original script was in his own handwriting he gave up bluffing. Jumping to his feet, he clicked his heels, stood smartly to attention and, tossing his golden curls with disdainful air, said: "Yes, I am a Prussian officer, on my way to rejoin my regiment."

In all probability he saved his life by his frankness, for there is no question that an English internment camp offered infinitely better possibilities than did the Western Front.

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Perhaps the most interesting specimen of the German spy ever captured by our Boarding Officers was Matahari (Eye of the Morning), the famous dancer, who was about the only woman who could advance legitimate claims to being the beautiful spy of fiction. That she was also probably the most dangerous spy of all in no wise invalidates her claim to recognition and admiration. Her history is full of interest and is worth giving in some detail.

Matahari's real name was Marguerite Gertrud Zelle. Her father was a Dutchman who had married a Javanese woman while in the Dutch East Indies and brought the child home to Europe, where, as she grew up, she gradually acquired fame as an exponent of a weird form of Oriental dancing which greatly pleased the pleasure-sated inhabitants of many Continental capitals. She was a tall, sinuous creature, of dusky complexion and glowing black eyes, vivacious to all, and in the course of her travels managed to acquire an excellent command of languages. Somewhere in the early twenties she married a Dutch naval officer of Scottish extraction named MacLeod, who speedily tired of her eccentricities and divorced her. That did not worry Matahari, as she was then calling herself. Men were her slaves: she had only to throw over them the spell of her Oriental mysticism and their souls were hers. Everywhere she lived in great style: she was never at any time in want of money, even the German Secret Service had enrolled her among its spies.

About July, 1915, when she was fulfilling a dancing engagement in Madrid, news reached our counter-espionage authorities that the beautiful Oriental dancer was a suspect. She had been seen in company with

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agents of the German Secret Service, and women, equally with men, are known all the world over by the company they keep. So the fiat went forth that Matahari was to be watched. All the time she was in Spain her movements gave ground for strong suspicion, so it was no surprise, in the early part of 1916, when she took passage back to Holland, that the steamer in question should be detained and the graceful dancer asked to come ashore, in company with a very extensive wardrobe. It was intended to bring her to London to be interrogated.

Nothing could have been more charming than the lady's acceptance of the proposal. She told the bashful young Boarding Officer that she would be delighted to visit London once more, and so to Whitehall she came, where, in a room full of stern-faced officials, she stood a cross-examination with a skill and a determination which completely baffled her experienced opponents. But when she was taxed point blank with being a German spy her manner changed. "I have something to tell you," she said, with a fascinating glance, "but before I do so, you must send all these gentlemen out of the room." So the room was cleared except for three officials, and then Matahari made her confession. "I am indeed an agent," she said, smiling at her interrogators, "but for the Boche, no, a thousand times. It is for France that I act."

It is palpable that French agents do not consort with members of the German Secret Service, although it might possibly have been true that at some time or another of her picturesque career Matahari had acted for the Republic. However, nothing could be done with her: her wits were too sharp to be

trapped by any question, and after due consideration it was decided to ship her back to Spain. Before leaving she was cautioned as to her future behaviour, at which she gave her interrogators another brilliant smile, thanked them for their advice and also for a most pleasant two hours.

So back to sunny Spain went the beautiful dancer. It would seem, however, that she had refused to take to heart the good advice given her in London, for in a little over a month following her deportation she was caught in France with documents in her possession which left no doubt as to her being a German spy.

France had suffered too much from spies, both male and female, to allow any tender sentiment to stand in the way of justice. Matahari was brought to trial in Paris, the case creating an immense sensation in the French capital, where her name had long been famous. It was found that she had been trying to obtain plans of the Allied offensive to take place in the summer of 1916, and although skilfully defended by Maître Edouard Clunet, one of the ablest barristers in France, she was found guilty by the unanimous vote of a court-martial and sentenced to death on July 25th. She took her condemnation quite calmly, and was removed to St. Lazare Prison to await execution.

That, however, did not take place for nearly three months. There were reasons connected with the people whom she had been communicating with which rendered a postponement desirable, and it was not until October 15th, 1916, that Matahari paid the penalty of her sins. At five o'clock in the morning she was awakened with the news that this was her last day on earth. Whatever thoughts may have existed in that once vivacious mind, no trace of them was allowed to

creep into her countenance. Donning a dark dress trimmed with fur, and placing a large felt hat on her head, she notified her captors that she was ready to accompany them. In company with two soldiers, her counsel and a Protestant pastor, who could not but wonder at the calmness of this wonderful woman, she was driven off to the fortress of Vincennes, where the execution was to take place. When the pastor asked her if she would pray with him she gently refused, and was led out into the square of the fortress, where a firing party stood in readiness. She declined to have her eyes bandaged by the officer in charge, and when the signal to fire was given, smiled and, indeed, was apparently in the act of blowing a kiss to the firing party when the bullets entered her breast.

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The life of the Naval Intelligence Department was not lacking an element of comedy. There arrived at Dover one day a ship bound from Rotterdam to Barcelona, which numbered among its passengers a good-looking young woman, named Lisa Blume, accompanied by an elderly countrywoman, who attracted more than passing notice by the enormous quantity of baggage in her possession. No fewer than seventeen trunks were filled with her belongings, most of them expensive clothes, which hardly seemed to fit in with her story that she was housekeeper to the secretary of the German Embassy in Madrid.

When told she would be detained for further inquiries the young lady grew mightily indignant. She filled the air with her remonstrances, and haughtily refused to give any particulars of herself. But the

stout duenna, highly flustered by the official attitude, was much more communicative. Her charge was indeed the housekeeper to the secretary of the Embassy, and when pressed as to why any young man should employ a young and beautiful woman in such a capacity, confessed that perhaps she was something more. However, there was no great harm in that, so the officials thought they had better examine the seventeen trunks. What a surprise was in store for them! In one of the boxes was found nine Iron Crosses.

It was undoubtedly the ration for the German Embassy in Madrid, who in the eyes of their lords and masters must have accomplished great things for the Fatherland to justify such a lavish distribution. However, there they were. We took possession of the trophies and took possession of the young lady. Her protestations when informed of her fate still linger in the memory of those who were privileged to listen: they were certainly a unique specimen of Hunnish abuse. Her captors were pigs, thieves, traitors, torturers, everything that was bad. But the officials being case-hardened, smiled broad smiles and escorted the lady to an internment camp, and left her there until some months after the war had finished, when she was permitted to return to Germany—minus the nine Iron Crosses.

Her chaperon was allowed to proceed on her journey to Madrid, where her account of what had happened appears to have aroused the greatest indignation. Probably it was the loss of the Iron Crosses, not the young lady, which so played upon the feelings of the German Ambassador in Spain, for not long afterwards representations were received from two neutral Powers

as to the high-handedness of our action. But the Ambassador, like a true Prussian, does not seem to have told the entire truth, for when the Powers in question had the full facts placed before them they made a profuse apology for having interfered in the matter at all.

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It occasionally happened that Boarding Officers seemed to have made a mistake in the passengers they detained. There was a certain American steamship bound for Sweden brought in for examination, and the Boarding Officer had his suspicions of two people, one a grave, bespectacled second-class passenger, the other a stout little Swedish stoker, both of whom were believed, from information received, as the police say, to be enemy officers. The passenger, under interrogation, made no secret of his identity. He confessed to being a scientific baron, previously attached to the Austro-Hungarian Legation in Pekin, who had taken passage to America, and thence shipped across the Atlantic with a view to ultimately finding his way home.

But the grimy Swedish stoker refused to treat the Boarding Officer's suggestions seriously. He grinned with amusement at every question he was asked, and answered them all without the slightest hesitation. In his personal appearance there was certainly nothing to betray the fact that he had ever been an army officer. Slouching gait, grease and coal begrimed clothes, he was a stoker of whom no stokehold would be proud to claim ownership. He was born, so he alleged, at Malmö, in Sweden, and could have pro-

duced his birth certificate and identity papers had they not been stolen from him in New York. So he was put on one side for a moment while other passengers were having their *bona fides* verified.

Unfortunately, the little man appears to have possessed a sense of humour, for while waiting he must needs chuckle in German to a compatriot standing near him how easily he had fooled the Boarding Officer. Standing near him was a British official who understood what was said, and a few minutes afterwards the stoker was taken before the officer once more and asked if his name was not Captain So and So. With a rueful smile he admitted it was, and pressed still further gave his full story. Prior to the war he had been a bank manager in Vienna, and had been commissioned as a captain in the Austrian artillery. Captured by the Russians, he had been interned in Siberia, where he had escaped, and, suffering the most terrible privation, had walked all the way across the plains of Manchuria and China, ultimately finding his way to the Austrian Consulate in Pekin, where he had been supplied with a passage to San Francisco in a cargo boat. From there he got to New York, saw the Consul, and was shipped to Sweden with a false passport as a stoker.

It was bad luck, and the Boarding Officer could not help thinking so, but there was only one thing to be done. The little captain was an enemy soldier, so he had to go into an internment camp, still smiling a rueful smile.

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One of the most mysterious characters with whom we had to deal in the early days of the war was a

German naval officer of the name of Frederick Parker Dunbar, who was found wandering around the north of Scotland in 1914. Dunbar was not a German born: he was of American origin and had served twenty-one years in the German Navy. According to his own story he had recently resigned from the Navy and had come to Great Britain for the purpose of seeing his son, a boy of sixteen who was being educated in this country. But there were circumstances connected with the case which seemed to preclude Dunbar's story being a true one: he was carrying a false passport in the name of William Culden. That fact alone was enough to condemn him in the eyes of all honest men: people whose intentions are straightforward do not meet trouble half-way by the method of having false passports in time of war.

The conclusion we arrived at was that Captain Dunbar was a naval spy of some importance. He himself told us of the different commands he had held, and they were sufficiently onerous to make us appreciate the fact that German naval captains, even though their country of birth might have been America, do not wander around in the neighbourhood of our Grand Fleet without some sinister motive. Unfortunately the case was badly bungled from the start. Dunbar was arrested by the Scottish police before he had been permitted to commit himself to something in writing. He was brought to London in due course and underwent several strict interrogations. But we could glean no evidence to put him on trial as a spy, so in default he was placed in an internment camp for the duration of the war.

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In October, 1915, quite an interesting revelation of the numerous activities of the Germans came to light as the result of the capture of a stout young German who said he was the Baron Otto von Gumppenberg.

It was a Boarding Officer in the Mediterranean who, while examining the Blue Funnel liner *Anchises*, captured the Baron, carrying a passport bearing every evidence of being forged. The owner was detained, and after being interrogated in Egypt was sent on to England.

An intensely absorbing story the Herr Baron told. It seems that he was a squadron commander in the Deathshead Hussars, the favourite regiment of the German Crown Prince, but had become involved in one of those dreadfully unsavoury scandals so common in the crack Prussian regiments, the result of which was that he was arrested and served seven months' imprisonment. However, that fact does not seem to have greatly worried the young Baron: according to general opinion he was merely one of many. So a few months later found him wandering about Constantinople as aide-de-camp to the notorious adventurer Enver Pasha. Leaving Enver to his own devices, von Gumppenberg next became attached to the entourage of Prince William of Wied, what time that gigantic individual was making his stupid attempt to govern Albania. Then came the war, and von Gumppenberg was called back to Germany to serve as a trooper. From his own statement he served about eighteen months on the Russian front with different cavalry units, and so distinguished himself that, on being sent back to Germany wounded, his commission was restored to him. He was posted to

the command of a troop, and was on the point of leaving again for the front when somebody in Berlin started a project to stir up the tribes in Northern Africa. It would appear that von Gumppenberg was connected with some of the sponsors for this amiable idea, so he was sent off to try what he could do with the Senussi, who just about that time were raiding all and sundry. The Italian Government sent an expedition to deal with the rebellious tribesmen, and came out of the affair leaving a good many prisoners in the hands of the natives. The story von Gumppenberg told us to account for his presence on the *Anchises* was that a League of Friendship in Berlin had asked him to go to the Senussi and plead with the chief for the release of the Italian prisoners he was holding, and thereby gain the gratitude of all Italy! When we asked the Baron rather indignantly whether he could expect us to believe such a palpable cock and bull yarn, he hastened to admit that it was rather crude. Still, he had none other to offer, so we had to make up our mind what to do with him.

Fortunately for the Baron it would seem that when interrogated out East he had extracted a promise, in return for a confession, that he should be treated as an officer prisoner of war.

We should very much like to have handed him over to the Italian Government, who would certainly have given him something to cure him of interfering in other people's business for many a long day. However, there was the promise: we could not repudiate it and so the Baron spent the remaining period of the war in a comparatively comfortable prisoners of war camp.

CHAPTER VIII

Second German attempt to establish spy system in Great Britain —Capture of seven spies in a fortnight—Janssen and Roos—Breeckow and Mrs. Wertheim—Fernando Buschman, violinist and spy—Augusto Alfredo Roggen—Ernst Waldemar Melin.

TOWARDS the end of May, 1915, our counter-espionage authorities had reasons to conclude that the Germans were making another attempt to establish a spy organization in England.

From the instances I have already narrated it can readily be imagined that the much-vaunted enemy Secret Service was not enjoying a particularly successful time so far as this country was concerned. Although they could not have known at the time, information as to the destruction of their chain of agents, upon which they intended to rely when war came, must have by this time percolated through during the period that our postal censorship was straightening itself out. No better result had attended the efforts of spies such as Lody, Rosenthal, Küpferle, Muller, Hahn, all of whom could only be regarded as stopgaps against the time when it would be possible to establish something like a regular system of agents, who could be depended upon to obtain authentic intelligence of our naval and military preparations and intentions.

In the light of subsequent happenings it is plainly evident that the Great General Staff had been taught a lesson which they never afterwards forgot—that

it was utterly useless sending Germans here. And it is quite possible that the espionage experts of the Wilhelmstrasse even negatived the employment of Germans resident in Great Britain before the war, people who had escaped internment and who therefore possessed the possibility of obtaining information which might be of real value. It seems quite certain that the Germans never failed to remember the manner in which we had tricked them over Küpferle and Muller. The latter instance must have been a sore blow to their arrogance, for Muller was a spy who, unknown to us as such, had been living in England for some considerable time prior to the war, and his early capture, to say nothing of the way in which we fooled his employers, would appear to have thoroughly convinced the Hun of one thing: if his espionage in England was to come to anything, neutrals would have to be employed. So it would seem that instructions were issued to the master spies in Holland and Belgium that the most stringent efforts were to be made to obtain neutrals for the work—the Germans called it "manœuvre." For obvious reasons it was politic to induce men and women of German origin to take up the profession of spy, but it remained an essential condition that such people should live in a neutral country and speak its language fluently enough to absolve them from suspicion when the inevitable inquiry came.

This marked the beginning of an espionage campaign which kept our authorities extremely busy in May and June, 1915. It is greatly to the credit of the officials concerned that the German plans were so quickly nipped in the bud, for the expeditious manner in which we dealt with this batch of mercenaries must

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have convinced the Germans that it was a waste of time trying to cover England with a network of their spies.

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Comedy and tragedy were strangely intermingled in the first of the cases which inaugurated the opening of the new espionage organization.

The particulars volunteered by the captured spy Robert Rosenthal as to the methods adopted by the Germans forewarned us that we should have to look for enemy agents in the guise of commercial travellers of quasi-neutral origin, and as a consequence the strictest watch was being kept on all such people seeking to enter this country, while all their communications, especially those to Holland, underwent searching tests before we permitted them to leave these islands. There was good ground for suspecting that certain information had leaked out one way and another, principally in regard to the movements of ships, and we meant to take no further unnecessary risks.

Shortly after Rosenthal had been run to earth, the officials of our cable censorship were rather astounded to receive messages destined for Holland, purporting to order huge quantities of cigars. One fact which alone was suspicious was that most of these telegrams emanated from naval ports, and to anyone who knows Jack there is one thing more positive than another—that is, that he is not a smoker of cigars. And yet telegrams were coming in from places such as Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport, Dover, ordering from an address at The Hague all sorts of impossible quantities of cigars. The messages asked for 10,000

Cabanas, 4,000 Rothschilds, 3,000 Coronas. There was something radically wrong, so the authorities that be decided that they would like to interview the enterprising travellers who were doing such wonderful business. We knew something about the address to which they were telegraphing. So the fiat went forth to have the pair brought to London. One was arrested in Southampton, the other at an hotel in Aldgate, his headquarters while doing the sights of London. They were taken to Scotland Yard for interrogation. The first man to be examined was a saturnine, black-bearded individual, who told us his name was Haicke Petrus Marinus Janssen, that he was thirty years of age (he certainly looked fifty), and that by profession he was a seaman. When we asked him whether he was acquainted with any Germans, he said that he had never been in Germany in his life. "I am a Dutchman," he replied. "I do not like the Germans."

"But how is it that your employers (Dierks and Co.) engage a seaman as a traveller in cigars?" was our next question. "Surely there are plenty of experienced men in such a country as Holland?"

"That I cannot say," said Janssen. "I was unable to obtain a berth as officer on a steamer, and took the offer of coming to England to sell cigars until such time as I could find more suitable employment."

"And what do you know about Messrs. Dierks and Co.?" persisted his interrogator. "Have they a large office?"

"No," replied the Dutchman. "I was introduced to Mr. Dierks by a friend who said that I could speak English and was looking for work. Mr. Dierks took me to his office. It is a small place, and so far as I could see he employed only one clerk."

"Has Mr. Dierks any other representative in England," we inquired.

"No," said Janssen, "I am his only traveller in this country."

"Would it surprise you to learn that the address of Messrs. Dierks and Co. is that of a member of the German Secret Service?" we asked blandly.

Janssen, changing colour, alleged that it would.

"Well, it is so," we said; "and, furthermore, we think that you are a German spy. You will be detained for further inquiries."

Before he was taken away we again asked him whether he had an accomplice. "Do you know a man named Roos?" we asked.

"No, I do not know him," said Janssen.

He was taken outside, where, in the passage, the other suspect was awaiting interrogation. What passed between the pair will never be known now. Whatever it may have been, it was sufficient to make the second man understand that the game was up. However, he came into the room jauntily enough, and answered our first question with a smile.

"Did you know that man who has just gone out?" we inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "That is Janssen. I know him very well. We met over at The Hague. We were both engaged as travellers for Dierks and Co."

The newcomer said his name was Willem Johannes Roos, and added that he, too, was a seaman. Janssen was brought back into the room and again asked whether he knew Roos. "No, I do not," he said. "I am the only person authorized to act for Dierks and Co."

Roos, who appeared to be enjoying the proceedings immensely, kept making grimaces at his companion, but the other would have none of it. Perhaps he possessed a better conception of the serious predicament he was in. Whatever the reason, he would admit nothing, so, in company with Roos, he was lodged in Cannon Row police station for the night.

It would seem that the light-hearted demeanour of Roos was but a cover for the more serious purpose he had in mind. Somewhere about seven o'clock at night he complained to the station sergeant of feeling the necessity of exercise, and asked that he might be permitted to stretch his legs in the station yard. The authorities could not very well refuse such a privilege in view of the fact that he had not yet been charged with any definite offence, so Roos, guarded by two policemen, walked up and down for an hour.

On his way back to the cells he suddenly dashed himself at a glass door which opened into the yard, throwing his manacled hands at the glass with a roar of unintelligible words. If it was suicide he contemplated the attempt was not successful. All that happened was that he cut his hands and wrists severely. No surgeon being available at the time, the police took him over to Westminster Hospital, where one of the staff bandaged him up, informing the somewhat worried police that no serious danger need be apprehended and that there was no necessity to detain the supposed spy in the hospital. So Roos was locked up in a cell for the night, to await removal to Brixton Prison on the morrow.

An examination of the suspected men's belongings led us to believe that writing in secret ink had gone

out of fashion for the moment. Both Janssen and Roos were in possession of a perfume which on analysis proved to be usable as a secret ink, although there was no evidence that either had attempted to forward hidden messages with it. Their means of communication was evidently a code in the form of orders for cigars. The cipher was simplicity itself. Cabanas meant light cruisers, Coronas battleships, Rothschilds destroyers, and so on. Unfortunately, Messrs. Janssen and Roos do not appear to have taken one salient fact into their calculations. They never dreamt that the ordering of large quantities of expensive cigars from naval ports was otherwise than an every-day proceeding. Still more unluckily for them do they seem to have omitted to appreciate the danger which lay in communicating with a man who was well-known to us as one of the heads of the German spy organization, an individual afterwards imprisoned by the Dutch Government owing to his undue lack of regard for international complications. Both men were given the opportunity of proving that their errand in England was *bona fide* business. This they failed to do: they could not produce one genuine order. Under the circumstances, the authorities had no hesitation in bringing them to trial by court-martial.

Counsel, briefed by the Government, defended the accused men with the utmost ability when the trial took place, on July 16th, but the result was a foregone conclusion. Both were found guilty and sentenced to death by shooting.

A few days after they had been convicted both men confessed their guilt. Janssen, especially, who throughout all the proceedings had preserved an atti-

tude of stoical indifference, grew more communicative when told that he was to be executed. He blamed the Germans for tempting him to work against the English when in reality all his sympathies were with us, all the more so that he had not long previously been honoured by the English Government. This referred to a silver medal granted him by our Board of Trade in recognition of the lives he had saved on the emigrant steamer *Volturno*, a Dutch vessel, burnt at sea in October, 1913, when more than 400 lives were lost, owing to a panic which set in. The *Volturno's* wireless call for help was responded to by other vessels, Janssen being one of a ship's crew which was able to assist in the saving of nearly 500 lives. In his last days Janssen gave us a great deal of assistance in the particulars he furnished with regard to the enemy organization in Holland, information which enabled us to trace many spies who subsequently came to this country. Whether he thought this would save his life we never learnt. Probably he did, although there was never any possibility of this taking place.

Roos proved to be of different metal. While in prison he continually shammed insanity, a plea his counsel had put forward at his trial, with proof to the effect that his client claimed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion! The authorities had the condemned man closely examined by mental experts, but no evidence was found to support the contention. It was decided that both Janssen and Roos should die, and as the two men had worked together the authorities arranged that they should die together.

On July 30th, 1915, there was a scene in the Tower

of London which for grimness was never surpassed during the war. In the early dawn Janssen was led forth to face the firing party. His iron nerve, which had not deserted him throughout, held good to the finish and he died as he had lived, a brave man.

Ten minutes later Roos was brought into the miniature rifle range. His alleged insanity had by this time departed. He had regained his normal self and eyed the fatal chair, from which the bleeding body of his accomplice had just been removed, with a fair show of indifference, begging leave to finish the cigarette he had requested as a last favour. That ended, he took one last look at it, then threw it away with a gesture which represented utter contempt to all the frailties of this earth. With apparently no more interest in the proceedings, he seated himself in the chair. There was a momentary twitching of the face as they fastened the bandage around his face, but that was all. He, too, died bravely, and met his fate with a courage which could evoke nothing but admiration.

By the execution of Janssen and Roos, and the imprisonment of other suspects whose fate was kept secret, neutrals in Holland and elsewhere began to realize that the undertaking of an espionage mission to England was a work of great danger and difficulty. The mysterious disappearance of many German agents who came here was bruited about in Holland, and in consequence the Germans were compelled to offer much larger sums of money, with liberal promises of other payments on the successful conclusion of the mission, to people willing to turn German spy. As a matter of fact, it would appear that for the immediate present the enemy were obliged to try further afield.

South America and the United States were tried, but the agents who came from these places fared no better than did their forerunners from Holland and other European countries.

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From the end of May until about the middle of June, 1915, just a fortnight, no less than seven enemy agents were arrested. This achievement created a record which was never surpassed throughout the war. It might be called a red-letter fortnight, and at first the War Office was rather alarmed, it being thought that the Germans had succeeded in evolving some method of getting spies into the country unbeknown to the authorities. Certainly the number captured appeared too numerous to be altogether pleasant. In a very few days, however, it was ascertained that there was nothing to be alarmed about. All the spies were members of the same gang, and represented a determined attempt on the part of the Germans to establish resident agents who, under the cloak of neutrality, could forward periodical reports of what was happening in this country.

In one way there was nothing abnormal about such wholesale arrests. Nine or ten months after the outbreak of war had enabled us to create an extensive counter-espionage organization throughout the world, and the seven captured during the fortnight represented the first fruits of the new system. It would have been a poor tribute to the elaborate censorships, added to the rigorous port control then in existence, if the precautions adopted had not proved successful. Sooner or later it was only to be expected that the

Germans would try and re-establish some source of intelligence: we could only be grateful for the fact that the attempt came so early in the war and was made with such poor material. The scheme showed that Steinhauer had learnt nothing by experience: if he did not delude himself then he succeeded in persuading a good many otherwise innocent neutrals that the simplest thing in the world was to spy on the "silly Englischers"—as he was fond of referring to us. This second attempt, of May–June, 1915, was never repeated. From that time onward the Germans were perforce contented with sending over individual agents (casuals), whose *modus operandi* was to come to England on some pretended commercial business and try to get away before their movements aroused any suspicion. These spies relied on their memory to transmit to their employers anything they had seen or heard; they committed nothing to writing if they could possibly help it. Typical instances of this were to be found in the cases of Fernando Buschman and Irving Guy Ries, both of whom I shall mention in greater detail later.

As many of the people suspected of this particular form of espionage were detained in Brixton Prison before being permitted to leave the country, pending inquiries which might take a month or more, it will readily be seen that if they did contemplate supplying information to the enemy it would be practically valueless, being out of date by the time they got back. It is quite certain that the Germans did obtain news in this way, although one could feel more than positive that its authenticity was open to question. Our naval and military secrets were not exactly on tap for any foreigner who chose to inquire. Many of these cases

were naturally the cause of some little anxiety, as it was not easy to establish the suspect's connection with the German Secret Service and procure evidence sufficient to meet the requirements of a court-martial. The difficulty was partially met by giving such people a long period of detention under the Defence of the Realm Act. There were plenty of them whom we knew to be German agents: the trouble lay in the fact that we dealt with our spies in constitutional fashion. We did not stand them up against a wall and shoot them, as more unconventional nations have done for centuries past.

About the time of the arrest of the seven, one of this type of suspect had been released and deported to his native land after being thoroughly searched, interrogated at Scotland Yard two or three times, and detained for a period in Brixton Prison. We learnt that this individual, on returning home, had told all and sundry that the English authorities knew all about the German espionage system, and that anyone undertaking a mission here would be sure to be discovered.

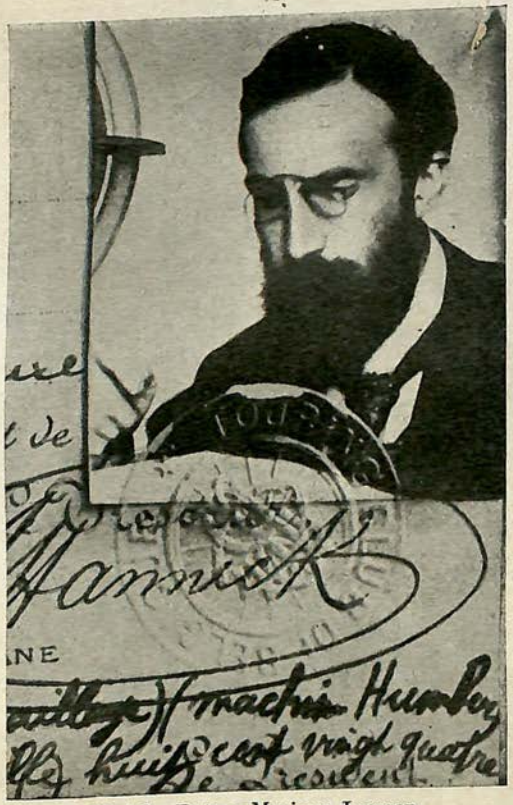
Another "neutral," suspected of communicating with the enemy, had been taken off a ship in the North Sea, committed to the Tower of London, where he remained for three months, after which he had to stand his trial before being released. There was very little doubt about the guilt of this person, although we could not get enough evidence to satisfy his judges that he was guilty. When released he went to America, and returned to his own country (Sweden) by way of Siberia rather than face the ordeal of complying with British regulations regarding aliens who landed here. One experience was enough in a lifetime for

would-be spies not over-endowed with moral or physical courage.

With such conditions as these prevailing it is not to be wondered at that seven spies were arrested in a fortnight. Two of the seven, Janssen and Roos, have already been dealt with. The next two were a man and a woman, the first woman to be arrested here during the war as a German spy. Their names were Georg T. Breeckow, *alias* Reginald Rowland (the name he was tried and condemned in), *alias* George T. Parker, and Mrs. Lizzie Wertheim. Psychologically, this pair were about as interesting specimens of the spy as came our way during the war, although from the German point of view they proved utterly valueless as agents.

Breeckow was one of those long-fingered, thin-faced individuals so common on the concert platform. During the time he was in London he spent a most enjoyable holiday in the West End, where he was a regular patron of the more expensive restaurants and cafés. Speaking very fair English, the German accent of which was partially disguised by a liberal besprinkling of Americanisms, he managed to pass muster with quite a number of well-known people as Reginald Rowland, a well-to-do American travelling in England for his health.

Prior to leaving Holland, Breeckow had been furnished with the address of a woman named Lizzie Wertheim, who, he was informed, was prepared to act as his accomplice. The enemy Secret Service, forewarned by the fate which had overtaken their previous spies, thought that a woman might be able to obtain intelligence where a man would only arouse suspicion.



Haicke Petrus Marinus Janssen.

Willem Johannes Roos.

[*To face p.* 112.

Mrs. Wertheim, who proved to be living in a Bloomsbury boarding house, had been in England for some years. She had acquired British nationality by marrying a naturalized German, who had long ago tired of the immoral life she was addicted to and had separated from her, so that there was an excellent chance of her being able to travel around England without attracting too much attention. She was a stout, well-dressed woman, typically German in her fondness for the grosser pleasures of life, and she welcomed the arrival of Breeckow, who had plenty of money to spend, as a gift from the Gods.

Mrs. Wertheim is believed to have been born in Berlin, where, before her marriage with Bruno Wertheim in 1902 (the son of a naturalized British subject), she is reported to have been a demi-mondaine. She had led a somewhat roving life, and seemed to be equally at home in Berlin, The Hague, Amsterdam, or London, where she had distant relatives, who showed no desire to be on friendly terms with her.

Writers of fiction have founded many of their plots on the idea of a female spy, and have endowed her with the superlative mental and physical qualities which they considered necessary for her dangerous calling. The records of the Secret Service contain the names of many women known to have been engaged in espionage, some of whom might well serve as models for a biographer, but it is rather doubtful whether Mrs. Wertheim could be included in the list, without adding considerably to the ascertained facts of her career. She certainly possessed what some might call an attractive appearance, and might be considered temperamentally suited for the nature of the work she had undertaken, but against this she herself con-

fessed that she was a cocaine taker, a practice which could not have assisted her in her work, and probably prevented her from becoming an agent, say, for instance, of the type of Matahari, who was on a much higher plane, and was almost an exact counterpart of some of the spies of fiction.

Before proceeding with their spying the pair indulged in a burst of gaiety. They would hire horses of a morning and take the air in Rotten Row along with the scions of our aristocracy, and at lunch time repair to a fashionable café, where they would intermingle with the cosmopolitan crowd always to be found in such places about the middle of the day. It would appear that Mrs. Wertheim began to contract extravagant habits, so much so that her male companion was moved to expostulate with her, and eventually to mention the fact to his employers in Holland. She insisted that it was necessary to maintain the dignity of her pose by possession of a maid, and when she and Breeckow went to the South Coast for week-end holidays she always insisted that they should travel first-class. All this fitted in very well with Breeckow's personal inclinations: he was at all times addicted to the line of least resistance.

It was arranged that Mrs. Wertheim should do the spying, and that her accomplice should forward the information received to Holland. With that purpose the lady proceeded to Scotland, where she hired a motor-car and began travelling around to pick up what news she could concerning the Grand Fleet. The plan was not a bad one, certainly, for who was to suspect a well-dressed woman, apparently of British nationality, of being interested in naval matters.

Mrs. Wertheim appears to have spent quite an

interesting time in the North. She patronized all the best hotels, and made herself more than agreeable to those naval officers with whom she came in contact. But she was seemingly unaware of the fact that discretion is better than valour, for some of her questions so aroused suspicion of her *bona fides* that it was resolved to arrest her. Breeckow's address was obtained from her, and the pair, protesting volubly that a mistake had been made, were brought to Scotland Yard to be interrogated as to their business in England.

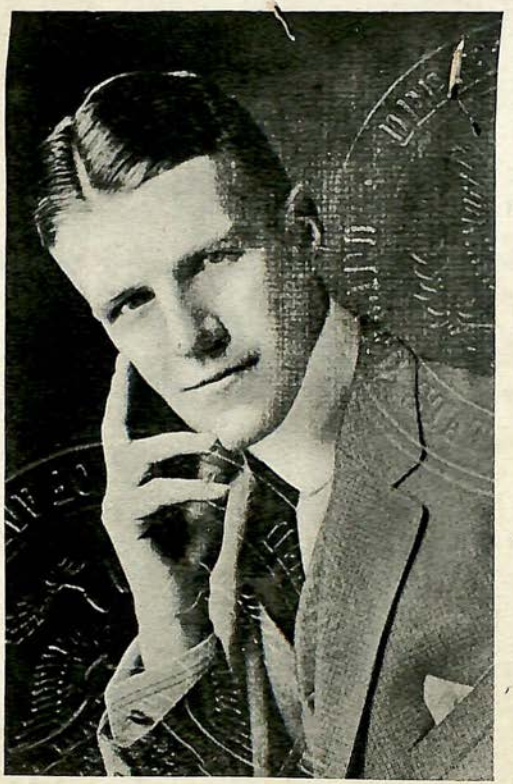
Then the true nature of the man revealed itself. He burst into a torrent of explanation, in which his German accent too clearly revealed itself. He was an American subject, he said, and had only come to England to further his musical studies. All the time the examination was going on his nervous force was gradually going to pieces. As the remorseless questioning continued his anxiety grew terrible to witness, and as one damaging fact after another was established he would ask his interrogator what was to be the result of it all. At the finish he burst into tears, and, sobbing through his hands, beseeched his captors to have mercy on him, if only for the sake of his aged mother.

Mrs. Wertheim proved to be of much sterner stuff. She would admit nothing, claimed that as a British citizen she had a perfect right to travel where she would and was so brazen and impudent that could she and Breeckow have arranged to tell the same story it would have been quite substantial evidence. So the pair were relieved of all their belongings and placed under lock and key for the night. In the meantime the authorities made further investigations.

Any doubt that Breeckow was a spy was dissipated

when his passport came to be examined. The texture of the paper was dissimilar to that used in the American passports and its size was not quite the same. The red seal, when touched with acid, proved to be different from those which we knew to be genuine, while the American Eagle on the official seal had been drawn with an inverted claw and without enough feathers in his tail. Also, an inquiry was sent to Washington, where it was ascertained that no passport had ever been issued to anyone of the name of Reginald Rowland.

Bit by bit the doings of this interesting couple were gradually unravelled. It seemed that Breeckow was the son of a respectable pianoforte tuner in Stettin, and that he was born in that town in 1884. His father apprenticed him to the trade, and there is no question that, in addition to becoming a very good pianist, he possessed a fair technical knowledge of piano-making, which he had learnt in Hanover. About the year 1908 he emigrated to America, with the idea of starting in business for himself, a preliminary to which was the taking out of first naturalization papers. But his claim to be a full American citizen could not be substantiated: his nationalization had never been completed. Before war had been declared he had become known to the gang of German Secret Service agents who were using their Embassy as a cloak for their nefarious work, and Breeckow drifted into their confidence to such an extent that he promised to undertake espionage in Great Britain. So a passage back to Germany was provided for him, and after serving in the army for some little time he was drafted to the spy school at Antwerp, the while a passport was being fabricated for him. A liberal



Georg T. Breeckow.

Execution Chair used in the Tower of London.

[*To face p.* 116.

supply of money was made available to him, and he was instructed to get into touch with Mrs. Wertheim and utilize her to obtain information of naval importance. All the commoner tricks of his newly assumed trade, such as writing messages in lemon juice between the lines of letters and on the margins of newspapers, had been learnt while in the spy school. If opportunity offered he was to send telegrams to Holland in a commercial code which had been specially arranged for him. The one thing his countrymen could not provide him with was the all-necessary *savoir faire*, which is so essential to the successful spy.

While under interrogation Breeckow stoutly maintained that he could not speak German, knew no Germans in America, and had never served in the German Army. So, in company with the woman, he was removed to prison, where the expected happened.

He had displayed a certain amount of hardihood while there seemed a chance of release, but, once in the lonely prison cell, terrified at the things his female accomplice might tell, his fears so played upon his fertile imagination that he sent for the Governor of the prison and requested that he might be supplied with pen and paper for the purpose of making a confession.

The admission of his guilt was voluminous to a degree, and told everything of his past life, concluding with a passionate appeal for mercy, nauseating in the extreme in the cowardice it revealed.

It was necessary to try Breeckow and Mrs. Wertheim by civil court, the woman claiming that privilege as a naturalized British subject, although it availed her nothing in the end. They were tried together at the Old Bailey on September 20th, before three

judges of the High Court, and were, as a matter of course, found guilty, Breeckow being sentenced to death, and Mrs. Wertheim to ten years' penal servitude, it being considered that she had acted under the man's influence. Breeckow provided a pitiful spectacle as he left the dock in a state of semi-collapse. He subsequently appealed against his punishment, but the application was refused, and his execution was fixed for October 26th at the Tower.

The last scenes in Breeckow's misspent life will live for ever in the memory of those compelled to witness them. During the five weeks which elapsed between his condemnation and execution the spy broke down completely, and passed the time in a state of apathetic existence which might have interested a psychologist, but certainly disgusted the hardened military officials entrusted with his care. On the morning of his execution he was led out in a state of collapse. When placed in the death chair he produced a lady's silk handkerchief, evidently a relic of some past love affair, and requested that it might be placed around his eyes instead of the usual bandage. But when the sergeant-major tried to meet his wishes, it was found that the handkerchief was not large enough, so it was knotted to the bandage and then tied.

Breeckow was by this time in a dreadful state of agitation. He was literally shivering with fright, and it was difficult to keep him in the chair. So the officer in charge told those strapping him in to hurry up. The last preparations were quickly gone through: Breeckow's chest was bared to the cold morning air, and the waiting firing-party came up to the aim. The order was given to fire, and simultaneously with the crack of the rifles the figure in the chair gave one

tremendous, sickening bound. There is little doubt, as was subsequently proved at the inquest, that Breeckow had died of heart-failure before the bullets of the firing-party had reached his chest.

Mrs. Wertheim, who to this day is probably ignorant of her companion's fate, was sent to Aylesbury Convict Prison to serve her term, and there she still remains.

* * * * * *

Of a totally different stamp was the next German agent to be arrested. This was a pleasant-faced young man named Fernando Buschman, who was captured in London after he had been in England only a fortnight. Why Buschman, who has been erroneously described as a lieutenant of the German Navy, ever lent himself to the machinations of the enemy's Secret Service is a mystery which proved unfathomable. Not only was he a gentleman, but there could have been no financial necessity for him to undertake such dangerous work, for he was married to the daughter of a millionaire soap manufacturer of Dresden, who had previously kept him liberally supplied with funds to enable him to further his studies in aviation. And, in addition to all this, he played the violin magnificently, and impressed everybody with the genuineness of his artistic proclivities.

Perhaps there is truth in the common saying, "Once a German, always a German," although during the war we proved quite definitely that there were thousands of Germans only too willing to work against the Fatherland if the inducement were sufficiently alluring. Buschman, who had Latin blood in his veins—as his Christian name implies—was of German origin, his

father having become a naturalized Brazilian. He himself was born in Paris during a visit of his parents to that city, but all his younger life was spent in Brazil, where he attended a German school. In addition to his musicianly abilities Buschman was intensely interested in aviation. He himself informed us that in 1911 the French Government gave him permission to use the Issy aerodrome for experimental purposes in connection with an aeroplane he had invented. In the following three years he travelled all over Europe, visiting in turn Vienna, Budapesth, Berlin, Madrid and other big cities. In 1914 he appears to have got mixed up with the German Secret Service, although it is hard to understand what could have been the inducement. Perhaps patriotism was the inspiring motive. Whatever the cause, he visited Las Palmas in that year, apparently on the search for naval information, and from there proceeded to Spain, and thence to Genoa and Hamburg. In 1915 he was in Barcelona and Madrid, and then in Flushing, after which he went on to Antwerp and Rotterdam, where his education in espionage was completed.

The next step in the little conspiracy was Buschman's arrival in England in the guise of a commercial traveller. It never seemed to enter the heads of the Germans that if they wished to maintain anything like a number of spies in this country it would be wiser to send men who might be able to withstand an examination as to their *bona fides*. Buschman as a commercial traveller was obviously an impostor. He looked more the smart young man so common in the West End of London. However, those trifles never seemed to worry Germany's master spies. Perhaps they were only too thankful to get hold of someone who would

do their dirty work for them. The risk meant nothing to them.

With a forged passport in his possession Buschman arrived in London, and put up at a famous hotel in the Strand. Heaven alone knows why so many German spies made a bee-line for this place. It was the one hotel in London which the authorities made a habit of combing regularly for enemy agents, rarely without result. Such is the penalty of fame.

Buschman, accompanied by his beloved violin, did not stay long at the hotel. Possibly with the intention of throwing pursuers off the track, he moved a few days later to lodgings in Loughborough Road, Brixton, where he established a most favourable reputation by his willingness to play his violin. From Brixton he moved to South Kensington, and after remaining there a few days, seems to have come to the conclusion that he was now sufficiently acquainted with the country to enable his espionage mission to start.

Like practically all the German spies at that time, Buschman's aim was to obtain naval information. We thought at one time that he was an aeronautical spy, in view of his experience of that profession, but dismissed the supposition on coming to the conclusion that at that stage of the war our flying strength would hardly be causing the Germans any great perturbation. From the fact that he visited Portsmouth and Southampton there could be no doubt that Buschman was a naval spy, proof of this being found later in particulars of ships which we found marked in minute characters on some of his papers. Buschman's short career in espionage came to an end owing to his running short of money. Being quite stranded, he wrote to an address in Holland for money. It was decided

by the authorities to apprehend him on suspicion of being a German spy. The arrest took place at his lodgings in South Kensington, although the detectives from Scotland Yard had to call twice before the suspected man could be seen. On the first occasion he had gone out, borrowing half-a-crown from his landlady to pay a cab fare, which quite substantiated his letter to Holland saying he must have money immediately. When arrested he was quite penniless. To the detective who told him he must come to Scotland Yard Buschman said: "What have you against me? I will show you everything you wish to see."

Unfortunately for Buschman, we found among his belongings enough to convict him without any admissions on his behalf. The astonishment of the counter-espionage officials may be imagined when, on examining the accused man's passport, they saw that it was written in the well-known handwriting of Flores, the head of the German spy school in Rotterdam. Flores was a schoolmaster who gave the spies their last instructions before proceeding to England, and we were quite well acquainted with his caligraphy. Buschman told his interrogators at Scotland Yard that he was in England for the purpose of selling cheese, bananas, potatoes, safety razors and other odds and ends. He also added that while in France he had sold picric acid, cloth and rifles. It seemed rather a weird combination of goods for any traveller to handle, and we told him so.

"And what is the name of the firm which employs you?" we asked.

"It is Dierks and Co., of The Hague," answered Buschman.

Fernando Buschman.

[*To face p.* 122.

"Oh, is that so?" we said. "The last time we heard of them they were cigar merchants."

There was no doubt at all that Buschman was a German spy. In his possession we found traces of many well-remembered friends. There was a letter from our old acquaintance Gneist, the German Consul-General in Rotterdam, known to us from the beginning of the war; another from Colonel Ostertag, the German Military Attaché in Holland, another famous spy organizer, also the addresses of two individuals named Ivers and Van Staa, both active recruiters for the German Secret Service.

According to the particulars found in his papers, Buschman had planned to make a flying trip to England, merely jotting down in what he thought were undecipherable characters naval information acquired during the visit to Portsmouth and Southampton. Under the circumstances, the authorities decided to send the suspected spy for trial by court-martial.

He was tried at the Westminster Guildhall on September 20th, 1915, the same day that Breeckow and Mrs. Wertheim were facing a tribunal of justice at the Old Bailey. Like Breeckow, he was sentenced to death. But in that fact the resemblance finished. Buschman accepted his fate like the gentleman of fortune he had always been, thanking his judges for the scrupulously fair trial he had been given. While waiting for the sentence to be carried out he requested that his violin might be given to him as a solace to his last hours. The application was sent on to the head of the counter-espionage section, who had no objections, and for hours in his cell Buschman would discourse beautiful music, totally oblivious of the death which awaited him. When taken to the Tower the night before his execu-

tion he again asked for his violin. It was given to him, and for hours he lost himself in a whirl of slow, dreamy music which so filled his heart and soul that the matter of his approaching death seemed to have passed out of his memory. Nobody was sorrier than his guard when the time came to lead him forth for execution, but Buschman did not appear to mind. Picking up his violin he kissed it passionately, saying: "Good-bye, I shall not want you any more." He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and sat in the chair facing the rifles with a courageous smile which made the hearts of the men composing the firing party ache with pity at his ignominious end.

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Rather a startling example of the stern necessity for effectively safeguarding national secrets came to light in June, 1915, a few days after Fernando Buschman had been captured. This particular instance impressed upon us the undoubted fact that the Germans, by some means or another, had sources of information concerning the places where new munitions of war were either being manufactured or experimented upon. Our first notification of something being wrong came when the Postal Censorship intercepted two postcards addressed to someone in Rotterdam who was on the black list.

When passed on to those who made a speciality of such matters it was seen that they were the usual messages German spies were instructed to send on arrival in this country. Harmless enough in themselves, they told the master spy in Holland that the writer was safely in England and was ready to commence operations.

The postmark on the cards was Edinburgh, and instructions were forwarded to the police in that city to try and trace the writer, evidently a foreigner. After a few days the Scottish police notified the counter-espionage officials that they had detained at Tarbet, Loch Lomond, a man who said his name was Augusto Alfredo Roggen, a native of Uruguay, South America.

On arrival at Scotland Yard the suspected spy proved to be a dapper little dark-haired individual, who informed his interrogator that he had been born in Monte Video in 1881, that he had come to England for the purpose of buying agricultural implements, as well as stock, and that by some curious coincidence he had gone to Loch Lomond for the sake of his health, which, truth to tell, appeared remarkably good. When pressed for further particulars, he admitted that his paternal progenitor was a German by birth, naturalized in Uruguay in 1885. He himself was married to a German woman, and he made no secret of the fact that all his sympathies were with Germany in the war then proceeding. At one time he had been in Germany as an importer of dairy produce from South America.

It would seem that Roggen was one of the many people whom the Germans managed to enlist in their Secret Service owing to his knowledge of the English language. He spoke our tongue quite well, and in all probability he turned spy as an alternative to doing combative military service for the Fatherland. We learnt later of some curious methods adopted by the German military authorities to make even subjects of another country serve them, if their services were sufficiently valuable, one particular instance being that of Roggen's brother. When we requested him to

explain his movements of the past few years Roggen informed us that in March, 1914, he had been in Hamburg, arriving there from Monte Video, and that, after travelling over Germany, he had gone to Switzerland, not long before the outbreak of war. In May he arrived in Frankfort, where we presumed he joined the Secret Service, for from that city he proceeded to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, where he apparently received his instruction in spying. In the latter place the ingenious Huns who arranged matters primed Roggen with a few particulars which would enable him to pass muster as a South American farmer interested in the buying of agricultural necessities. But, as usual, the Hun does not appear to have told his dupe that there was a good deal of risk connected with the visit, in that his information would have to come to an address which might be suspected. Roggen's case is remarkable for one fact. He was at large only eleven days, which, next to Küpferle's five, was the shortest spell of liberty any captured German agent enjoyed during the war. But the history of his doings in those eleven days are interesting enough, in that they reveal the astonishingly poor chance which spies of the type of Roggen possessed of getting out of England alive.

The little Uruguayan arrived at Tilbury from Holland on May 30th, and, passing the port examination without evoking suspicion, came up to London. There he stayed for five days, getting his bearings and endeavouring to create an atmosphere of genuineness which might be useful in the future by visiting several prominent dealers in expensive farm stock. From these people he asked quotations for hackney stallions and pedigree cows, telling them that he would pay up to £500 for suitable horses. Needless to say, he

bought nothing, although later, when placed on his trial, he brought some of these dealers to give evidence that he had had *bona fide* transactions with them.

On June 4th Roggen took train at King's Cross. His real mission, that of acquiring naval information, was about to begin. But from the very commencement things went wrong. One of the passengers in his carriage, taking a strong dislike to the self-styled Uruguayan agriculturist, owing to the many questions he persisted in asking, rudely requested to know who he was and what he wanted in England. Roggen spun his story with a wealth of detail, only to be told that unless he kept away from the coast he would find himself under arrest before many days had passed. As it turned out the words were uncannily true, and they certainly appear to have frightened the spy, for when the train pulled up at Lincoln he hurriedly left the compartment where his uncomfortable companion was sitting and spent the night at an hotel in the cathedral city, journeying on to Edinburgh the following day. There is no question that Roggen, with his strongly-accentuated foreign appearance, was a bad choice as a spy. No sooner had he arrived in Edinburgh and reported his presence to the nearest Aliens Officer than he was literally pounced upon and asked to produce evidence that he had come to Scotland on genuine business. Roggen explained that, even in such a far-distant country as Uruguay the beauties of the Lake districts were well known, and that for reasons of health he had come to Edinburgh, *en route* to the Lakes. By no means convinced, the canny Scottish police allowed him to take his departure, but kept him under strict observation. Foreigners were not particularly popular in Scotland just then. Memories of

Lody and Mrs. Wertheim were still keen, and there was nothing about the little Uruguayan farmer to suggest that the beauties of nature exercised any untoward influence over his everyday movements. And, although the unbelieving Scots had never before seen a farmer from Uruguay, they refused to be convinced that a fashionably-dressed young man clad as Roggen was could have much to do with the soil.

However, Roggen does not seem to have suspected that his movements were the object of close attention on the part of the police. On June 9th he left Edinburgh and went to Tarbet, Loch Lomond, to indulge in a little fishing, as he was careful to tell everybody in the hotel. Any lingering doubt which the Scottish police may have possessed as to the real motive of Roggen's visit was dispelled by this, for it was at Tarbet at that particular time that vital experiments with a new torpedo were then being carried out. Roggen must have suffered from a profound lack of knowledge of the Scottish character to have imagined that he would be permitted to enter such a district unchallenged, especially as the area was one prohibited to all aliens under the Defence of the Realm Act.

But apart from anything the Scottish police might have done, Roggen's days were being numbered in London. His postcards from Edinburgh had been intercepted and the address confirmed as that of one of the German Secret Service. We knew from experience that the enemy instructed their spies to lay low for a week or ten days, and then send two postcards, written in ordinary English, giving some personal message which would not arouse suspicion. These cards were to be sent to different addresses, to provide against the possibility of one going astray. Roggen

Augusto Alfredo Roggen.

Ernst Waldemar Melin.

[*To face p.* 128.

was found at an hotel in Tarbet, and gave a good simulation of indignation when arrested. Being informed by the police that he was to be sent to London as a suspected spy he grew extremely indignant, and threatened to evoke all manner of international complications. But to the dour Scottish police such talk possessed no interest at all.

"You can tell that to the people in London," they replied. "We expect they know all about you."

Under a strong escort the spy was brought down to London, where, at Scotland Yard, he went through a strict interrogation as to his presence in England. Roggen was nothing if not voluble, and would admit everything except the fact that he was a German agent. But he could not explain to our satisfaction the writing of the two postcards to the master spy in Holland, nor the finding of a bottle of secret ink in his baggage. It is quite possible, of course, that he never intended to use this ink. In all likelihood he had intended making a flying trip and getting back to Holland with whatever information he had been able to pick up, much the same as Buschman. He was merely one more link in the chain of German spies of neutral origin whom the enemy were then endeavouring to get into this country, and the authorities concerned had no scruples in deciding that Roggen should stand his trial by court-martial on a charge of espionage.

The trial took place on August 20th, and although Roggen tried to prove that he had come to England with the genuine purpose of buying goods and stock for South America, the court rejected the plea and found him guilty, the sentence, duly confirmed, being that of death by shooting. The execution took place at the

Tower on September 17th, the condemned man meeting his fate quite boldly. Indeed, he marched out to the chair with defiant air, refused to have his eyes bandaged, and went to his death with a courage and self-possession which could not but compel the admiration of those who composed the firing-party.

If any evidence were necessary as to the straits to which the Germans were reduced in order to induce men to spy for them, the employment of men such as Roggen furnished indisputable proof that the efficacious manner in which we dealt with the people who had already visited this country had become well known in the cities where spies were recruited. Roggen was a man totally incapable of finding his way about England without arousing suspicion. It is highly probable that the Germans were quite aware of that fact, but wisely enough—from their point of view—omitted to tell him so. Like so many of the enemy's spies, Roggen never obtained any information of value; it did not appear to have entered his mind that our valuable naval and military secrets were not to be picked up by the first foreigner who came along.

Not long after Roggen had been executed our authorities had rather an extraordinary request forwarded to them through the Dutch Government. It was from the widow of the deceased spy, and asked that the dead body of her husband might be sent to her in Holland. After carefully considering the matter our Foreign Office stated that they saw no reason why the request should be acceded to. Roggen's body, like those of the other spies who had paid the supreme penalty, had been buried within the precincts of the Tower of London, and we did not feel inclined to establish a precedent which would in all probability

lead to similar requests being made from the relatives of all the other executed men.

But that was not the last we were to hear of the name of Roggen. Just about twelve months after the spy had been shot a Boarding Officer detained a man proceeding from Holland to South America who bore the name of Dr. Emilio Roggen. He turned out to be the brother of the spy, and was greatly distressed at the fate which had overtaken him. Dr. Roggen, who seemed a highly respectable individual, told us that he had been in Germany on the outbreak of war, and had been forcibly detained by the Imperial Government and compelled to serve as a medical officer with troops in the field. It had taken him just on two years to effect his release, and he was then on his way home to Uruguay. So far as we were concerned we had no quarrel with the worthy doctor, and after apologizing to him for the trouble we had caused him, sent him on his journey without further hindrance.

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During the war we encountered many saddening instances of the corrupting effects of German gold. One of the worst was that of the case of a man named Ernst Waldemar Melin, who was the seventh of the spies to be arrested in the fortnight previously mentioned.

Melin was a Swede, 52 years of age, well educated and of good family, one of those wanderers who drift about the world, taking up any occupation offering lucrative possibilities. In his earlier years he had followed a business career, and, indeed, at one time he was quite flourishing as the manager of a steamship company at Gothenburg, in Sweden.

But then his health failed him, and, having a little money in his possession, he went travelling through Europe. At different times he was employed in London, Paris and Copenhagen, where he tried all kinds of occupations with but indifferent success. From Denmark he went to Hamburg, where he had many friends. But the war had swept them into the hungry jaws of the German Army, and Melin found himself stranded. His own relatives would send him nothing, so in the hope of finding any kind of employment he made his way to Antwerp, where, he was told, there was plenty of remunerative work for men willing to undertake risks.

Antwerp was then the headquarters of the German intelligence system, and after a good deal of inquiry Melin found himself in touch with the Secret Service of that country. Ascertaining that he spoke good English, they asked if he was willing to " manœuvre " in that country to obtain certain naval information, for which they were prepared to pay well.

According to his statement made to the English authorities he at first resisted the temptation, but being utterly penniless he ultimately succumbed, and was sent to undergo courses in intelligence work at the spy schools in Wesel and Antwerp. From there he was drafted, as usual, to Rotterdam, where he received his passport, the addresses to which he was to communicate and final instructions for preserving his safety.

Within a few days of his arrival here our counter-espionage authorities were notified that Melin was thought to be a German spy. However, there was no confirmation at the time, so we confined the matter to keeping him under observation in the hope that

before long he would commit himself to something in writing. We were well aware of the fact that he was temporarily living in a Hampstead boarding house, and that he was supposed to be looking out for a berth in some shipping house. He made himself exceedingly agreeable to the people living with him, and was readily enough accepted for what he professed to be, a Dutchman whose business had been ruined by the German submarine campaign.

Unfortunately for himself, Melin now began to write to his employers. He sent scraps of information all utterly valueless, written on the margins of newspapers, the commonest of all spy tricks. These, in addition to letters from someone in Holland who was known to be a German agent, asking for certain naval intelligence, rendered Melin's guilt practically certain, and it was decided to take him into custody.

The spy took his arrest quite phlegmatically—probably he had been expecting it, for he possessed a philosophic temperament, doubtless well seasoned by many years of adversity, and made no show of indignation when told he was accused of communicating with the enemy. His rooms were searched and revealed the stock in trade which we had come to know so well, lemon juice, a special nib for the writing, and a number of codes and foreign dictionaries, in addition to a Baedeker guide, none of which, apparently, had been used. Melin does not appear to have attempted to communicate with his employers by telegram for at that time the Germans were probably fully aware that we purposely delayed all cables in order that the addressee's *bona fides* might be verified. Even had he done so his information would have been of little use by the time it reached the enemy.

Under interrogation the spy volunteered the fullest particulars of himself. But he protested to the authorities that he had no real intention of supplying the Germans with any information of value: all he was anxious to do was to give something which would ensure a regular supply of money. That was true enough to the extent that he never sent anything which was worth sending, probably for the reason that he was unable to obtain it, but it was no answer to the charge of espionage. So, after due consideration, it was decided to send him for trial by court-martial. This duly took place on August 20th–21st. It was urged by counsel provided for his defence that he had told the enemy nothing which could not have been read in a newspaper, but that was not sufficient defence to acquit a man who had confessed that he was a German spy. So Melin was sentenced to death.

He took the three weeks which intervened before his execution with the greatest of resignation, and proved a model prisoner. When the time came for him to face the firing party he shook hands with the guard, thanked them for the many kindnesses they had shown him and died like the gentleman he had undoubtedly once been.

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CHAPTER IX

What the Germans sought—Crude secret inks—The Tragedy of the Tinned Fish—Ludovico Hurwitz-y-Zender—German methods of espionage—Lincoln at the Admiralty—Irving Guy Ries, film operator and spy—Courtenay de Rysbach, naturalized British subject, music-hall artist and spy—Albert Meyer, the spy of Soho.

ALTHOUGH there would appear to be little likelihood of our ever learning exactly what information the German Secret Service obtained from spies sent to Great Britain, we have this assurance: if anything of value ever did get through the Great General Staff in Berlin made very bad use of it.

The probabilities are that none of the spies who came here ever picked up much that could not have been read in our newspapers, most of which went to Holland in the ordinary course of events, and so found their way into German hands. But, apart from that, British people were so on the alert for spies in the early days of the war that a foreigner had only to act in the least suspiciously to have his doings reported at the nearest police station.

Right up to the end of 1915 the enemy maintained the keenest anxiety concerning naval matters. Could he have gained any assurance that there was any possibility of obtaining command of the seas, he would undoubtedly have taken the risk of a decisive engagement. His armies were successful in the field everywhere. Russia had been reduced to a condition of passive defence, while the French and British armies on the western front were not in any state to ensure

their being able to take the offensive on a large scale owing to want of the all-necessary munitions. But the British Navy was the stumbling block: while we held the seas there could be no victory for Germany. For that reason he was willing to pay any price to gain intelligence dealing with our senior service. Practically all the spies who came here were given instructions to concentrate on naval matters.

The difficulty surrounding such espionage will be apparent to a child. The system of registration laid down by the Defence of the Realm Act kept the movements of foreigners from one town to another under the perpetual notice of the uniformed police, for at every station there was appointed an Aliens Officer whose sole duty consisted in checking the entry and departure of people who were not of British birth or naturalization.

In addition to this very effective safeguard, there existed the Postal and Cable Censorships, which by the middle of 1915 had been placed on a well-organized basis which rendered the task of communication with foreign sources, other than by legitimate means, one of extreme difficulty and danger. The chaos which had existed in the first few months of the war had been straightened out. And, greatest blessing of all, the counter-espionage department was now in full working order. We had laboriously compiled, through the medium of specially-trained people, a list of addresses abroad, the owners of which were known, or suspected, to either belong to the German Secret Service, or to have been suborned by the enemy to allow themselves to be used as a *poste restante* for clandestine correspondence. These addresses were all thoroughly investigated, and, if found to be suspicious, particulars were forwarded to England, where

they were placed on a black list, which ensured every such letter being opened and read.

It would take too much space to tell of the impudent manner in which the Germans violated the neutrality of every country which maintained intercourse with Great Britain. Holland, of course, suffered worst of all, Rotterdam being a regular nest of German spies. When the Dutch Government finally made a clean sweep of these Secret Service agents the enemy was in a bit of a quandary, so he was driven further afield. The German Ministers in South America were instructed to try and obtain spies, while in Norway, Sweden and Denmark arrangements were made to establish addresses where letters could be forwarded. Spain was also extensively used, but mainly for operations against France.

In the first few months of the war it had been a comparatively simple matter for any neutral to enter this country. But when we had got the counter-espionage department firmly established, one of the first things insisted upon by the officer in charge was that he should have a representative of his own at every port, and thus have a direct check on people passing to and fro. All our troubles with spies had emanated from this source: the difficulties of separating enemy agents from neutrals engaged in *bona fide* matters were unending.

Despite the much-vaunted brilliance and cunning of the German Secret Service at the time the war started, it was soon evident to the British authorities that our enemies were hopelessly behindhand in their methods for the masking of their agents' reports, as was shown at the time of the arrest of Lody, who wrote his reports quite openly in ordinary longhand

and made no attempt to write in invisible ink of any kind. He was not even equipped with a lemon juice outfit for secret writing, a method which had been employed in England more than 150 years previously, and numerous examples of its use had come under notice even at that time. It thus came about that the Germans were indebted to the English Service for the improvement which was noticeable in their methods at this time.

As the war progressed, the use of lemon juice, milk, urine, etc., for the secret writing of information, was discarded, and numerous chemical inks were introduced for the purpose, each of these requiring a particular re-agent. These inks soon became out-of-date, the secret of development being quickly discovered by English chemists whose special business it was to deal with such matters. After this, German agents here wrote invisible messages from ink made of very subtle chemicals, and vainly believed by German scientists to be beyond the capacity of any English chemist to discover. Of course, nothing was done to shatter this belief, but had the Germans come to this country and proceeded to a certain laboratory in London, they would have been astounded to find messages, written in their wonderful ink, being developed by English chemists with the same ease and facility as they had done with messages written in such crude liquids as lemon juice or milk. After the break-up of their second attempt to establish a spy organization here the world was scoured for spies, but they were all of the "casual" type. There was never another effort to keep themselves in touch with our doings by means of a regular system.

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Very few people have ever heard of the spy drama which afterwards came to be known as the " Tragedy of the Tinned Fish." It was an amusing enough episode in its way, although the consequences for the central figure in the play proved disastrous.

In June, 1915, the particular experts at the Cable Censorship who concerned themselves with trade telegrams were rather puzzled to have brought to their notice messages intended for dispatch to an address in Christiania, ordering large quantities of sardines in oil. In ordinary circumstances there would be nothing about such a message to provoke suspicion. But it was the wrong season for the supply of the succulent sardine ; no self-respecting Norwegian canner would think of tinning fish when none were being caught. We communicated with our representatives in the Norwegian capital, and after some little inquiry ascertained that the address of the merchant who was to fulfil the order was nothing more nor less than that of an individual with no ostensible business who was known to be in daily conversation with the German Consul. His real occupation appeared to be that of post box for the enemy Secret Service. With that valuable fact in our possession we began to scrutinize the industrious sardine traveller's message for a code, and before long had come to the conclusion that his orders were merely a code in which he was forwarding naval intelligence. In the meantime it had been learnt that the name of the sender was Ludovico Hurwitz-y-Zender.

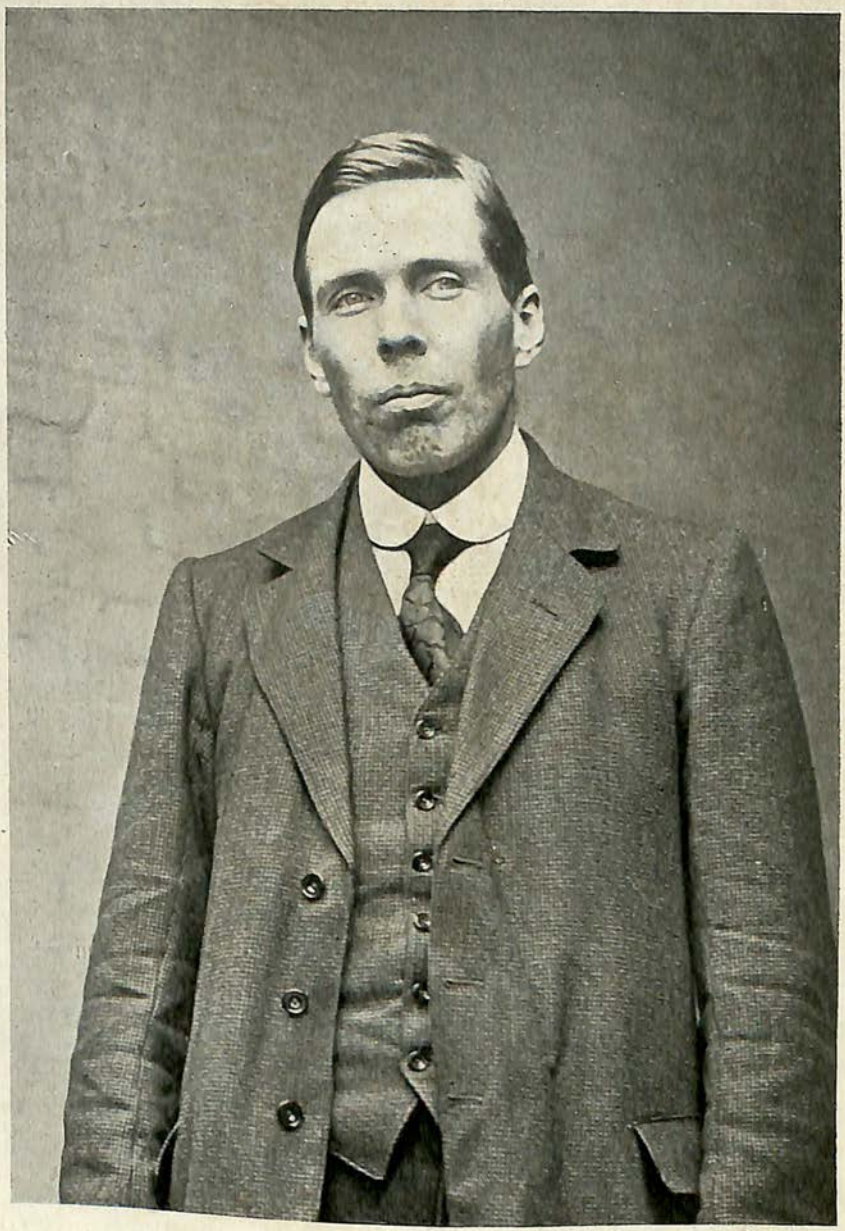
He was arrested at Newcastle on July 2nd, 1915, where he was cutting a great dash amongst the unsuspecting locals. He expressed a good deal of astonishment when informed that there were certain

experts in tinned fish who would be glad to see him in London, and made the long journey down in the train with rather a bad grace.

There was little doubt, as was revealed at the interrogation, that at one part of his career Zender had been a genuine commercial traveller. He was born at Lima in Peru in 1878, his father being a native-born Peruvian of Scandinavian parents. His mother was a Peruvian born and bred, and gave her son a first-class education, which included a more than passable command of Latin, French and English. He spoke and wrote our language very well indeed, and was able to express himself with clearness. According to his own statement he had represented several European firms in Peru, travelling all over the country selling their goods. In August, 1914, he decided to come to Europe, taking in the United States on his way, for the purpose of obtaining agencies in paper, handkerchiefs and foodstuffs. During his journey he visited New York, Bergen, Christiania and Copenhagen. It was probably in Christiania that he picked up with the German Secret Service agents, who were at that time offering fancy inducements to people willing to go to England for them.

There was no difficulty about his passport, which was a genuine one, so all that remained was to provide him with samples of tinned fish, and a price list for fish in oil, which was to be his code for sending messages. Like the Dutch cigar travellers, Zender forgot one thing: that was the danger which lay in communicating with an address which we were not certain was above all suspicion.

However, Zender appears to have landed all right, and in turn visited Newcastle, Glasgow and Edinburgh,



Ludovico Hurwitz-y-Zender

[*To face p.* 140.]

where he obtained what information he could and tried to send it off in the form of a sardine order. That proved his undoing. He passionately protested that he was in Europe for the purpose of buying sardines for shipment to Peru, that he also hoped to purchase large quantities of handkerchiefs in Glasgow and steel goods in Sheffield, but his story, viewed in the light of the out-of-season sardines ordered from Norway, carried as much weight as would a statement that he was in Newcastle with the intention of selling coals. And the sardine experts laughed to scorn the idea of any Norwegian canner accepting an order in the middle of summer. So the authorities came to the conclusion that Zender should be committed to the Wandsworth Detention Barracks to await trial by court-martial.

In the ordinary course of events the court-martial would have been held within at least two months. All the necessary evidence had been collected for the prosecution when Zender suddenly notified the officials that he was desirous of obtaining testimony from South America which would prove that he had come to this country for *bona fide* commercial purposes and had had nothing whatever to do with German espionage. Our military authorities were only too pleased to give him an opportunity of clearing himself, and made no objection to the adjournment of the case.

This postponement extended over six months, and such merciful treatment of a supposed spy, against whom the evidence of guilt was particularly strong, has never been known in this or any other country in time of war. It certainly presented a vivid contrast to the hurried and illegal nature of the trial of Nurse Cavell in Brussels the same year.

Zender languished in prison for eight months before

the evidence he was anxious to obtain arrived from Peru. His trial was then fixed for March 20th, 1916. The nature of the evidence which he was able to bring forward assisted him very little, however, and after a long hearing he was found guilty and condemned to death. He was executed in the Tower on April 11th, 1916, nine months after the date of his arrest, and met his fate with a fair amount of calm, for there is no doubt that he was guilty of the charge brought against him, and knew from the beginning that there was very little hope of his being released.

Zender was the last spy to be shot in this country during the war. After his time, the death sentences of other agents captured and tried were, for various reasons, commuted to penal servitude for life. The Peruvian, who was an army reserve officer in his native land, was quite a favourable specimen of the spy, and it was always a matter of wonder with his captors how he ever lent himself to the nefarious intentions of the German Secret Service. He certainly had no conception of the chances against his ever getting out of England alive.

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Our counter-espionage authorities certainly enjoyed a wonderfully busy time in 1915. The Germans were straining every nerve to glean something of the whereabouts of our Grand Fleet, and all their spies who came here during the summer months were under orders to proceed to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Newcastle to try and ascertain exactly what naval bases we were using and what was our state of preparedness in the event of a sudden onslaught. It says much for the

persuasiveness of their Secret Service agents that they were ever able to induce people to come to England and spy for them. The canny Hun took exceedingly good care that he did not come—the risks were too well known to him—but he appears to have found a fairly good supply of neutral subjects, most of them German in origin, who probably agreed to take up the work when their patriotic instincts were appealed to. It is absolutely certain that all the neutrals who came here in the guise of German agents possessed no true idea of the dangers attaching to such work. It would seem that the Hunnish delusion that we were too stupid for words had been well drilled into them, for all the methods they employed were familiar to us and their capture in time was a certainty.

I greatly regret that I am unable to clothe the doings of the German spies who came to this country with a cloak of mystery and intrigue, with visions of wealthy naturalized Germans, high in the confidence of the Government, giving them secret instructions and placing enormous sums of money at their disposal. I know of no camouflaged Huns who had access to all our vital documents of State, which were to be stolen at midnight in houses where inter-allied statesmen met and decided the fate of nations. The plain fact of the matter is that we did not really suffer from the "Hidden Hand" which provided such fruitful conversation in the early days of the war. Spying and counter-spying, like all other crimes, is very much a matter of organization, which to be effective must be conducted on regular lines. The Germans had certain clearly defined methods. They altered slightly from time to time, it is true, but in the broad essentials they remained much the same right through the war.

In addition to those which the foregoing chapters have indicated, there was the valuable information to be obtained from prisoners captured on the battle-field, or in a raid on the trenches specially arranged for the purpose. For purely military purposes this method was the most valuable of all.

Naval information was hedged in with many more difficulties, for, except in the Battle of Jutland, it was rarely indeed that the Germans were able to obtain any prisoners who, under compulsion or otherwise, could tell them anything likely to be of value. Submarine commanders picked up a little from the crews of torpedoed ships, although at the best of times it was scrappy and none too reliable. So spies had to be utilized, and to give them any possibility at all of manœuvring in safety it was necessary that they should be neutrals.

I have read many thrilling stories of German secret service agents who mysteriously kidnapped naval officers in possession of plans of new ships or torpedoes which were to blow the German Navy to Kingdom Come. If the Germans read such books, as they probably did, they must have smiled broadly, as did our counter-espionage officials. Before the war the Huns certainly did attempt to steal our plans. There was a certain German naval attaché who once called on Lord, then Sir John, Fisher when he was First Sea Lord, with a view to coming to some compromise on armament. Sir John, nothing loath, discussed the subject at length, and produced papers dealing with our naval shipbuilding programme for the future. Then he was suddenly called out of the room, and when he returned the German, buttoning up his coat, reluctantly said he must go. So Sir John bade him a cordial

farewell, and found, as he had expected, that the Hun had taken the plans with him. But it did not matter very much, for they had been provided for that purpose.

One would have thought the German Admiralty would have thereby been warned of such transparent traps in the future, but it seems not. When Admiral Bacon was in charge of the Dover Patrol during the war he allowed the Huns to capture a complete set of plans dealing with the anti-submarine defence we were going to adopt in future. Heaven only knows what importance the Germans attached to them, although they were bluff from start to finish. But they had the result we hoped for—that of frightening them from using the Straits of Dover.

No, we were not altogether so foolish as to leave our real plans, either naval or military, in any place where enemies or their agents were likely to get hold of them, any more than we allowed the secret of the Tanks to get into German hands. It says much for the efficacy of our system of preventing leakage of information that, although experiments and manufacture in different types of Tanks were going on all through 1915, when Germany flooded us with spies, the first intimation the enemy obtained of their actual being was on September 15th, 1916, when one rolled over the trenches into the enemy-held village of Flers, spitting fire and death upon a horde of fear-struck Germans.

But the most amusing instance of the way in which we were guarded occurred with I. T. T. Lincoln, then Liberal M.P. for Darlington. Before he was suspect Lincoln once paid a visit to his native country of Hungary, and returned with a marvellous invention which was to revolutionize all naval warfare. The

owner wanted the modest sum of £1,000,000 for it, so Lincoln, thinking he might get a share of the plunder, brought the gentleman along with him to England. Mr. McKenna was the First Lord of the Admiralty at the time, and Lincoln went to see him. After they had talked the matter over Mr. McKenna said he did not think we would buy it; we were able to keep in touch with most things of naval importance which from time to time came on the market.

Just as they were finishing their conversation, one of the Admiralty officials came into the room and whispered something into Mr. McKenna's ear. Thereupon Mr. McKenna said to Lincoln, "Would you mind telling your friend in the waiting-room to empty his pockets of all the Admiralty notepaper and envelopes he has stolen." It was the £1,000,000 inventor, who had evidently made up his mind to get something on account. But the highly humorous part of the story lay in the indignant manner in which Lincoln told it. "The dirty, deceiving English," he would say; "you cannot enter one of their public offices without being watched." Certainly people of the Lincoln type could not.

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Quite an interesting specimen of the spy in search of naval information managed to make his way into England in the summer of 1915. He called himself Irving Guy Ries, and in more peaceable times he followed the profession of a film operator. What on earth induced him to turn German spy could never be ascertained, except that reason which I have indicated in this chapter. Ries—it was not his real name,

as a matter of fact—was a German-American, and appears to have had his common sense perverted by the gang of Secret Service agents who were recruiting spies in America. He consented to come to England on the plea that he was assisting the Fatherland. Be that as it may, a false passport was provided for him and a passage arranged in a steamer leaving New York on June 26th. No suspicion appears to have attached itself to his arrival in the guise of a hay, corn and grain merchant, and he passed the port examination at Liverpool without any difficulty.

Ries had plenty of money in his possession for immediate needs, and on coming to London made his way to a famous caravanserai in the Strand, well-known to all Americans. There he stayed for a few days, keeping his ears open for scraps of information which came from the conversation of naval officers without exciting any suspicion that he was otherwise than what he pretended to be. He had registered with the police as an American subject, and would appear to have enjoyed himself seeing the sights of London in war time.

Leaving the metropolis, he took train for the North, where he went through the itinerary which, we were beginning to know so well, was the usual thing for spies instructed to obtain naval intelligence. In turn he visited Newcastle, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and went through the pretence of calling on a few produce merchants in each city as a blind to the collection of the particulars wanted. But he did no real business with anyone, a fact which was established when we were getting together the evidence necessary to bring him to trial. The spy spent about a fortnight in the North, and returned to his hotel in London on July 28th. With

the idea of fabricating some proof that he was actually a *bona fide* agent for the firm of New York grain merchants, he kept copies of every business letter that he wrote.

But—there was always a flaw in the German process of reasoning—his rascally employers, judging others as they did themselves, had not supplied Irving Ries with enough money to carry him through. About the end of July a letter from Holland addressed to him was detained by our Postal Censorship. This communication contained the usual remittance which the Huns made to their agents from time to time, and the fact that an American grain traveller should receive money from an anonymous source in Holland was in itself curious enough to warrant a close watch being kept on that individual's movements.

We thought we could not do better than ask the American authorities here to investigate the genuineness of his passport. So an inquiry went through to New York, the result panning out very much as we expected; it was a forgery. Ries, of course, knew something of what was going on, for he had been called upon to surrender the passport.

With that evidence in our possession, added to the facts elicited concerning the source of the money, the time was thought ripe to place the suspected "American" under arrest. The officers had to wait about some time before their man arrived. It was not until 11 p.m. on August 10th that they visited the hotel where he was staying and knocked at his bedroom door. A voice with a carefully-pronounced American accent bade them come in, and on opening the door the police found Ries just in the act of undressing. Whether he actually expected to be arrested on a charge of

Irving Guy Ries.

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espionage is doubtful, for his first words were: "All right; you are late; I expected you last night. I quite expected this, as I know there was some misunderstanding about my passport at the American Consulate." It is possible that Ries was unaware that we really wanted him on a charge of spying, but of that fact he was not notified until the following day, when he was taken to Scotland Yard to be interrogated before the civil and military authorities.

He was one of those prematurely grave German-Americans, the product of too much study and too little exercise, and he answered the questions with a thoughtful, deliberate manner which showed that, whatever might have been the motive which induced him to spy, he had gone into it with open eyes. According to his own statement he had been born at Akron, Ohio, in 1890, and his full name was Irving Guy Ries. It was suggested to him that this was not his real name, and after a little hesitation he agreed that this was so. But when pressed to reveal his true one he shook his head: "No, I guess I cannot do that," he said slowly; "it would give a great deal of pain to others."

However, he was frank enough concerning his movements and intentions, saying that he was going on to Copenhagen after he had finished here. As a matter of fact he had arranged to leave for the Danish capital only the day prior to his arrest, but had been detained owing to his passport being in possession of the authorities. Amongst the belongings of the accused man was found a letter from Rotterdam, ordering him to meet a certain person in Copenhagen and report to him the result of his investigations in Great Britain. When they asked him to indicate what transactions

he had carried out during his visit to the North he dropped all pretence of his mission being connected with commerce. "I am in your power," he said; "do what you like with me, but when you ask me my real name I shall not give it."

There was nothing more to be done except remove him to prison to await trial by court-martial. His case was rather unique in that he had not attempted to communicate with the enemy, although no possible doubt existed that he was a German spy. He never used invisible ink as far as could be discovered, nor did he attempt to cable to anyone. His plan was one that the enemy Secretary of Secret Service had perforce adopted in the light of experience, that of a flying visit on a commercial errand, with the spy carrying the information in his head.

Ries was tried on four charges, as follows:

(1) Doing an act preparatory to the commission of an act prohibited by Regulation 48 of the D.O.R.A., namely, an act preparatory to collecting without lawful authority information of a nature that might be useful to the enemy.

(2) Without lawful authority or excuse, having been in communication with a spy.

(3) Being found in possession of a false passport.

(4) Having falsely represented himself to be a person to whom a passport had been duly issued.

The accused man duly faced his judges on October 4th, the trial lasting two days. The British Government, following the usual practice of providing counsel for people being tried for their lives, had briefed a notable exponent of the criminal code, who defended his client with great ability. It was all in vain, however,

Courtenay de Rysbach.

Courtenay de Rysbach.

[*To face p.* 150.

Ries being found guilty of espionage and sentenced to be shot. He was removed to Wandsworth prison pending the execution, and while there proved a model prisoner. All his time was spent in reading and, outwardly at any rate, he gave the impression of a man who had done with life's earthly cares and was only waiting for a preordained end.

It is probable that he expected the American Government to rescue him from his sentence of death, but no such reprieve came, and on October 26th he was removed to the Tower of London for execution on the morrow. He expressed a good deal of curiosity when the assistant provost-marshal came for him, and wanted to know where he was being taken. When told he was to be shot there at dawn the following morning his studious reserve broke down for the first time, and late that night in the Tower, possibly under religious influence, he called for writing materials and wrote out a full confession of his guilt, giving also his true name. No good purpose would be served by revealing it now. His people were respectable citizens of the United States, to whom the public knowledge of their son's ignominious death would be nothing but a source of everlasting shame.

When led forth for execution he took one philosophic glance at the chair which was soon to hold his dead body, and then, with a grave smile, requested that he might be permitted to shake hands with the firing party. This privilege was accorded him, and when it was over he remarked: "You are only doing your duty, as I have done mine." He died like a brave man, whose efforts to spare pain to his aged mother and father may be counted to him in atonement of his sins.

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It will always be a source of great satisfaction to us that not once during the war was a British subject of pure descent found guilty of communicating with the enemy. Such patriotism does not appear to have inspired the Germans, for there were thousands of them who were glad to work for the Allies, in addition to any number of captured German agents who offered to go back to the Fatherland and spy for us.

During the period of the war the Germans made strenuous efforts to induce men interned in the famous Ruhleben Camp, outside Berlin, to come to England to spy for them, promising them fabulous sums of money if they would betray their country. But it would seem that the method was not particularly successful, even less so than the attempt to form an Irish Brigade. We had to deal with only one case, that of a man who bore the high sounding name of Courtenay Henslop de Rysbach, a British subject, although one would hardly gather so from his name. In point of fact his father was an Austrian, naturalized in Great Britain, an eminently respectable individual to whom his son's crime brought the greatest abhorrence.

De Rysbach was a vaudeville artist, well-known in this country, who was fulfilling an engagement in Germany on the outbreak of war. He was one of those alleged comedians who juggle a little, sing a little, and do odd tricks with bicycles. According to his own statement he had been swept into Ruhleben along with other foreigners when the war came, and was one of those who responded when Secret Service agents crept insidiously through the camp, attempting to seduce the national allegiance of the men interned there. De Rysbach proved corruptible, so he was brought into Berlin and underwent some sort of course in spying.

Leaving the German capital on June 20th, he arrived in Zurich, Switzerland, and from there managed to proceed to Paris, posing as a British subject who had been released from internment owing to reasons of health. He landed at Folkestone on June 27th, and, after undergoing a severe cross-examination from the port authorities, was able to satisfy them he was a British subject. So he came to London, where his appearance in the old, familiar haunts caused much astonishment.

As a British subject de Rysbach was, of course, permitted to move about the country without restriction. He appears to have utilized the time to collect some sort of information, for in the Postal Censorship one day there was detained two songs addressed to a man in Zurich. Both were set to music, one being called "The Ladder of Love," the other "On the way to Dublin town," probably a variation of "Tipperary." This was something new, so the censorship officials decided to investigate further. A suitable re-agent was sought, and sure enough, there appeared between the bars of music a comprehensive account of things the writer had seen in this country. The songs were signed with the name "Jack Cummings, Palace Theatre, London," but on investigation these proved to be fictitious. No such person existed there.

The trail proved a rather laborious one, and it was not until some weeks later that de Rysbach was tracked to Glasgow, where, in company with a female trick cyclist, he was billed in large letters to appear at a local music-hall. He appears to have been a ubiquitous sort of individual, for amongst his other activities he confessed to having attempted to obtain a post in the censorship. Whether he thought this would afford

him the opportunity of passing his own communications through unchecked was never ascertained, although there is no doubt his was the type of mind impudent enough for anything.

However, he was taken to London, and, when interrogated, spun a long story of how to gain his liberty he had promised to serve the Germans, although all the time his intentions were perfectly harmless. De Rysbach informed us that the Germans had supplied him with secret ink made up in the form of a pomade and that he had thrown it all away while crossing Lake Constance, keeping just one tube as a souvenir. He also told us that the Germans would have him assassinated in London if he attempted to betray them. Such a tale was hardly credible enough in view of the information he had already tried to transmit, so a summary of evidence was taken and laid before the authority responsible, who decided that de Rysbach should be committed for trial to the Old Bailey. As a British subject he had the right to be tried before a judge and jury.

The defence was that mentioned in the previous chapter, and, strange as it may seem, it appears to have carried weight with some of the jury, for there was a disagreement which ended in the jury being discharged. It was thought by de Rysbach that he would be released, but he was speedily disabused of that idea. In October, 1915, he was again brought to trial and this time the jury empanelled had no hesitation in placing the proper construction upon his action. He was found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life, extremely fortunate to have escaped the full penalty of the law.

Although the name of the prisoner was never made

public at the time, the fact that a British subject had been tried and found guilty of communicating with the enemy and sentenced to imprisonment for life was announced anonymously and evoked the following comment from that well-known newspaper, *The Westminster Gazette*, which certainly could never be accused of blood-thirstiness :

> " As we are not allowed to know the facts, we can express no opinion upon the sentence of penal servitude for life passed upon a prisoner charged with collecting, recording and attempting to communicate with the enemy information as to war preparations. But the public will undoubtedly feel that the sentence is a lenient one, seeing that the prisoner is a British subject. The offence of a British spy caught in such work as this is infinitely more serious and despicable than that of a foreigner who is endeavouring to serve his own country. We can only assume that there were circumstances in the case which led the judges to take the view they have of the crime committed. The Bench was a strong one, consisting of Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Rowlatt, and we must rely on what we know of them in believing that the punishment is adequate."

De Rysbach's true character was fully revealed after his sentence. He sent for an official from the counter-espionage section and gave him the fullest details of how he had joined the German Secret Service in Berlin, what he had learnt there, and wound up by offering to serve us if we would only release him.

Needless to say such a proposition did not interest us. We thought prison a much safer place for young men of such an opportune turn of mind.

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Of all the despicable characters utilized by the Germans for their secret service work, that of Albert Meyer was easily the worst. In addition to being a spy, he was an incorrigible coward, who gave a disgusting exhibition of lack of courage when the time came for his execution, a *souteneur*, a defrauder of landladies and, perhaps the greatest crime of all, a cheater of the people who employed him.

About the end of June, 1915, the Postal Censorship staff entrusted with the checking of letters to Holland came across a communication to The Hague, the address of which was that of a German spy bureau. The letter was forwarded on to the laboratory which developed invisible inks, and was discovered to be the medium of the usual message written between the lines. There was a name and address on the paper, but these proved to be false, so we had to sit down and wait for a time.

During the next few weeks many more of these letters came through, all of them in the same handwriting, but all containing different names and addresses, which were fictitious. A long-continued search was taken up with the clues already revealed, which in all conscience were slight enough. There were only two: that the writer was of foreign nationality and that he was living somewhere in London.

After many days of intricate work the officials went to a dingy lodging house in Soho and apprehended an insignificant-looking little Jew, of no certain nation-

Albert Meyer.

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ality, who was living with an English mistress as bad as himself. He said his name was Albert Meyer and that he knew nothing whatever of the letters then in possession of the authorities.

When brought to Scotland Yard for examination he lied with an effrontery which Ananias himself would have been ashamed of. His reply to the charge of communicating with the enemy was that the letters had been written by another man, who had left the writing materials, including the invisible ink, in his charge and that the address on the letter which brought about his downfall had been the malicious work of his "friend." When it was suggested to him that he should furnish a specimen of his own handwriting he grew indignant and with an injured air asked his interrogator if he thought he was lying!

Meyer's career in this country provided an interesting study. He had moved from one lodging house to another, promising all the different landladies in turn that he would pay them when his remittances arrived from "his parents" abroad. Together with his female companion he would be living riotously one day, lunching and dining in the most expensive restaurants he could find, the next day cadging a meal from some foreign restaurant around Soho, with promises of early payment when his "allowance" came to hand. Always there were the earnings of his mistress to fall back upon.

Not content with this he even cheated his employers, his letters being a mass of highly-coloured fictitious intelligence, which, had it reached the Germans, would certainly have done them more harm than good. Altogether he was a pretty specimen of the international adventurer, whose shameless lying and attempt to

cast guilt on innocent people diverted any sympathy which might have been felt for him.

He was tried by court-martial on November 5th–6th, on six charges under the Defence of the Realm Act, being found guilty and condemned to death by shooting. The scene which took place at his execution at the Tower on December 2nd, 1915, revealed the cowardly nature of the man to the full. It was fully expected, judging by his demeanour during the period he was waiting to be shot, that he would prove awkward, but nothing untoward happened until the morning of the execution. When the dread summons came in the cold dawn he was then in an hysterical state and when escorted from his cell suddenly burst into a wild effort to sing " Tipperary." His guard attempted to silence him, but all in vain.

He stopped on reaching the miniature rifle range where he was to be shot and cast a raving eye at the chair standing in the middle. Then he burst into a torrent of blasphemous cursing, reviling his Maker and calling down the vengeance of Heaven on those who had deserted him. Struggling fiercely with his stalwart guard, he was forcibly placed in the chair and strapped tightly in. Before the bullets of the firing party could reach him he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and died in a contorted mass, shouting curses at his captors, which were only stilled by the bullets.

Meyer, along with Rosenthal, was the youngest spy to be shot. But, unlike the latter, who went to his doom with some semblance of courage, he was the most arrant coward who ever lived.

CHAPTER X

Scotland Yard—The part it played in counter-espionage—Sir Basil Thomson—How he interrogated the spies—The Odyssey of Captain Hans Boehm—A bow which betrayed a German agent—Madame Popovitch—A lady who took us unawares—Kenneth Triest, student and would-be spy—Joseph Marks and his code.

I SUPPOSE I am not divulging a jealously-guarded secret when I say that quite a healthy rivalry existed over the question as to who could claim most credit for the capture and conviction of the many spies who came to this country. Scotland Yard always smiled in a superior fashion when the subject came up for discussion, asking where would the Counter-Espionage section be without them, whilst the officials of that department, with great complacency, would merely reply: "Well, of course, you know, Scotland Yard——"

Now the plain truth—which is never to be despised—is that one was essential to the other. The Counter-Espionage section possessed the organization which enabled it to keep in touch with most of the enemy agents who came to England. In the closing years of the war the German Secret Service had grown so extensive that its agents were in every neutral capital, and if we were to keep ourselves informed of their activities it was necessary that we should have people able to keep trace of their movements and warn the authorities in England when one of the spies was about to depart for these shores. Once the suspected enemy agent arrived here his or her

subsequent movements were passed on to the Special Branch at Scotland Yard for supervision. And, in due course, when it was thought advisable to arrest the supposed spy, it was Scotland Yard which was entrusted with the task.

In a chapter concerned with the executive side of counter-espionage the activities of the Special Branch at the "Yard" merit more than passing attention. Theirs was the organization upon which the system for checking the registration and movements of foreigners in London was founded.

The Special Branch was brought into existence primarily for political purposes. It became inevitable that some department had to be created to deal with the numerous political refugees who fled to England when their own country became too hot to hold them, for the activities of some of these gentry were distinctly anarchical in character. In addition to this it was the Special Branch which was charged with the safety of the Royal Family, both at home and abroad, the care of prominent political personages, and also the safeguarding of any foreign notabilities who might be visiting these shores. Judged in the light of results the department, although very small, was highly efficient.

Strictly speaking, we do not possess a Secret Police of the type known on the Continent, especially in France and, in the days of the Tsars, in Russia. It says much for the common sense of our people, living in a land where the subject enjoys more personal liberty than any of the other great nations, that they have never abused their hardly-won rights to an extent that would necessitate the maintenance of a Secret Police. In no spirit of egoism may we con-

gratulate ourselves on that phase of our character; the war proved conclusively the truth of that haunting little jingle:

> Come the four corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them;
> Nought shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true.

"Jingoism," the Little Englander will say, with a sneer. Perhaps it is, but we are so deprecatory of our own efforts that an occasional reference to what we have done in the past is surely pardonable.

How true England remained to herself is revealed by the fact that throughout the entire war only one British subject was prosecuted on a charge of High Treason, the unhappy Roger Casement. We never suffered from traitors as did some of our Allies; there was not a newspaper or publication in the country guilty of receiving a subsidy from German sources; our statesmen, whatever their political opinions may have been, never acted with anything but the most unswerving loyalty to the land of their birth.

The fact of being able to rely fearlessly on the integrity of the people eased many of our difficulties through the long and dreary months in which the war dragged on. It enabled the counter-espionage authorities, in conjunction with Scotland Yard, to devote their combined efforts in checking the underhand activities of enemy agents and so controlling our alien population that we were always able to place our hand on anyone wanted.

It was the Counter-Espionage section, of course, which was responsible for the discovery of spies who arrived here. Scotland Yard does not advance any claim in that direction. Information would be

received from a neutral capital that so and so, suspected to be an enemy agent, was leaving for England. Naturally, a close watch was kept on the supposed spy, both his correspondence and movements being under surveillance. In the case of a spy who had not definitely committed himself it was necessary to establish a case which would stand legal argument; that was where Scotland Yard came in. The difference between actual evidence and hearsay is hardly a matter for anyone without experience of the law of evidence. There were numberless inquiries necessary before it was possible to detain a suspected person, and in delicate work of this nature the highly-trained officers of the Special Branch were always being utilized.

When it was decided to arrest a supposed enemy agent Scotland Yard was called upon. The Counter-Espionage officials never did this themselves; for one thing it did not command the necessary personnel outside the military police, and in all such matters previous experience was highly essential. There were hundreds of people detained during the war on suspicion of being connected with enemy espionage, but we possessed no definite proof and could only hold them for examination. The great majority were, of course, quite innocent of any evil; they had unwittingly come into contact with a spy and had only to prove their genuineness to be released. There were dozens of cases where aliens were either interned or deported; it was really astonishing the number of people whose actions were open to suspicion or detrimental to the welfare of the nation. We brought some thirty spies to justice; for lack of the necessary evidence there were dozens whom it was impossible

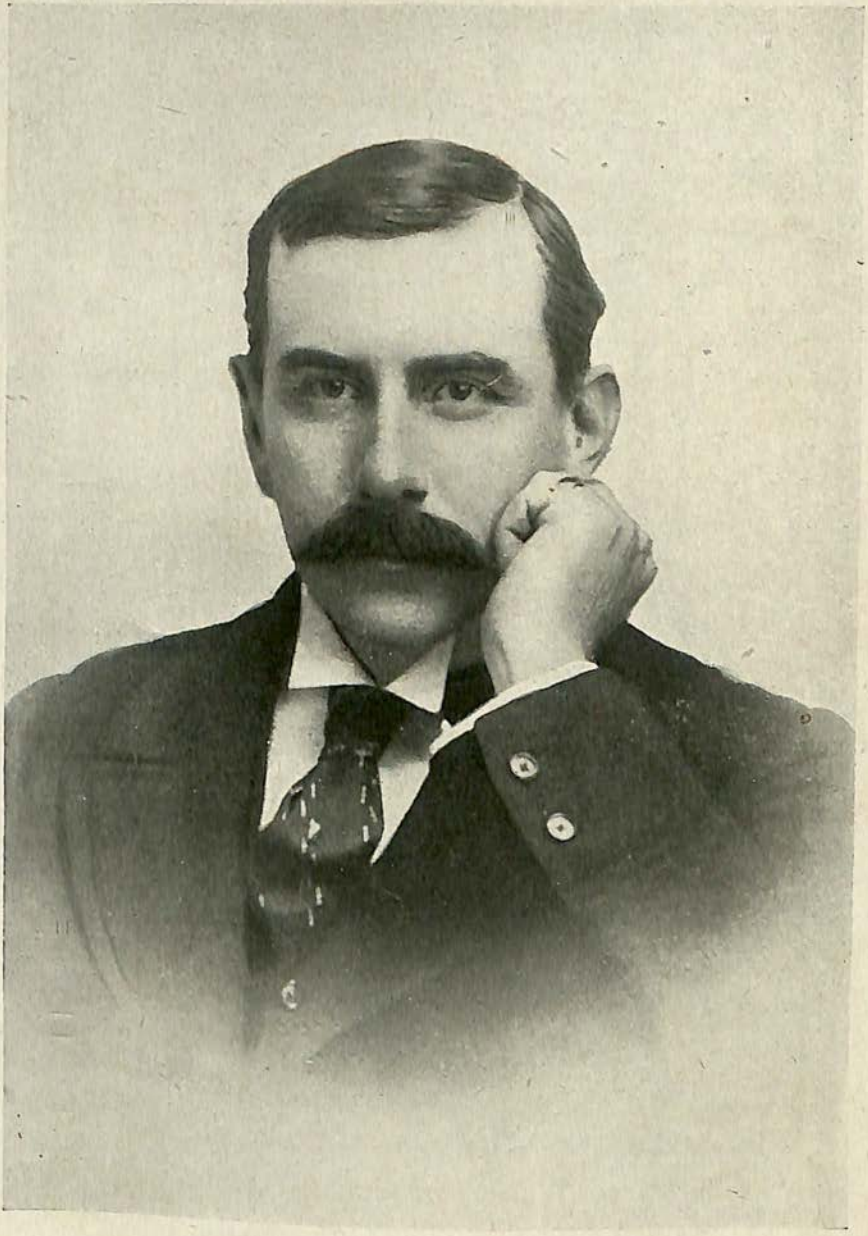
to try. We could only intern them or expel them with a strict warning not to attempt to enter the United Kingdom again.

The interrogation of suspected persons, always a matter of greatest importance in criminal procedure, was conducted at Scotland Yard under the ægis of Sir Basil Thomson, the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Although the Counter-Espionage section possessed several barristers capable of examining suspected people, they had no accommodation for detaining anyone, nor did they have a detective staff at their beck and call, so the authorities decided that Mr., after Sir Basil, Thomson should have charge. The choice appears to have been well justified. There were many instances where nothing but skilful questioning elicited the desired information, for it must be borne in mind that the average German agent, whether a spy actually captured in this country, or a man attempting to make his way in a vessel proceeding through the war zone, was invariably primed with a story which might pass muster. Sir Basil Thomson had the duty of getting at the truth, a rather difficult matter with some of the colossal liars who came our way. It was an onerous task; right throughout the war there were on an average four interrogations a day, sometimes as many as ten.

Before any of these examinations took place Scotland Yard was supplied with a précis of the evidence against the suspected one. Sometimes the facts were but slight; it was mainly supposition, which might or might not be converted into certainty by a clever interrogation. It was all done very pleasantly; whoever it was under suspicion would be conducted

into Sir Basil's office, asked to be seated and then questioned with a suavity most disarming in its effect. There was none of the Third Degree about it; we were content to rely upon properly-obtained evidence and give the persons concerned every opportunity of clearing themselves. Terrible were the sordid little tragedies unmasked by these examinations; pitiful stories of domestic trouble in foreign lands which had necessitated flight to England, with a changing of name and attempt to lead a new life that was not altogether successful.

There can be no doubt that Germany, probably through lack of choice, employed agents who very largely lived on their wits in normal times. It seems to have been a settled principle with their secret service to get hold of semi-destitute people with a penchant for extravagant living and induce them to spy on the promise of liberal remuneration according to results. From the Hun point of view this was eminently satisfactory, for his agents rarely returned to claim anything, and if they did they could easily be repudiated. It also possessed the inestimable advantage—to the Hun arranging matters—that the Imperial Government could be cheated out of something, by particulars of fictitious payments to agents. The latter was the worst off of all, although he usually contrived to cheat the Fatherland by sending a mass of spurious intelligence. When to this characteristic trait was added the fact that very few of the spies possessed any regard for the commoner conventions of morality, the difficulty of getting at the real reason of their presence in England will readily be recognized. We pay rather a heavy price for permitting our country to be used as an asylum for all the Continental nations.



Sir Basil Thomson

[*To face p.* 164.

However, we are notoriously long-suffering, and in the interrogations conducted at the "Yard" we had need of it all.

"And what did you say your name was?" Sir Basil Thomson would ask someone who was being examined.

"José Alphonso de Palmerito," would be the reply.

"No, no, your real name," Sir Basil would say patiently. And so it would go on. An infinity of good nature and patience was required before José would grow confused over his innumerable contradictions and give us the information we desired.

When the interrogation was finished the suspected was either detained, to be proceeded against by the military authorities with a view to court-martial, or else to be brought before the Aliens Advisory Committee with the intention of deciding the necessity for internment or deportation. Failing any evidence of connection with enemy espionage, the interrogated one was informed, with an apology, that he or she was released, although in many cases a warning was given that all changes of address had to be notified to the police. It was a wearisome routine, but highly necessary; many strange creatures found their way into London during the course of the war.

Very few people, to whom the name of Sir Basil Thomson is a household word, know that he is the son of the late Archbishop of York. Unlike his father, he was given a legal training, and after becoming a barrister entered the Civil Service. He became one of those valuable officials who have done so much to build the British Empire, for in the course of a long career devoted to his country he has seen much

service as judge and native administrator in the Colonial Service. On returning to England he became governor of Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubbs Prisons, being appointed to Scotland Yard in 1913 as Assistant Commissioner of Police. This office, especially at the present time, has become one of the most important in the country; the administrative troubles of the police in recent times, which have happily been kept in check by General Sir C. F. N. Macready, necessitates the actual work of the police being controlled almost entirely by four Assistant Commissioners.

The outbreak of the war threw an immense strain on Scotland Yard and particularly on Sir Basil Thomson, so much so that the entire internal organization underwent drastic changes. It was necessary to make it possible for the work of the Special Branch to receive the attention required by the political and international situation generally, so, with that object in view, ordinary crime, as distinct from quasi-political matters, was temporarily placed under other officers, leaving Sir Basil Thomson free to devote himself to clearing up the problems which arose out of the war. It is quite possible that the one-time freedom of movement possessed by all foreigners here is to be restricted within certain limits for good. Added to which there is certain to be plenty of work for the Special Branch in checking the entry of our late enemies, as laid down by the new Act.

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Psychology played a great part in the interrogations conducted at Scotland Yard. As may be imagined,

most of the German agents captured by us made a bold fight for their liberty, and possessed no compunction of telling the most impossible lies to account for their presence. These liars were evident enough: the difficulty was to trip them up. The great thing was a true perception of the suspected individual's psychology; if you adapted your cross-examination cleverly enough you might achieve wonders.

One such interrogation will go down to history as a classic. It is the Odyssey of Captain Hans Boehm, a German artilleryman.

In January, 1917, the Naval Intelligence Division received information that a certain Captain Boehm, who had been in the United States on a mission connected with sabotage, might be returning to the Fatherland before long, and that, as a matter of course, he would have to journey through the war zone. So our different Boarding Officers were duly notified, although it was hardly expected that the Captain would be travelling under his own name.

Some few days later, the Dutch passenger steamer *Zeelandia* was brought into Falmouth for examination. Amongst the people aboard was an individual who carried an American passport in the rather extraordinary name of Jelks Leroy Thrasher. In personal appearance Mr. Thrasher was certainly not so ferocious as his name; let that pass. He was a clean-shaven man, fairly tall, with blue eyes and brown hair, spectacles and a general air of being on good terms with the world. To the Boarding Officer, in a strong American accent, he was the personification of politeness, too much so, in fact. Taken in conjunction with reasons for coming to Europe, which appeared rather weak, the Boarding Officer

thought he had better send Mr. Thrasher to London. Mr. Thrasher was charmed, and only regretted that we were so doubtful of his American citizenship.

After a few particulars had been gathered, Mr. Thrasher was taken to Scotland Yard to be interrogated by Sir Basil Thomson. His memory was certainly a marvellous one; he could tell, with a wealth of detail, his early life in Quitman, Georgia, how many rooms there were in the house he lived in, where he had gone to school, the colour of his schoolmaster's hair, and a hundred other minor matters, all of which are usually forgotten by most people. His recollection of things was uncanny, and his interrogator had no hesitation in telling him so.

Obviously, it was necessary to try some new line.

"You don't tell your story at all well," said Sir Basil sadly. "I believe I could have told it better myself."

Mr. Thrasher looked highly concerned, and bowed —from the waist.

Now, with all due deference to our American cousins, there is one thing more certain than another, they are not addicted to bowing any more than we are—especially from the waist. So being certain that Mr. Thrasher was German, Sir Basil sent him out of the room for a few moments and rang up the Admiralty Intelligence. "Tell me the names of two or three Germans you are expecting, quickly," he said. The desired information was given him, one of them being Captain Boehm.

Mr. Thrasher, still smiling, was brought back. "How do you account for the fact that you speak with a German accent?" said Sir Basil.

"Do I?" replied Mr. Thrasher, highly concerned.

"Most people tell me I speak English with an American accent."

"You are not doing this well, Captain Boehm," remarked Sir Basil.

Mr. Thrasher looked highly surprised, but said nothing.

"I put it to you that you are Captain Boehm?" said Sir Basil.

"Yes, I am."

"You are?"

"I am Captain Boehm."

"You did it very well."

"The game is up," answered the Captain ruefully.

Believing it was, he told them the story of his life. And very interesting it proved. The son of a burgomaster in Alsace, he had been well educated and spent a great deal of his life in America, which probably accounted for the highly plausible story he pitched when trying to persuade us that he was Jelks Leroy Thrasher.

Somewhere in the early part of 1916 the Captain, then commanding a battery of artillery near Wytschaete in Flanders, was sent for by the General Staff in Berlin. It seems that his reputation as a perfect specimen of an American had become common property, and Berlin thought they could not employ such an individual better than by sending him to the United States to blow up munition factories, anything, in fact, which might obstruct the Allies' supplies. The gallant Captain made no objection to this modern method of warfare, and after some few weeks duly arrived in the States, where he reported himself to that pleasant gang under Zimmerman who were

doing their best to make life unpleasant for the American working man.

"How did you get to America?" we asked the Captain.

No answer.

"Did you go in a submarine?" we persisted.

"I did *not*," he replied emphatically.

And wild horses could not have dragged the information out of him.

Captain Hans Boehm was certainly one of the most accomplished liars in existence, but he made the mistake of imagining that we were ignorant of his doings in America. He swore he had never met Heinrich Bode, a famous German spy in America, who was arrested not long after, although he owned to having been in partnership with that individual under another name. He also admitted having met Roger Casement in Germany. Altogether the Captain gave the impression that if he had not been laid by the heels he might have wreaked considerable damage.

His story of how he obtained his passport afforded him great amusement. Fully appreciating the difficulties, he assumed the name of Thrasher, a family which years ago lived in the small village of Quitman, in Georgia. The family had died out, so he was safe enough on that score. The next step was to get somebody to endorse his application for a passport, so with that object in view he called on a small merchant in New York and offered to act, free of all charge, as his agent in Europe. Naturally the merchant was only too delighted to get, without expense, a European representative so well-spoken as Mr. Thrasher, and willingly acquiesced in the suggestion that he could be referred to in the matter of a passport. A passage

was arranged on the *Zeelandia*, and Mr. Thrasher duly made the trip across, enjoying himself hugely with dances and card parties.

But we were on the watch for somebody of Mr. Thrasher's description. Only a few weeks previously a communication from the great General Staff in Berlin had fallen into our hands, of a character so ominous that we anxiously awaited the return of the person concerned. It ran as follows:

> "The General Staff has decided that energetic action should be taken in regard to the proposed destruction of the Canadian Pacific Railway at several points, with a view to complete and protracted interruption of traffic. Captain Boehm, who is known on your side and is shortly returning, has been given instructions. Inform the Military Attaché, and provide the necessary funds."

That message was addressed to Zimmerman, and although the attempt to destroy the famous Canadian railroad never succeeded, thanks to the precautions taken, we thought it advisable for Captain Boehm to remain in England for the duration of the war. So the Captain was duly escorted to Brixton Prison, where he was entered on the books as a "Military Lodger," a description which appeared to afford him the most intense amusement. We informed him that if his Government would recognize him as an officer we would be pleased to grant him the privilege of an officer prisoner of war. We also added that it would be necessary for his uniform to be forwarded.

The Captain was nothing loath, as the following sprightly epistle shows:

"Military Lodger H. Boehm,
"Brixton Prison.
"*17th January*, 1917.

"MY DEARS!

"Fate has now seized me (to say nothing of the British), and I am one of the many prisoners of war, who, until peace is decided, are rendered useless. Although I am naturally very sad about it, it will not be unwelcome news for you, as no bullet can reach me here—this will be comforting to you (and doubtless to Captain Boehm). That I am behaving and keeping good courage in my unavoidable position can be understood!

"As soon as my Government acknowledges me as an officer of the army and as soon as my uniform arrives (both will be negotiated through the American Embassy) I shall be transferred to an officers' Prisoners' Camp—till then I am interned in London. As soon as I am placed with comrades in a camp, the position I am in will be more easily overcome.

"You need not *worry* about me; I am healthy and in good spirits and have *no* complaints to make. I wish to emphasize that the treatment meted out to me right throughout has been *very good*. From Admiral to seaman, all were *very kind* to me, and the comprehension of the situation was *superior*. The Admiral said to me: 'We have no interest to make difficulties for an enemy who can do us no more harm.' Please bring these lines to the knowledge of my superiors in the General Staff. If you can do a

friendly action to an English prisoner, *do it!* Every prisoner must feel distressed. The only thing which greatly distresses me is the thought of your enlarged disillusionment, and the anxiety which you will necessarily have till you receive this letter in your hands. That which I suffer most is the great longing to be with my wife and children. The last news I had was dated beginning of October. I think it would be better if you, *Mama*, and for the others, will write to me, in German of course, making use of Latin characters. Write me as much as you can about my dear children, but do not acquaint them of my imprisonment, as it may cause them an unnecessary fright. I expect it will take another two weeks until my uniform arrives. I shall then proceed to a prisoner-of-war camp. My thoughts are always with you, and I kiss you in faithful love!

(Signed) "YOUR HANS."

Address on envelope:

"MRS. CAPTAIN HANS BOEHM,
"Berlin,
"Kurfürstendamm 100 iii,
"GERMANY."

The Captain seems to have realized on which side his bread was buttered, to judge by the emphasis laid on the good treatment he was enjoying. But he was a placid sort of individual, a strong believer in the line of least resistance. In his letter to Mrs. Captain Hans Boehm he enclosed a postal order for one shilling, although he omitted to state whether this was the lady's housekeeping money against the time of his return.

Sad to relate, the Captain "did us in the eye," to use a vulgar phrase, at the finish. After the German Government had sent his uniform and conceded the fact that he belonged to the German Army, he was sent to Donington Hall, where with great gusto he used to relate his adventures. Not long after the war had finished the United States Government thought they would like to have a little talk with Captain Boehm concerning the false passport of Jelks Leroy Thrasher. Application was made to our authorities for his body, but without success. The Captain had managed to get back to Germany in a batch of officer prisoners only a few weeks previously. Probably he will never read this book; if he does, he can congratulate himself on having escaped a further twelve months' imprisonment.

* * * * * *

The fishermen who cast their nets in quest of spies found many strange creatures. Some, like Fernando Buschman, who was married to the daughter of a millionaire soap manufacturer in Dresden, would appear to have taken up this perilous pastime for the pure love of adventure.

Others, of the Lody and Küpferle type, were apparently inspired by love of their Fatherland, the best motive of all. The great majority, of course, were mercenaries pure and simple. But we gathered in quite a few who were either mentally deranged or tried to escape the consequences of their wrongdoing by feigned insanity. Such a one was Roos, the Dutch cigar traveller, whose counsel made a final appeal for clemency on the ground that his client was not alto-

gether responsible for his actions. The authorities had him examined by mental experts, who had no hesitation in stating that the condemned man was merely shamming.

Another case of a similar type was that of Paul Rossinsky, who died in Brixton Prison.

There was one spy, however, who was found to be actually insane; on no other grounds could we account for the extraordinary fashion in which she behaved.

About the end of 1915, the year which was a bumper harvest for spies, the British authorities in Malta began to grow suspicious of certain telegraph messages handed in for transmission to Switzerland. All these communications were a meaningless jumble of words; it was quite evident that a code of some sort was being used. After vainly puzzling his brains over it all, the competent Military Authority decided to detain the sender, who proved to be a woman named Madame Marie Edvige de Popovitch. Madame said she was a Serb, and had come to Malta for the sake of her health. But there appeared to be nothing amiss with that, neither with her tongue, which was astonishingly fluent. Not being satisfied with the explanation, we placed Madame in confinement, and eventually sent her off to England in H.M.S. *Terrible*, plus her belongings and two canaries, which she appeared to prize above everything. It was thought advisable to ascertain exactly what Madame Popovitch represented in the German Secret Service, so a report was sent to England to say that she was suspected of communicating the names of vessels passing through Malta, which could be marked down for destruction by the German and Austrian submarines operating

in the Mediterranean at that time. Her code was an ancient dictionary, with the appropriate words underlined.

On arrival at Southampton Madame was handed over to officials from Scotland Yard. Her escort from the warship appeared by no means sorry to part company with the lady, and jokingly warned their successors to keep a strict eye on her. She was a stout, bustling little body, black-eyed, and talkative to the last degree. Her parting salutation to the naval men was remarkable for its comprehensiveness; their ultimate arrival in Hades was one of the mildest of the many fates she prophesied for them.

Now, Scotland Yard should have been warned of this. But eighteen months' experience of voluble spies of all nationalities had given them quite a false confidence; they did not make any special preparations for Madame Popovitch. They were soon to learn their mistake.

Madame took command of the sitting from the start. There was no need to question her. She could—and did—do all the talking. She started from the moment she was escorted into the examination room, and pictured with a vividness of expression which still brings a blush to many a hardened cheek the past, present and future life of her interrogators. She shouted so that none within two miles of Scotland Yard should be unable to hear the many good things she had to say concerning the meddlesome English police. None could get a word in edgeways, and when she began to look for missiles to clear the room, the time was thought opportune to declare the meeting closed.

Three stalwart policemen waiting in the corridor

outside were requisitioned for the purpose of taking Madame over to Cannon Row Police Station. They came into the room looking dubious about it; one could gather that the general tenor of Madame's conversation had not escaped their notice. Bracing themselves to the task, they caught hold of her, and proceeded to hustle her across the way. It was midwinter, but by the time the struggling bundle of femininity, spitting fire all the way, had been lodged in a cell, the police were wiping the sweat from perspiring brows and thanking Heaven they did not possess Madame Popovitch as wife.

When the question of bringing her to trial was discussed, it was thought better to have her state of mind investigated. A courageous doctor, with much experience of wild women, undertook the task, and reported that, although not altogether a lunatic, it was inadvisable to try Madame for her life. So for the time being she was placed in an internment camp.

After a few weeks there her conduct, consisting of a series of the most outrageous allegations against the authorities at Malta, the Assistant Commissioner of Police, everyone, in fact, with whom she had been brought in contact, became so outrageous that it was deemed safer to remove her to the female convict prison at Aylesbury, where she could be kept in proper confinement. From that place Madame began a bombardment of letters to everyone in authority. A Home Office official, taking his life in his hands, eventually visited Aylesbury to see her, and, if possible, bring her to reason. But his mission was a failure. He spent three hours in the lady's cell, and she talked all the time. She told him of the dreadful things " ce maudit Basil Thomson " had done, of the unsym-

pathetic prison officials, the brutal English law, and a thousand other things she had omitted to remember at Scotland Yard. And she wound up by saying that the only specimen of the English gentleman she had ever met was the Captain of the *Terrible!*

It was plainly evident that Madame Popovitch was insane, and all further thought of bringing her to trial on a charge of espionage was abandoned. After she had been at Aylesbury some time, the Governor of the prison reported that she might behave better if she were permitted to have her two canaries in the cell with her. The birds were being kept by one of the Scotland Yard police, in lieu of any Government prison; but on the Governor's recommendation they were sent to Aylesbury, where in their cage they hung on the wall of the cell, and afforded Madame a peace of mind very gratifying to the harassed prison officials.

Madame Popovitch appears to have had plenty of friends, some of whom persuaded one of those egregious M.P.'s who continually find pleasure in disparaging their own country to bring the matter of her internment before the House of Commons on the plea that she was a Serbian lady belonging to a wealthy, well-known family. But knowing what they did, the Government thought Madame was much better off in a place where the comings and goings of the English mercantile marine did not greatly matter.

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Many stupid people came to England at different times during the war on the quest for information which would assist the enemy, but the palm would appear to belong to Kenneth Triest, a nineteen-year-

old graduate from the American University of Princeton.

Whether this youth was mentally deranged was never quite certain. He was medically examined with a view to finding out, the verdict being that, although responsible enough for his actions, he showed a softening of the brain which made him not altogether clear as to the result of things he did. Many people suffer from this failing, I know, but Triest seems to have had it in exaggerated form. It must be confessed that he adopted methods which negatived any suggestion of weak-mindedness. Leaving his studies at Princeton in the middle of 1915, he appears to have journeyed to Toronto in Canada, where his English enabled him to pass without suspicion as a subject of the Dominion. From there he made his way to London, and, after hanging around for some time, came in touch with a naval officer, who believed him to be a Canadian, and found him a position in the wireless service. He certainly showed every aptitude for the work, and was assured of speedy promotion.

But then he started writing letters to America, one of which was intercepted. He said that he was in the British Navy, and that he was industriously getting together a collection of naval intelligence which would be of tremendous interest to the Germans when he arrived in the Fatherland with it. From that time onward he was naturally an object of the deepest suspicion, which was more than confirmed when a further letter, written to a well-known German in London, whom he asked to assist him in getting to Germany, was stopped. In this letter he said that his father in America was rendering great assistance in forging passports for spies to come over here, a

statement which was subsequently found, as was expected, to be entirely without foundation.

Judging that this dangerous youth had enjoyed sufficient rope, the authorities arrested him under the Defence of the Realm Act, and after going into his case thoroughly came to the conclusion that he should stand trial by court-martial on October 1st.

The case caused a great stir in America, and as the result of pleas made to Sir Edward Grey, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the trial was postponed to allow of Triest's mentality being investigated. The medical experts reported that he was quite fit to be tried for his life, but in the meantime more appeals had been flashing across the Atlantic, especially from the late President Roosevelt. It was decided in the end that Triest would be released, provided his father came for him, and gave a solemn undertaking that his son would get into no further mischief. Naturally, the boy's parents were delighted at saving his life, and cheerfully crossed the ocean in November, 1915, when their erring offspring, sadder and wiser, was handed over to their care.

There would seem to be little doubt that young Triest, who some generations back was of German origin, was suffering from egregious mania, so common to adolescence, and that in releasing him we did a wise and humane action. Certainly our clemency created a wonderful impression in the United States, and, by contrast with the Cavell case, produced a lasting effect which we were to appreciate to the full when America entered the war in April, 1917.

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If Kenneth Triest was a comical specimen of the German spy, although the enemy knew nothing at all about him, what will be thought of Joseph Marks?

Somewhere about the middle of July, 1915, Sir Basil Thomson was paying a visit of inspection to the different ports where aliens entered England. On the 18th July he was at Tilbury, where passengers from Rotterdam were disembarked, and while there the official examining passports came and reported to him that in the next room there was an individual waiting to be passed through whose conduct gave ground for the deepest suspicion. His name was Joseph Marks, and he carried a Dutch passport.

Nothing loath, Sir Basil went to see Joseph, who proved to be a huge specimen of manhood, over six feet high, farmer-like in his well-fed appearance. But Joseph was undoubtedly an arrant coward, despite his size. He was shaking all over with fear, and when Sir Basil began to cross-examine him he eagerly offered to tell everything, provided we would spare his greatly-prized life.

A strange story it was. Joseph was the scion of a wealthy commercial family in Aix-la-Chapelle, whose penchant for good living had evidently brought upon him the suspicion of the German Government, for thrice had they accused him of communicating with agents of the French Secret Service. That may—or may not—have been true, but the threat was sufficient. They suggested to him that the only way by which he could prove his loyalty was by proceeding to England to obtain naval information. Between the devil and the deep sea, Joseph consented. He underwent a course at a spy school, and was furnished with something which up to then was quite

new to us in the way of a code—an album of postage stamps. Certainly Joseph Marks did not look as though philately would be a hobby of his; that does not matter. The German Secret Service never worried about such trifles. On the face of it the scheme was an ingenious one. Who would suspect that a collection of foreign stamps would be utilized for forwarding particulars of the British Navy? The plan was to send to Switzerland stamps of a certain country. Ten Nicaraguan issues would represent ten battleships, and so forth.

It is very doubtful whether Joseph ever intended to act the spy; he certainly did not possess the courage. On the short trip across the Channel his fears had obtained possession of him; there was somebody aboard the steamer who, he suspected, was waiting to betray him to the English authorities. So Joseph resolved to get there first.

We tried him by court-martial at the Westminster Guildhall on a charge of having held communication with an enemy agent abroad, and then attempting to land in England. The sentence was five years' penal servitude, and Joseph was very grateful. He knew he was safe for the duration of the war. He was repatriated to Germany in October last, and on his departure tendered the most effusive thanks for the manner in which he had been treated.

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I sincerely trust I am not disparaging the merits of this book when I say that by far the most interesting incidents of the many thousands of cases dealt with at Scotland Yard during the war were those which turned out to be perfectly harmless.

Towards the end of 1914 the naval authorities had reason for perturbation over the behaviour of a wealthy American staying at the Carlton Hotel, who had bought a yacht in London and announced to all and sundry that he intended sailing her into the Kiel Canal. Not in the least approving of such a procedure, the Admiralty asked Scotland Yard if they would mind seeing this enterprising individual and, if possible, dissuading him from such an intention. So a letter was sent off to the Carlton Hotel asking him to call at Scotland Yard. The following day a gigantic man, about seven feet high, walked into Sir Basil Thomson's room at the "Yard." He was chewing on a big unlighted cigar and did not think that there was any necessity to remove his hat.

"Waal, what do you want?" he asked, striding up to Sir Basil's desk.

Sir Basil, recovering from his preliminary astonishment, said, "Oh, good morning. Won't you take off your hat and sit down?"

"No, I guess I'll keep it on," replied the American.

"Oh, do, by all means," said Sir Basil. "I'm sure you look very nice in it."

"Sure," was the confident answer.

"Well, now," said Sir Basil, "I have sent for you to talk about that little trip of yours to Kiel. You know, I am afraid we shall not be able to let you go."

"Say," was the answer, "how do you reckon you are going to stop me? I'm a free-born American citizen, and I guess I can please myself what I do."

"No, no, you are mistaken," said Sir Basil pleasantly. "You see, this country is at war, and we don't care about people going direct to the Kiel Canal

without our permission. You will surely see that we cannot allow you to leave."

There was no persuading this strong-willed American gentleman, so, after vainly wasting much breath, Sir Basil told him that if he persisted in his proposed trip we should have no option but to send him back to the United States.

"You can't do it," said the optimistic one.

"Yes, we can," replied Sir Basil, "and what is more, we shall."

Obviously, it was no use wasting further time with this seven feet of pigheadedness, so he was allowed to depart, while Scotland Yard communicated with the American Embassy. We suggested to the U.S. officials that they might send a message to New York to ascertain exactly who the would-be yachtsman was. A few days later a reply came back, informing the Embassy that the man they were inquiring about was a wealthy American who had recently escaped from a private lunatic asylum! The message also requested that the authorities would send the man back to the States, at all hazards.

Another letter was sent forthwith to the Carlton Hotel, and once again Sir Basil's room was filled with seven feet of massive obstinacy.

"Waal, what is it now?" demanded he.

With a great air of secrecy Sir Basil sent everyone out of the room, locked the door, and tiptoeing up to the frankly puzzled American, whispered, "I have asked you to come here to give you a little tip. *They're after you.*"

"What?" shouted the gigantic one.

"Yes," said Sir Basil. "I hear they are coming for you in the morning. You want to clear out at once."

Going to the door, Sir Basil unlocked it and, as he showed the now thoroughly-mystified American out, whispered, "Now, mind, you mustn't tell anyone I told you. Just pack up and get away quietly."

When the police inquired at the Carlton Hotel the same afternoon as to what had become of our troublesome visitor they were told he had already left for America!

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Of all the curious specimens of humanity which ever found their way to Scotland Yard the "Blue Man" could surely lay claim to be the most unique.

Somewhere about the middle of 1915 the Postal Censorship detained several letters written to circus proprietors in America, asking that the writer, who had achieved a certain amount of fame in freak shows in England as a "Blue Man," might be given an engagement.

From previous experience we had come to suspect all letters which dealt with a circus, owing to there being so many Germans in the business, so a letter was sent to the writer asking that he would be good enough to call at Scotland Yard to see the Assistant Commissioner.

He arrived at a time when Sir Basil Thomson was dictating letters to his secretary, a rather nervous young lady, not thoroughly hardened to the routine of a police headquarters. However, the caller was asked to seat himself in a chair, alongside that in which Sir Basil's secretary was sitting.

Nothing happened for a minute or two. Sir Basil continued to dictate, and the young lady as indus-

triously continued to take it all down. In a brief pause the lady chanced to look round. "Good gracious," she shrieked, "what is that?"

There was good reason for her astonishment. Sitting next her was a man with a perfectly blue face and a vivid red moustache, looking, if anything, rather abashed. "Oh, it's all right, Miss," answered the object of the lady's astonishment. "I'm always like this."

As the subsequent conversation proved, it was "all right." The owner of the blue face had served in a Hussar regiment in the early days of the war, and had contracted a disease which had literally turned his skin quite blue. Discharged from the army and finding no one anxious to employ him, he had taken to exhibiting himself at cheap shows around the country. Sighing for fresh worlds to conquer, the idea had come to him to offer himself to the great home of the freak, America. So, after thanking him for calling, we allowed the "Blue Man" to depart, telling him that if he could get some enterprising American showman to take him up we had no objection to his leaving the country.

CHAPTER XI

The astonishing case of Mdlle. Eva de Bournonville—Indian revolutionary plots—Miss Brunner and her sister—Mrs. Gertrud Evelin, the German postwoman—Baron Louis von Horst and Lilian Scott Troy.

IF I were narrating a purely fictitious account of the German spy system as we knew it in this country, it would be possible to weave into the story many beautiful women who spied for the love of adventure, with tales of madly-infatuated naval and military officers saved from betraying their country by one of those dramatic surprises only possible on the boards of a theatre. Unfortunately, the Germans did not appear to place much reliance on female spies, possibly owing to the fact that their espionage organization directed against England was controlled by a woman, known as the Frau Doctor Elizabeth.

Although during the course of the war we placed numberless women under detention for one cause or another, only three were actually brought to trial. One was Mrs. Lizzie Wertheim, whose case was connected with that of Breeckow; another was that of a Mrs. Smith, the wife of a naturalized British subject, who wrote to an address in Sweden her impressions of the *moral* of the nation in terms which would have such a depressing effect on the enemy that she received a very light sentence; the other—and most important of all—was Mdlle. Eva de Bournonville.

It is difficult to say whatever induced this woman

to become a German spy, except the want of money. A Swede, of French extraction, she had been exceedingly well educated, and spoke six or seven languages with ease. One could not help feeling sorry for her: her life had been a succession of ups and downs, a governess in one country, an actress in another, with occasional lapses into common clerical work and secretaryship. In the course of her travels through Europe she appears to have been employed at many Legations and Embassies, where doubtless her knowledge of languages readily ensured her obtaining employment. There is no doubt she had been gently born; her whole bearing forbade any suggestion of commonness.

There can be no question, however, that she came into the business with open eyes. Prior to leaving Bergen she seems to have carefully mapped out a plan of campaign which deserved to succeed, but for one thing—that of the problem of getting her information out of the country. The preliminary step was to write to a Scottish woman living in Dumbartonshire, whose acquaintance had been made on the occasion of a trip to Sweden. Mdlle. de Bournonville wrote that she was coming to England for the sake of her health, and would be pleased to see her old friend.

Mademoiselle duly came to England, or Scotland, to be precise, on September 22nd, 1915, and evoked no suspicion with the Swedish passport in her possession. Making her way to London, she put up at a cheap hotel in Bloomsbury, and while there wrote to her friend in Dumbartonshire, saying that she had arrived, and that, after a good rest, intended to try and obtain light employment. She suggested that she might assist us by entering the Postal Censorship, and asked

that her acquaintance should recommend her to a few people in London.

No thought would appear to have entered the head of the lady in Scotland that Mdlle. de Bournonville was other than that which she represented herself to be. She readily gave her the names of some friends in Hackney Downs, and told her to call upon them. Some few days later Mademoiselle did pay a visit to Hackney Downs, but the people were out, so Mademoiselle left a card, with her address as care of the Danish Legation, Pont Street, W. That alone would allay any suspicion, so what more natural than that she should be invited to call on the people living in the little suburban villa in the north-east of London. She was without any friends in London, and was only too thankful to break the monotony of life in a Bloomsbury hotel. The head of the family was only a commercial traveller, it is true, but he would serve the purpose of being someone to whom she could refer when she applied for employment in the Censorship.

But the Swedish lady, with the refined appearance, does not seem to have been too cordially regarded in the little house at Hackney. After her preliminary visit she was given a half-hearted invitation to call again. Most people would have accepted the offer at its true value; not so Mdlle. de Bournonville. An Englishman's reference was essential to her. So she called several times after, and went out walking with the family.

Zeppelin raids were plentiful enough in those days, and Mademoiselle excited not a little suspicion in the breast of the commercial traveller by the questions she asked concerning the anti-aircraft defences.

"Where is the nearest gun?" she asked one Sunday. "Can I go and see it?"

"No, I am afraid you can't," was the reply; "nobody is permitted to go near it."

There was no appeasing the lady's curiosity, however. She wanted to know how many such guns there were in London, where they were situated, what was their calibre, and what elevation they could attain. Once, when taken to Finsbury Park with the family, she said: "Oh! so this is Finsbury Park. Where are the Zeppelin guns situated here!"

It all made the respectable commercial traveller very uncomfortable, and when they parted from Mdlle. de Bournonville that night nothing was said concerning her coming to see them again. It is certain that nobody entertained the idea that Mademoiselle was a German spy. Had she not been recommended to them by a very good friend? During one of her numerous calls she told the commercial traveller that she was trying to enter the Postal Censorship, and asked if she might give his name in case of inquiries. Here the wife intervened.

"Oh! I don't think we could do that, Mademoiselle," she said. "You see, they are most particular, and if anything went wrong we should get into serious trouble."

Clearly, the little house in Hackney Downs was a waste of time, and Mademoiselle did not persevere in the face of the openly-expressed discomfort of her unwilling hosts. "The Germans know everything that goes on here; you cannot hide anything from them," she once told them. Perhaps the phlegmatic English family wondered how it was Mademoiselle

knew so much about Germany, but they said nothing, as is the English way.

She had already applied to be taken into the Postal Censorship, and, when interviewed by the lady who engaged the female staff, told a circumstantial story of her father having been a General in the Danish Army. Her grandfather, so she alleged, had been music teacher many years ago to Queen Alexandra, while at the present time an aunt was engaged in the same capacity with the Danish Royal Family. She accounted for the Danish connections by saying that, although her family was Swedish, practically all their lives were spent in Denmark. The story did not sound particularly convincing, and although Mademoiselle's linguistic accomplishments were *sans reproche*, it was decided not to employ her. She could not produce English references worth anything, and the censorship was too important to permit of unknown foreign women being allowed to touch correspondence.

During all these weeks Mademoiselle had been moving about considerably. She had left Bloomsbury after a few days' stay, and gone to live in lodgings in South Kensington. From there she migrated to a Ladies' Club in the West End, where in conversation with a girl who acted as clerk the talk one day turned on spies.

"Why," said Mademoiselle, "for all you know I might be a German spy."

"Yes," the girl laughed.

Apparently to soothe any lingering suspicion which might have been aroused by her remark, Mademoiselle added: "But if I were a spy, should I have references from the Danish Legation and such?"

"I am sure I don't know," was the reply. If I

were a spy I should want references that would take me to Heaven."

Prophetic words, and they appear to have struck a responsive chord in the breast of the Swedish woman, for she said eagerly: "If you think like that, why do you not become a spy?"

But the girl laughed again, and Mademoiselle did not pursue the matter further.

It was a fact, surprising as it may seem, that Mdlle. de Bournonville had some sort of connection with the Danish Legation. Money was transmitted to her through the Legation, as is often done with travelling foreigners with no particular address. There was certainly no reason to suspect the lady. She was of good address, and her family was quite well known in Denmark. What the Legation did not know was that the money received for her was payment for acting as a German spy. About the time of the conversation recorded Mademoiselle appears to have run short of money; she borrowed ten shillings from the girl clerk, with a promise of repayment when her remittance should arrive from the Danish Legation.

After leaving the Ladies' Club, Mademoiselle returned to Bloomsbury, where she put up at a private hotel in Upper Bedford Place, much frequented by Army officers on leave. There she cultivated the acquaintance of young subalterns, and induced them to take her out for walks. Always did the conversation turn to matters military.

"Where are Wellington Barracks?" she would ask. "How many troops are stationed there? How many troops are there at Tidworth?"

But even the most callow of second lieutenants could not help feeling that this was dangerous talk,

and the information Mademoiselle obtained was very slight. What little she did get, however, was being transmitted to an address in Sweden, although, actually speaking, it never got past the Counter-Espionage section.

For some weeks previous Mdlle. de Bournonville had been known to be a dangerous German spy. All her correspondence, addressed to a suspect, had been opened, and many of the letters found to contain messages written in invisible ink. The authorities had forborne to arrest her in order that the chain of evidence might be complete.

On November 15th, 1915, the time was adjudged ripe to put an end to her activities. For that purpose two Scotland Yard detectives proceeded to the hotel in Upper Bedford Place and asked for Mdlle. Eva de Bournonville. They were conducted to her room, where the officer in charge said:

"I have instructions to detain you on a charge of espionage."

"Me?" answered the spy, with blanched face. "Why, I am a Swede, born in Denmark. I came here little more than a month ago."

"Nevertheless, you must come with me," said the detective. "Put your things on at once, please."

"What did you say I am charged with?" asked the woman curiously, as she pinned on her hat.

"You are charged with being a German spy," was the reply.

"I see. Who is accusing me of spying?"

"That I cannot tell you," was the answer.

As she was going out of the room she again said to the detective: "What did you say I am charged

with ? " And when told espionage said : " I do not see what news I could get."

However, there was a different story to be told at Scotland Yard the following day. A night in the cells at a police station appears to have rapidly evaporated whatever courage the unfortunate woman may have possessed. When taken across for interrogation she attempted to bluff, until such time as her letters to Sweden, with the invisible ink developed, were produced. " How did you find out ? " she asked Sir Basil Thomson.

When informed that she had been communicating with an address known to be used by the German Secret Service, she suddenly asked that she might speak to Sir Basil alone. So the room was cleared.

" It seems funny to you," she said, " but I really want to work for you, and not for the Germans. I like the Belgians very much and also the English people, but I am not at all fond of the Germans. I hate the Germans, and have not forgotten '64" (the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein). " I thought I would try and make the Germans believe I was working for them and then offer my services. I wanted a little adventure, and I thought it would be all right."

It was not the first time Sir Basil Thomson had heard such a story, so he smiled in non-committal fashion and said we would see about that. Mademoiselle made no objection to giving particulars of the entire conspiracy which resulted in her coming to England. Apparently the German Military Attaché in Sweden, in conjunction with an agent of the Secret Service, had induced the wretched woman to imperil her life, the remuneration being thirty pounds a month. Actually, a cheque for this amount was found in her

possession at the time she was arrested. She asked that she might keep it. "I don't see why I should not have it," she said, but the detective was adamant. "We will look after it for you," he said. "If you are innocent you will get it back."

The accused woman was tried by Mr. Justice Darling at the Old Bailey on January 12th, 1916, and although, in view of her confession, there was practically no defence, counsel was briefed for the defence. She was found guilty and sentenced to death by hanging. Following our principle of not exacting the supreme penalty from a woman, the sentence was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life. She was sent to Aylesbury Convict Prison, where for company she found Mrs. Wertheim, undergoing ten years' imprisonment. It is interesting to note that some months afterwards an application on her behalf was put forward to permit of her talking with Mrs. Wertheim occasionally, and this was granted.

One of the most pathetic circumstances of this sad case of corruption was the letter written by de Bournonville asking, in excellent English, that part of her extensive wardrobe, together with some articles of manicure, might be sent to her in prison. The letter concluded:

"Please kindly hang up my evening dresses and cover them well."

It will be many a long day before Eva de Bournonville wears an evening dress again.

The *affaire de Bournonville* revealed one very interesting phase of the enemy's intelligence methods. Among the addresses to which she was writing was

that of an alleged Belgian officer, who she said was a prisoner in Germany. But in the Belgian Army List this officer's name was not to be found, and the Belgian War Office did not know of him. The conclusion we arrived at was that it was another ingenious way of getting messages through in invisible ink, for who would think of applying a chemical test to a letter addressed to a prisoner of war?

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If the Germans did not actually employ many women as spies in this country, they appeared to have little or no compunction in utilizing them for other tasks of a nature almost as dangerous.

Towards the end of 1915 information came into our possession that a great plot to create a revolution in India was being fomented in Switzerland by German agents, acting in conjunction with a party of Indians, prominent among whom was a native known as Sagar Chand. It is not possible to go into full details of this dangerous conspiracy, although there is no harm in mentioning that arrangements had been made to purchase 170,000 rifles in the United States and have them shipped to the Dutch East Indies, from where they would gradually be transhipped to different ports of India.

Forewarned is forearmed. We were able to obtain particulars of people in England who were involved, and arrested them all, placing them out of harm's way for the duration of the war. Inculpated in the affair was a Swiss woman, Meta Brunner, living in London, and known by us to be in communication with many of the Indians and Germans who were engineering the

revolution. Miss Brunner was placed under arrest and after being interrogated, was sent to Aylesbury Convict Prison for the duration of the war; she was much too dangerous a person to be allowed any semblance of liberty.

That was only the beginning of our troubles. News of her detention had, of course, been sent to her family in Switzerland, and they appear to have been influential enough to induce the Swiss Government to take up the case. That did not bring about Miss Brunner's release, however, and shortly afterwards the family sent us another emissary in the form of Sister Mary. Had we suspected this young lady's mission, it is certain we should never have permitted her to land. But she came to London all right, and began a bombardment of every official who might be persuaded to take up the case of Sister Meta. The Swiss Minister and Consuls, our own Home Secretary and the Assistant Commissioner of Police were all inundated with letters alleging that the imprisoned girl had done nothing to justify her detention in gaol. Mary Brunner was permitted to see her sister in prison, but, beyond sharply upbraiding her for getting into such trouble, and promising that she would continue worrying the officials, she could tell her sister nothing of great comfort.

Sister Mary more than justified her intention of pestering the life out of people responsible for Meta's incarceration, so much so that in one interview with the Assistant Commissioner of Police she was told that one fact appeared not to have been comprehended by her, namely, that we had a perfect right to get rid of anyone with whom we were not satisfied. That nonplussed the lady temporarily, but she returned to

the attack later, and made such a nuisance of herself that we informed her that she would be deported unless her persistent and vain applications immediately ceased. "But where shall I go?" asked Sister Mary. "I have come to London to study dramatic art." We told her that we did not mind where she went, so long as she went out of England.

Deportation was eventually arranged, but at the last moment more sober counsels were brought to bear on the lady, and, in return for a humble promise not to interfere further, Sister Mary was permitted to remain. A bargain was struck. She was to keep Scotland Yard notified of any change of address, and as a *quid pro quo* was to be allowed to visit her sister at Aylesbury occasionally. And that was the end of the matter. Meta Brunner remained in prison until the end of the war, and was then deported to Switzerland, with instructions not to show her face in England again.

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The Germans utilized all kinds of women for their nefarious work. Our exceedingly effective postal and cable censorship (the latter described by the Great General Staff in Berlin as "devilish") had from the early days of the war reduced the Hun to any method which would enable him to get messages to and from America.

In April, 1916, we came across a new one—the postwoman. The lady, who was travelling with her child, proved to be a Mrs. Gertrude Evelin, the wife of a respectable tradesman in California, who was greatly distressed when the news of his wife's complicity in German plots was communicated to him.

Mrs. Evelin's connection with the enemy was both instructive and interesting. A German-born woman, she had been employed in the San Francisco offices of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Company, and appears to have been tempted by the promise of liberal remuneration to carry messages to Germany. Her story that she was coming home to the Fatherland for a holiday was too weak altogether, for, owing to an intercepted wireless message, we learnt that her passage money was being paid by the Hamburg-Amerika Company. Furthermore, the lady was destitute, and when we suggested that people never undertook holiday trips to Europe without a little money in their pockets she replied: "Oh! but I shall have thirty pounds waiting for me when I arrive at Hamburg." "Yes," we said, "we know that; you are getting the usual thirty pounds a month which the Germans pay to their spies. We are afraid you are making a mistake that is very common in this room: that of imagining that we have told you everything we know."

There being no question that Mrs. Evelin was exceedingly dangerous, she was placed in Aylesbury Prison for the remainder of the war. Her boy child was boarded out at the expense of the Government, but not long afterwards the mother grew so troublesome at being parted from him that the authorities consented to his being sent to Aylesbury to live, where she was permitted to see him two or three times a week. Mrs. Evelin wrote many hysterical letters while in prison, the general trend of which was: "I am going to commit suicide if you detain me any longer." However, we persuaded the lady not to adopt such extreme measures, and kept her safely until April 11th,

1919, when she was repatriated to America, with the parting intimation that the less we saw of her in the future the better we would like her.

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There was an impression common in this country all through the war that the enemy received much valuable assistance from wealthy Germans who had become naturalized here, and were acting as master spies. We never found proof to justify such a contention. The average Hun, who, above everything else, values the creature comforts of life, was too wily to trouble about the Fatherland; he may have been approached to render assistance to his country's Secret Service, but it is safe to say that he would have nothing to do with such dangerous matters. Probably the only authenticated instance of a naturalized British subject helping one of his original countrymen was that of Philip de Laszlo, who was called upon by one Arped Horn, an escaped Austrian officer. Horn, who had got away from Donington Hall, came to London and saw de Laszlo, who gave him the modest sum of one pound, possibly with the idea of getting rid of him.

But there was one German living in England on the outbreak of war who, if he could, would undoubtedly have been a master spy. He was the Baron Louis von Horst, a Prussian of the Prussians. A stout, red-faced individual, with bull neck and bald head, rotund paunch, and generally exuding a love of the good things of life, the Baron was hail-fellow-well-met with everyone—particularly those likely to be of use to him. There would appear to be little doubt that he resided in England for the purpose of preparing

the way for the German dream of conquering the United Kingdom; all his actions fitted in with that supposition. However, it was found impossible to catch him doing anything which would enable us to place him on trial and have him punished according to his misdeeds.

Von Horst—the prefix was of his own adoption—was the son of a small draper in Prussia. In his earlier years, like so many young Germans, he emigrated to America, where he acquired a thorough acquaintance with the brewing business. Exactly when he placed himself at the disposal of the German Secret Service he would never tell, but it must have been during one of his frequent visits to his native land. He married the daughter of the American Vice-Consul at Coburg, but the marriage does not appear to have turned out happily. It was during one of the Coburg trips that he was created a Baron, although the nature of the service he rendered his country remains to this day a mystery. Probably it was for Secret Service work done in America.

About 1908 von Horst came into prominence through an attempt to dump Californian hops into England on a large scale. At that time he was the ostensible proprietor of a business connected with the sale of hops, having offices in Bermondsey and the City. He certainly spent a great deal more money than seemed warranted by the size of his business, and took part in many public affairs which were no concern of his.

We began to have our suspicion that the Baron von Horst was not the good fellow he would have everybody believe about the year 1912, when he was found to be constantly in the company of a notorious female agitator named Lilian Scott Troy. Miss Troy, who was

a strident-voiced, rather handsome American woman, had been living in England for a few years, earning some sort of living as a journalist, although it is certain that she never got enough out of it to justify the lavish expenditure of money which she indulged in. During the big dock strike of that year Miss Troy was found to be supplying the strikers' wives with large sums of money, posing as an apostle of labour, who was only anxious that the men should fight the battle to the bitter end. This money, it was ascertained, was being supplied by von Horst, but there was no law against assisting strikers' families, and therefore we could not touch him.

A few months afterwards society was more or less convulsed by the frenzied behaviour of women who were showing their fitness for the parliamentary franchise by burning down houses, breaking windows and starving themselves in prison. Again the hand of von Horst showed itself; he was always available for the purpose of bailing out a suffragette. In the mind of the Baron there was always the possibility that such women would go and commit some really serious damage.

It was the threatened Ulster rebellion in the summer of 1914 which gave the precious pair the opportunity they were longing for. Immediately the famous landing of arms took place in Ulster, von Horst and Miss Troy went to the south of Ireland, where, it was obvious, any organized resistance to the operations of Sir Edward Carson's volunteers was certain to have its genesis. The publicly-announced purpose of their trip was that of selecting a site for the growing of hops! And in Ireland, of all places in the world! However, the couple made no secret of anything:

Miss Troy, posing as a wealthy Californian woman, said she had also come to see Castle Troy, the home of her ancestors, which she was about to acquire. Her story went that her progenitors had been evicted from the castle nearly a hundred years ago, and now she, the last of her line, had returned with a fortune to buy back the ancestral mansion. It was quite a touching little incident, and made much appeal to the romantic Irish. Baron von Horst was at that time posing as her secretary.

On the occasion of that visit von Horst presented a Mauser rifle to some local volunteers at a small village called Ballysimon, and made a fiery speech in which, with guttural eloquence, he trusted that they would make good use of it in the coming fight for freedom. That was not the only time the Baron had been mixed up in a small arms transaction. Only two months previous to the war he called on a London dealer and asked for prices of Mausers in lots of twenty and fifty, adding that he wanted them, together with bayonets, for the purpose of drilling volunteers in Ireland.

But the impudence of this Prussian baron only came to be fully revealed on the outbreak of the war. Early in September, 1914, he and Miss Troy had the ineffable impertinence to call at the Home Office and suggest that they should be entrusted with the formation of a society to assist distressed Germans in this country, and, furthermore, that they should be permitted to make a public appeal for funds. That was the last straw to break the camel's back. Instead of giving the Baron any such authority it was decided to interrogate him as to his record during the past few years. And what a change it produced! Gone was the blustering joviality, gone the wonderful conceit of himself.

Cringingly and apologetically did he seek to justify his actions, protesting that all his interests were centred in England's welfare, and that he was anxious only for the public good. But we put our own version on his doings. The Baron, red in the face with indignation, went into an internment camp, where he greatly exasperated his less fortunate countrymen by the truculence of his manners. From time to time he made frantic efforts to obtain release on the grounds of health, interspersed with many visits from Miss Troy, who also interviewed every possible official on his behalf. The lady even sent the commandant of the internment camp a present of a case of champagne, and when it was returned to her with a sharp note her fury knew no bounds. She forced her presence upon anyone likely to have any influence in the matter, and to every one of these persons made the wildest charges of corruption against all and sundry, from the commandant of the camp up to the Assistant Commissioner of Police. But it did not obtain the fat Baron's release; rather did it have the opposite effect.

Prior to his internment von Horst, in conjunction with Miss Troy, had purchased the "Orpheum" Kinema at Croydon, which became notorious as a meeting-place for would-be revolutionaries and disgruntled policemen. Proceedings were taken with the purpose of closing down the place, as being the property of an enemy subject, and while the litigation was going on the armistice came. Von Horst was deported to Germany, and left in an atmosphere of what could hardly be called goodwill.

Shortly afterwards the affairs of the Croydon picture theatre were terminated, and Miss Troy was bundled out of the country whose hospitality she had abused

so shamefully. Her trip across the Atlantic was but the calm before the storm. No sooner had she arrived in America than she deluged every newspaper in New York with an account of her wrongs, the corruption of British officialdom, the American nationality of von Horst, her own shameful treatment, and Heaven knows what else. The wrongs of Ireland she exploited to the full, to the great delight of the Sinn Fein element in the country, and when she had exhausted even the patience of the pro-German Press in New York she departed in a blaze of glory for California, where presumably the Baron had arranged for her to live on one of his hop-growing estates.

It is doubtful whether von Horst could ever have been convicted of espionage. Not long after his return to Germany we received accounts of his boasting in the Press what useful work he might have accomplished for the Fatherland had we allowed him to remain at liberty for a few months longer, so it would seem that he never had any actual connection with the German spy organization. Had he done so it is safe to say that he would not now be in Germany.

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The wild stories of international financiers of German origin being the bankers of the German spy system in this country never had any substance in fact; these people were only too ready to denounce any attempt to make them the tool of a Secret Service. Rather did they go to the other extreme, by open condemnation of German atrocities and by liberal subscription to war funds seek to divert the open suspicion and frequent public demand that they should be placed in confinement for the duration of the war.

CHAPTER XII

The spy who sought sanctuary—Adolfo Guerrero, a spy unable to speak English, and Raymonde Amondarain—a Danish suspect—Axel Grebst

THE total indifference which the German Government displayed towards the rights of non-belligerent nations makes it extremely difficult for me to piece together anything like a clear idea of the organization of their Secret Service.

From the commencement of the war enemy agents of almost every nationality had come our way. The exceptions had been Norwegians, Danes and Spaniards. In the case of the first two the explanation was simple enough; both Norway and Denmark were sympathetic to our cause and gave but short shrift to any German spy system which might be established in any of their cities. But from almost every other quarter of the Western Hemisphere neutrals had come to England for purposes of espionage, and it was a matter of the greatest trouble to form anything approaching an intelligent perception of what the German methods actually were.

There was a tremendous organization in America, and from time to time we experienced specimens of their work. Closely in touch with America was a gang of spies in Holland and Belgium. It was in the latter country, Antwerp, to be exact, where most of the espionage in Western Europe was engineered, but

Rotterdam, being a neutral port, and maintaining sea-borne traffic, was the place from which spies travelled to and fro. In a minor degree The Hague and Amsterdam were also utilized, but it was Rotterdam where the German agents received their final instructions. And almost invariably it was Rotterdam which paid them.

I have already mentioned that Barcelona, in Spain, was a flourishing centre for German espionage in France, although up to the end of 1915 the enemy had not attempted to send anyone from there to England. We had, of course, captured Matahari on board a steamer bound from Holland to Spain, and later we caught Conrad Leyter, on his way to Spain via Buenos Aires.

In the early part of January, 1916, information was sent to us that on board the S.S. *Gelria*, bound from Holland to Spain, was a suspected German spy. The Boarding Officer accordingly made a minute inspection of the passengers, and as a result brought ashore to Ramsgate a little Spaniard who called himself Carlos Kuhn de la Escosura.

Mightily indignant, Escosura protested that he knew nothing whatever of the German Secret Service; he alleged that he was a traveller in films, a story which he backed up by producing a few reels of the maudlin love dramas so popular on the Continent. On investigation these proved to be quite innocent of hidden communications, so we next asked Escosura how he could account for the possession of his passport, which was fraudulent. That rather stumped the dark-haired Spaniard, and he pitched us a wonderful story of how he had gone to the German Consulate in Rotterdam, presided over by our old acquaintance Gneist, to get a passport, to enable him to travel in Germany

to buy films. But outside the Consulate he came across a man who was selling passports, all ready to embark with. Thinking to save himself trouble, he struck a bargain with this enterprising merchant, and left Rotterdam, ignorant of having contravened any regulation!

It was a terribly weak story, and we suggested that if, for a change, he would tell us the truth it might be better for him. Escosura stuck to his guns, probably for want of something better, so we put him in prison and sent an officer to Spain to make some inquiries.

A month elapsed before anything definite could be established, but it was enough to destroy the possibility of Escosura seeing Spain for some little time. We learnt that the real name of the suspected man was Carlos Kuhn, that he was a Spaniard of German origin, born in 1887, and that beyond all doubt he was connected with the enemy's Secret Service. He had been in Germany on the outbreak of war, and had apparently made another trip for the purpose of receiving fresh instructions. The fact that he had not voluntarily landed in this country precluded our bringing him to trial; we could only make an order for his internment.

But that was not the last we were to hear of Carlos Kuhn. On November 3rd, 1917, he escaped from Reading Gaol and made his way to London. The following day Scotland Yard was astounded to receive a message from the Spanish Embassy, stating that Kuhn had arrived there, and as a Spanish subject claimed sanctuary. The situation was a ticklish one, full of international complications, especially in view of the fact that there was no known precedent for dealing with it. However, the full truth of the case was put before the

Spanish Ambassador, who thereupon handed Kuhn over to us, to finish the remainder of the war in a camp where escape was a little more difficult.

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From the time of the arrest of Eva de Bournonville it was becoming increasingly evident to our counter-espionage authorities that the Germans were finding it exceedingly difficult to send any spies to England who possessed the remotest chance of remaining long enough to enable them to forward any information of value. The activities of our spy-catchers during 1915 had been so remarkable that for some two or three months the enemy seems to have been at his wit's end to obtain somebody who would not arouse suspicion immediately. Finally, he made a choice which even to this day appears inexplicable.

In February, 1916, we learnt, no matter how, that a German spy, named Adolfo Guerrero, was on his way to England. The port authorities were duly warned, and Guerrero was permitted to land, all unsuspecting that from the time of his arrival his movements and correspondence were under strict surveillance. According to his papers, he was a Spanish journalist, thirty years of age, representing the well-known Madrid newspaper *Libral*. But, most astounding of all, he could not speak a word of English! Never has a spy embarked upon a hazardous mission with such a disadvantage; probably the German Secret Service imagined that, owing to his inability to speak our language, he would never be suspected.

Guerrero made his way to London and stayed at a hotel near Piccadilly Circus, a favourite of cosmopolitan

London. Like so many German spies, he possessed a lady love, a professional dancer named Raymonde Amondarain, otherwise known as Aurora de Bilbao and Le Sultano. Apparently it had been impossible to bring her to London, owing to the difficulties of obtaining a passport. But once here Guerrero devoted himself to finding someone who would be willing to pretend that if Raymonde Amondarain only came to London there was a situation awaiting her. He succeeded; a Spanish merchant near Fenchurch Street wrote a letter to the dancer, then staying in Paris, telling her that he had a clerical position in his office open to her, would she please come to London at once? It never seemed to strike these people that the offer of a clerkship to a professional dancer with expensive habits was in any way incongruous.

Be that as it may, Raymonde Amondarain succeeded in persuading the French authorities to grant her a passport. But in the meantime we had ascertained with certainty that Guerrero was in England for purposes of espionage, and when Amondarain stated on arrival that she had come to join her future husband, Señor Guerrero, it was thought advisable to detain her and take her to Scotland Yard for interrogation. Her examination proved that the particulars on her passport did not tally with her own statements, and after she had been put through a *questionnaire* she was placed in custody.

Guerrero was probably quite unaware of the arrest of his inamorata. For some few days longer he was allowed to remain at large, while the case against him was being thoroughly substantiated, and when that had been done instructions were sent to Scotland Yard to place him under arrest. This took place on Feb-

ruary 18th, at an address in Whitfield Street, off Tottenham Court Road. Guerrero, who was found in bed, was a good-looking young man of smart appearance, and burst into a flood of voluble Spanish which the interpreter present, who told him the nature of the charge, could hardly follow, except to glean the fact that he, Guerrero, was a genuine journalist and had come to England to write articles for two Madrid newspapers.

The subsequent examination of Guerrero and the dancer revealed a drama of absorbing interest. Amondarain grew hysterical in defence of her lover, and shouted at her interrogators in strident voice: "You suspect him of being a spy. You ought to be careful of what you say. There are people in Spain who will make you pay heavily for your presumption." Being case-hardened to ladies of the Amondarain type, we merely continued our questions.

"Do you know any Germans?" we asked; by way of reply the lady related in great detail, to show how she detested the Germans, that once in Genoa she had been present at a dinner which included a few Germans. According to the dancer's story, one of these Germans became drunk and spilt champagne over her dress, whereupon she retaliated by throwing her glass at him. Thereupon the proprietor intervened and threw the entire party out on the pavement. It was an interesting enough sidelight on Amondarain's character, but hardly an answer to an accusation of espionage, and we told her so. Thereupon she told us in passionate voice how for years she had wanted to marry Guerrero, and how always something had cropped up to prevent it. But we replied that even marriage was no excuse for false passports, and that by consorting with a

German spy she was rendering herself liable to the heaviest penalty in the land. So, weeping bitterly, the pretty dancer was taken back to the cells, and we proceeded to the interrogation of the spy himself.

For quite a long time Guerrero showed himself an apt disciple of Ananias. He spun a circumstantial story of how he was connected with the Spanish aristocracy, of the fortune left him by his father, the squandering of it, and his recourse to journalism as a means of livelihood. "But," we asked, "how is it that you, not understanding the English language, are sent here to write articles? Surely such a prominent paper as the *Libral* does not employ foreign correspondents unable to speak the tongue of the country they are sent to?" Guerrero doggedly persisted in his contention that he had been sent here by two Spanish newspapers to write articles on England during time of war. "How much were you to be paid for the articles?" was our next question. "Three pounds for each article," was the reply. "And how many have you written in the sixteen days you have been here?" "Two," said Guerro. "And do you suggest that you can keep yourself and your mistress on three pounds a week?" There was no answer to that.

Turning to the question of his identity papers, we asked Guerrero to explain the palpable alterations on his passport, especially that of the signature of the editor of the *Libral*. Another long story of lies, which we listened to in patience, and then informed him of the charge of being a German spy. "I," replied Guerrero, through the interpreter present; "that is ridiculous. How could I be a spy when I do not understand any English? What information could

I send? As a matter of fact, I am devoted to the cause of the Allies."

There was no doubt, however, as the subsequent inquiries revealed, that Guerrero was a German spy, and, furthermore, possessed a reputation which did not assist in the removal of our suspicions. The case proved exceedingly troublesome, for it was necessary that Scotland Yard officers should travel to Spain to find out definitely who Guerrero was. He was, indeed, a scion of the Spanish nobility, but had fallen into dissolute habits and so become an easy victim to the wiles of the many German agents then living in Spain. As was only to be expected, the editor of the *Libral* knew nothing whatever of him, had never heard his name, and laughed at the suggestion of his sending to England a correspondent unable to speak the language.

The great difficulties surrounding the case, and the necessity for all the documents being in both Spanish and English, naturally caused a good deal of delay in bringing the accused man to trial, and it was not until July 13th–14th, 1916, that he appeared at the Old Bailey to answer the charge of being a spy. Prior to this taking place, the authorities had come to the conclusion that Raymonde Amondarain had not been aware that Guerrero was a German agent, and that no purpose would be served by making her a party to the indictment. She was kept in custody, however, to await the result of the trial, and then to be deported to her native country, Spain.

Guerrero's trial was of an exhaustive nature, but although his cause was pleaded with great eloquence, and evidence, in the form of a letter written to Spain, saying, "I like the English expansive and frank-

character," put in to prove his sympathies with us, the court found him guilty and sentenced him to death by shooting.

The hypocrisy of the whole affair became evident a few days afterwards, when he wrote from his prison cell to the effect that if his life were spared he was prepared to give us information within his knowledge which would enable us to catch all the German spies in the country, and thus alter the whole course of the war. But even in his subsequent confession he found it impossible to speak the truth. He told us that his name in the German Secret Service was Victor Guantas, and that he was known as "154," also that he was the 154th German spy to come from Spain to England! With great pathos he narrated the story of his corruption by a German agent in Barcelona, the grief his aristocratic friends would suffer if he were executed, and so on *ad infinitum*. His mission in England, he said, was to proceed to places like Glasgow and Falmouth, from which, by means of a code, he was to forward particulars of merchantmen suitable for destruction by submarines. For this pleasant task he was to receive fifty pounds a week and a commission on all ships sunk as a result of his information.

It is beyond dispute that Adolfo Guerrero richly deserved to pay the supreme penalty, despite his offer to assist us. But apparently his influential friends in Spain had been hard at work pleading for his life; representations were received from the highest quarters that the sparing of the spy's life would be regarded in Spanish Court circles with the greatest gratitude. After deep consideration our authorities decided to reprieve the condemned man,

and in place of the death penalty substituted a sentence of ten years' penal servitude. Guerrero did not appear to regard his escape from an ignominious end with much thankfulness; his volatile Latin temperament languished in the cold and dreary routine of a convict prison. Often did he express the wish that his friends had never troubled about him, and let him go to his death.

After his conviction Guerrero was permitted to have a final interview with Raymonde Amondarain. When this took place he told the woman to try and obtain permission for them to be married before she was sent out of England. Application to this effect was subsequently made to our Foreign Office, but we saw no reason for granting it, and in September, 1916, Amondarain was deported to Spain, with instructions that henceforth England was forbidden to her.

One of the curious features about the Guerrero case was the fact that in the possession of the spy was found a letter telling him to call at a certain number in Stockwell Road, Brixton. This was the same house where Courtenay de Rysbach, whom I have previously mentioned, was arrested in 1915. It is interesting as revealing the circulation of addresses amongst the different members of the German Secret Service.

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It says a great deal for the carefulness displayed by our counter-espionage officials that, of all the suspected spies who were brought to trial, only one was found to be not guilty. This was the case of Johann Christian Zahle Lassen, an elderly Dane.

To a certain extent it was always a wonder to us

that the German Secret Service did not attempt to make more profitable use of Denmark as a base for espionage operations in England. We were always on good terms with the Danes, and for a time, at any rate, the enemy might well have utilized Copenhagen as he did Rotterdam. However, being on most occasions an apostle of the obvious, the Hun stuck to Holland, and thereby rendered our task of countering his espionage much more simple.

In the case of a long war, when spies and counter-spies were travelling all over Europe, it was inevitable that sooner or later someone would be brought to trial for an offence which had not actually been committed, although in the instance of Lassen he himself frankly admitted that there was every reason for placing him under arrest.

Towards the end of 1915 Lassen aroused our suspicion by his movements around England. His ostensible source of livelihood was that of a commission agent in whisky and wine, but the amount of business he did hardly appeared to justify his presence here. There was additional ground for alarm as the towns he was known to have visited, Hull, Liverpool and Newcastle, were not places where a foreigner was welcome in those days. On the supposition that Lassen was an agent of the enemy's Secret Service, we placed him under arrest, and brought him to Scotland Yard to be interrogated.

Whatever he may have been, Lassen had certainly had an adventurous life. Coming of a well-known clerical family, he, like so many Danes, had taken to the sea as a means of living. This calling he followed with fair success; he managed to save a little money, and with it started a small tobacco plantation. That

failed to pay, and Lassen went a-roaming all over the world, to become in time clerk, salesman, kinema proprietor, wine and spirit merchant, and a dozen other trades. According to the story he told, he had come to England to buy whisky in London for re-sale, taking the whisky back to Denmark and disposing of it there. We suggested to Lassen that the profit on the sale of five dozen whisky was hardly sufficient to meet the expense of his travelling to and fro, a fact which he did not deny. His version was that it was only a start, and that he expected to do much better in the future.

So we went on with our examination. "Do you know Count Ranzow, the German Ambassador in Copenhagen?" we inquired. Lassen grew rather flustered at this, and told us a lengthy story of how he had made the acquaintance of that individual. It seems that in Copenhagen one day he was introduced to a Danish prince, who in time presented him to his German wife. That lady, being keen in the interests of the Fatherland, and learning that Lassen had been travelling to England and back, suggested that the German Ambassador might be glad to have a talk with him. Lassen duly called on Count Ranzow, who said to him that when he went to England again he might try and ascertain what the *moral* of the people was like, and whether we were growing at all tired of the war.

So far as we could establish, the question of payment, which would have inculpated Lassen beyond recovery, was not mentioned at this interview. He duly came to England, bought what whisky he could, and on his return, according to his own statement, called again on Count Ranzow, and told him that

everything in England was going on much as usual, and that the determination to win the war was stronger than ever. "And what of our Zeppelin raids?" inquired the Ambassador. "Are the people greatly frightened?" "They are not," replied the Dane emphatically. "You annoy them greatly, that is all. For the slight material damage your airships do you anger them, so that they are resolved at all hazards to humble you in the dust."

That statement caused Count Ranzow to ponder a little. "Ah, well," he said at length; "next time we shall send a fleet of forty or fifty Zeppelins, and see if that will have any effect."

Lassen admitted having gone to Berlin and seen there a Dr. Katz. "Did you know that Dr. Katz belongs to the German Secret Service?" we asked. Lassen said that he did not; that his business with the Doctor was purely commercial. "I know I have the reputation in Copenhagen of being a *Deutschefreundlich*," the suspected man said; "but, all the same, I am not a German spy." However, it was all very dubious, and after consultation the authorities decided to place him on trial. This took place by court-martial at the Westminster Guildhall on January 26th–27th, 1916, and after a two-days hearing the accused man was acquitted. Subsequently he was repatriated to Denmark at the expense of the British Government, and told that if he had any idea of coming to this country again it would be wiser for him to forget it.

Just about the time that Lassen was being kept under surveillance the port authorities had grave reasons to suspect that naval intelligence was being conveyed to the Germans through the medium of fruit.

The plan was certainly a clever one, for who was to suspect that the skin of an apple or pear was being used to send messages concerning the whereabouts of our naval units.

It was known that Dutch steamers trading to Hull were being boarded by German agents, who tried to induce some of the more responsible members of the crew to land in England, and by means of certain marks on apples or pears to send information of our ships. The spy was to remain in England, and hand the marked fruit to a confederate, who would have no difficulty in escaping detection when the usual search was made.

So far as we could learn, the Germans had great difficulty in inducing anyone to undertake the work, although a Dutch mate named Van Z—— came under suspicion as being concerned in the plot. The career of this individual was quite brief. Thanks to the vigilance of a British wireless operator, we arrested Van Z—— in a suburb of Hull not long after he had landed. He was closely interrogated, but the evidence against him was so slight that we had to content ourselves with deporting him, notifying all our port officials that he was not to be permitted to return.

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The Boarding Officers who intercepted ships from South America occasionally made some useful finds. In October, 1916, we had cause to detain a Swede named Axel Harold Brebst, whose acquaintance we had long desired to make.

To outward appearances Brebst was a Swedish Consul in a South American State, but we knew him

better, thanks to the cable and postal censorship, as a very active German agent. Further, Axel was the brother of Willie Brebst, who was editing in Sweden a violently pro-German paper called *Vidi*.

Naturally enough, these facts rather prejudiced Axel's voluble explanations as to his *bona fides*, and when we proceeded to search his effects we had additional reason to be suspicious, for did they not contain a chart showing the boom defences and torpedo nets around the Scottish coast? Axel gave us a specious account of his purchase of the chart in New York, but he failed to satisfy us as to the markings, and when we also learnt that he was in close touch with the notorious diamond smuggler, Parsmar, we thought that he had better stay in England for the duration of the war. We gave him twenty-one days' imprisonment for having the chart in his possession, and, when that was finished, put him into an internment camp. From time to time Axel launched passionate petitions, begging to be deported, but we merely replied, " Nay."

CHAPTER XIII

The spy who dealt in films—Belgian spies—The cases of Pierer Rothheudt and Madame Albertine Stanaway—Getting on the track of the master spies in Holland.

THE gradual improvement which time had enabled us to effect in obtaining information abroad as to the activities and intentions of the German Secret Service was naturally bringing about a diminution in the number of German spies whom we were able to lay by the heels.

It should be remembered that in January, 1916, a new Directorate of Military Intelligence had been formed, and from that time onward there was a corresponding improvement in that portion of our Secret Service which kept in touch with enemy activities abroad. We were able to gather a mass of intelligence concerning the enemy's methods, together with particulars of the people he was employing, which very largely resulted in spies finding it impossible to land here at all. In all probability the Germans were rather disheartened at the regularity with which we captured their agents, and it was three or four months after Adolfo Guerrero had been caught before another spy of any importance came our way.

In the spring of 1916, we had a notification from Rotterdam that a Dutch Jew, calling himself Leopold Vieyra, was coming to England for the purpose of obtaining information as to the movements of troops, the production of munition factories, and the *moral*

of the British people generally. The source of such intelligence was not altogether above suspicion, but we could not afford to neglect the warning, and when Vieyra arrived from Flushing he was detained and taken to Scotland Yard for interrogation.

Vieyra proved to be a fluent-tongued little man, speaking English and Dutch equally well. He was not a stranger to this country by any means, for about seven years he had been a dealer in films under the name of Leo Pickard, and was well known in the kinema trade. At one time of his career he had managed a picture house in Finchley Road, N.W., leaving that when the person who owned the theatre disposed of it. From thence onward he appears to have picked up some sort of a living buying and selling films, both here and in Holland.

According to the particulars forwarded to us from the Netherlands, a well-known German agent had given Vieyra, three days before he left, 2,500 florins and expenses for one month at fifty shillings a day. Furthermore, another 2,500 florins had been deposited in a Dutch bank against Vieyra's return in two months' time. This was in May, 1916.

Before the information had come into our possession Vieyra had been sternly told that he would not be permitted to travel to and from Holland without hindrance; it would be necessary for him to remain in one country or the other until the war was over. Vieyra replied that all his business interests were here, and that he would prefer to stay in London.

He appears to have been a ubiquitous type of scoundrel, for he had two mistresses, one in Amsterdam, the other in London, and both blissfully unaware of the other's existence.

Ever since we had received news that he was suspect a check had been kept on his correspondence, with the result that he was found to be communicating with his Dutch mistress, and also with somebody named Blom. About the middle of July we noticed that in his letters to the woman he mentioned that he was trying to get back to Holland. This confirmed our original information that he was to return in two months and claim his money. Blom's letters to the little Jew were equally curious. "If you cannot do anything in London, try the provinces," he said. In another, "Blom" evinced the greatest interest as to what Vieyra had bought outside London.

The suspicion that the Dutch film dealer was a German spy had become almost a certainty in our minds, but to make certain, inquiries were instituted in Amsterdam. Much as was expected, the address to which Vieyra was writing to Blom was that of someone connected with the German Secret Service. In fact, there was no Mynheer Blom living there at all. A woman answered our call, and on being pressed, informed us that she was Mrs. Simon Dikker, but that her maiden name was Sophia Blom. Her husband, it may be said, was the brother of a well-known German agent, whom we had come across in the case of a convicted spy named Griete. When asked who "S. Blom" was Mrs. Dikker replied: "He is my cousin, and he has an export and import business, and is very seldom at home. He travels to Belgium and to Flushing, and I believe he is a friend of Leopold Vieyra."

That was all the lady would tell us; she shut the door, saying she knew nothing further of the person who bore her own maiden name. We therefore had

little or no hesitation in concluding that Mrs. Dikker's address was nothing but a post-box, and that the correspondence to England was probably the work of Simon Dikker or his brother.

While this was going on, Vieyra in England was anxiously trying to get back to his native Holland. More than a suspicion was gathering in his mind that he was being closely watched, and people in the film trade were beginning to look at him askance. On July 21st, despite the notification he had received that he could not have another passport, he made application to the Permit Office to return to Holland. This was referred to the counter-espionage authorities and refused, as a matter of course.

Another month elapsed, during which time all his correspondence was intercepted in the hope of incriminating him still further. On August 24th the authorities decided to arrest him, and for that purpose detectives proceeded to his house in Acton Vale, and conveyed him to Scotland Yard to be interrogated.

The story he told of his business dealings in England did nothing to clear him. Since May he had bought films to the value of £164, and sold them at a profit of about £80. We suggested to him that this hardly accounted for the amount he had spent in household expenses, and when asked how he managed to make ends meet he told us that when he came over from Holland he was in possession of a draft for £125, and that since then he had received further remittances of £100 and £121 from his "partner," Mr. Blom. We put it to him that "Mr. Blom" was a lady. "That is not so," was the reply; "it is a man."

"We know who Mr. S. Blom is," said his interrogator, "and we know that it is a lady."

Vieyra told us that was the first he had heard of such a thing, and that he was not acquainted with any lady of that name. When we asked him where he had met "Mr. Blom," he told us a story which required some little believing. "Mr. Blom" was just a person whom he had met in a café. He knew him as a perfect gentleman, stout and elderly, with hair turning grey, dark eyes and full face.

"But how does he come to let you have all his money?" we asked.

"Oh, I talk to them, and put a scheme before them, and if they see I can make profits they are quite willing to give me money."

"Have you got a photograph of Mr. Blom?" was our next question.

"No, I do not keep gentlemen's photos," replied Vieyra.

And so it continued for a couple of hours. It was a tangled skein of lies, and when it was all over and we informed Vieyra that we were going to proceed against him on a charge of being a German spy he replied, in astonishment: "What, me?" "Yes, you," we said, and put him in prison to await further investigation.

It is possible that Vieyra would not have professed such great surprise had he known that his house in Acton Vale had been thoroughly searched and that in one of the bedrooms was found a complete outfit for writing in invisible ink. It had been a matter of some difficulty to detect the ink he had been using, but it was ultimately developed and found to be the means of conveying naval and military intelligence which might have been of the greatest value to the enemy. A bottle of the same liquid was found at

his house, and when a summary of evidence had been taken it was plain enough that his conviction was inevitable. On November 11th he was tried by court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to death by shooting. This sentence was subsequently commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Vieyra's disappearance from his usual haunts in the west-end of London created some little talk at the time. It was known that he was suspect owing to its being necessary to obtain the evidence of several film dealers in establishing the case against him. But his ultimate fate never became known to that cosmopolitan crowd which revolves around Wardour Street, the film centre of Great Britain.

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From the early days of the war, when thousands of Belgian refugees were pouring across the Channel, there was a strongly-ingrained suspicion in the minds of many English men and women that the Germans would not be behindhand in taking full advantage of such an opportunity of getting spies into this country. They were not far wrong. It would take a very long time to tell of the unending trouble which the harassed Belgian Government suffered from in trying to establish the identity of many of the people who said they had fled from the German invasion, and equally of the difficulties we experienced in trying to keep some check on their coming and going once the fighting on the Western Front had settled down to trench warfare.

From the time when we had taken in hand the task of reforming what was left of the gallant little Belgian Army there was a never-ending stream of Belgian soldiers crossing to and fro. It was obvious that

the introduction of German agents in such circumstances was a comparatively simple matter. I do not propose to deal with that aspect of the war beyond mentioning the case of one Pierre Rothheudt, a Belgian soldier of German origin, who was arrested at Folkestone in August, 1915, and sent to Belgium to be tried on a charge of High Treason, to be subsequently sentenced to death, afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life in Fresnes Prison.

In January, 1915, we received a warning from Rotterdam that Rothheudt was coming to England in the capacity of German agent. In those early days, however, there was no particularly efficient Port Service in operation, and it was impossible to ascertain definitely when Rothheudt arrived in, and when he left this country.

Further information came our way in July, 1915, to the effect that Rothheudt was mixed up with two German agents, who had long been known to us, named Hasebroek and Sanderson. These men were known to us as master spies, operating under the names of Dierks and Flores, in which capacities they were prominent in the cases of Janssen and Roos, Rowland, Buschman, Roggen and Wertheim, all persons convicted of espionage in 1915.

Rothheudt, however long his stay in this country in the guise of a refugee, appears shortly after his arrival to have been absorbed in the Belgian military machine, for, on July 10th, 1915, we learnt that he wrote to an agent in Holland from a hospital at La Panne, stating that he would shortly be discharged, and giving the address of Madame Stanaway, Cheriton Road, Folkestone, as that of the person to whose care he was proceeding in England, subsequent to

such discharge. He added that he was starting in a few days, and appears to have arrived two days later. This letter never came into our possession.

A further letter, particulars of which we received from Holland, was written by Rothheudt from Folkestone on the 21st July, 1915, to another German agent. In this he stated that he was on sick leave and gave other details of no great importance.

The subsequent history of Rothheudt need only be briefly related. He became employed, doubtless for motives of espionage, at the Belgian Vice-Consulate at Folkestone; we warned the Belgian authorities that he was in German pay, and he was subsequently arrested, placed on his trial in Belgium for High Treason and giving information to the enemy, being sentenced on September 18th, 1915.

At this time Madame Stanaway, whose house had been searched in connection with Rothheudt's arrest, was herself under no particular suspicion, and was thought to be merely a close friend and not an accomplice of Rothheudt. Her papers had been seized on the examination of her effects, and handed over to the Belgian authorities for consideration with regard to Rothheudt's case. No special report was made to us by the Belgians that Madame Stanaway was thought to be in communication with the enemy also.

On July 16th, 1916, owing to certain instructions given to the Censorship, there was intercepted a letter, with a signature which appeared to be Hanaway, to "Denis," Amsterdam. This letter was apparently innocent, so it was photographed and sent on.

Madame Stanaway's solicitude in providing the person in Rotterdam with her new address—Sandgate Road, Folkestone—naturally caused her to be the

object of further suspicion, and instructions were given for a closer scrutiny of her correspondence. In her letters she mentioned her friend "Pierre," who was obviously Rothheudt, but this was not at that time clear owing to the fact that Rothheudt's name had dropped out of our recollection since 1915.

On August 11th, 1916, a further letter, from Madame Stanaway to Denis, was intercepted. It acknowledged the receipt of money, stated that the writer would forward it to "the unfortunate consignee," and expressed the hope that the addressee had received her registered letter of the 9th instant. It concluded by thanking the addressee for his generous solicitude "towards our friend." It was still not clear that Rothheudt was the friend in question, and the atmosphere of the case of Madame Stanaway remained one of vague and general suspicion.

Subsequent to the receipt of the last letter there came into our possession a registered letter posted in the W.C. District, dated August 9th, 1916, from a person signing as "R. Valravens," who called himself "paymaster" ("aumônier"), and giving as an address a hotel at Charing Cross. It was addressed to Denis, at the same street in Amsterdam. In it the writer stated that "P.R." had requested the writer to inform the addressee that from that time forward he (P.R.) was not able to write to Denis; that Denis's letters were not being handed to "P.R.," and it was therefore useless to write, but that nevertheless there could be sent to "P.R." money "as well as the pince-nez in question." The letter was addressed inside to a woman, and specially requested that no answer to it should be sent. It was written on the paper of the hotel.

It was fairly obvious that the address at Charing Cross was nothing but a blind, so inquiries were made as to whether the writer was known at the hotel. A blank was drawn, however, and the letter, on being treated for invisible writing, revealed nothing. A special watch was kept for further letters from Stanaway or Valravens, but none came. It being probable that no more evidence would be forthcoming, and the authorities therefore decided that the time had come when Madame Stanaway should be arrested and asked to explain her connection with convicted spies and members of the German Secret Service.

There could be no possible doubt of her guilt. The handwriting of the letters to the German master spy in Amsterdam was the same. Valravens was unquestionably an alias of Madame Stanaway, used for the special purpose of diverting suspicion. And equally it was certain that the woman had been supplied with two addresses, the usual practice of the Germans, in case one letter should go astray or be detained by our censorship.

Madame Stanaway was arrested on December 7th, 1916. She professed the greatest astonishment when the nature of the charge was told her, and suggested that she would soon be able to clear herself. When brought to Scotland Yard to be interrogated she informed those present that she was a Frenchwoman married to a British soldier at that time serving in India. When questioned as to how Rothheudt came to be living in her house she stated that she knew nothing of him beyond the fact that he was a wounded Belgian who had been recommended to her as a lodger. According to her vehemently-told story, Rothheudt had been taken away from her place and

sentenced to death for an offence of which to that day she was ignorant. Madame was labouring under the delusion all spies suffered from: she did not know how much we knew. When she was arrested we found amongst her belongings a letter to her from Rothheudt dated June 26th, 1915, written in French, in which he told her that he was accused of giving information to the Germans. That fact alone proved that, whatever Madame's morals may have been, she was not fond of telling the truth.

"Do you know a Mynheer van Melle in Holland?" we asked next. Madame said she had received a few postcards from him and also a pair of glasses.

"Have you ever had money from this man?" we inquired. Madame denied the allegation.

"Are you quite sure?" we persisted. After some little prevarication the lady was constrained to admit that Van Melle had forwarded her £3, but that the money was for Rothheudt.

All the circumstances pointed to the fact that Madame Stanaway had been corresponding with an "aumônier" of the German Secret Service. In one of her letters which came into our possession mention was made of £2 sent for Rothheudt's parents. This was after the Belgian soldier had been arrested and convicted, and was consistent with the practice of the enemy's Secret Service, which always maintained some sort of payment to the immediate dependents of captured spies, probably for the reason that the relatives might be inclined to tell things. In any case, Van Melle was well-known to us: the Belgian Government had warned us of his activities, and told us that he was constantly to be seen at Antwerp in the company of master spies.

If any further proof of Madame Stanaway's guilt were needed it was to be found in the fact that all her letters to Denis and Van Melle were numbered. This, we well know, was a common method amongst the Germans and their spies. It enabled them to keep track of letters in case one was lost or intercepted. The difficult matter to decide was whether Madame could actually be brought to trial on a charge of knowingly corresponding with enemy agents. There could be no question that she had committed a serious offence under the Defence of the Realm Regulations: the problem to solve was whether any practical purpose would be served by bringing her to trial as a spy.

After prolonged consultation the authorities decided not to do so. Instead it was resolved to lock her up for the remainder of the war and then deport her. Always there remained the doubt that she had been merely the tool of Rothheudt.

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Although the story of Pierre Rothheudt and Madame Stanaway is interesting enough in itself, I have devoted more space to it than would have been the case had it not been connected with another spy, who was to prove the most important of the war.

I refer to George Vaux Bacon, an American journalist, who was arrested forty-eight hours after Madame Stanaway. Before embarking on the particulars of this amazing incident of the war I should like it understood that there is no question of Madame Stanaway and Bacon having acted in collusion. The connection between the two spies lies in the fact that Bacon, as well as Madame Stanaway, had been caught writing to the master spy Denis, in Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XIV

The great spy conspiracy carried out by American journalists—George Vaux Bacon—Rutledge Rutherford—Robert W——— —The wonderful secret ink—Sentenced to death and reprieved.

GEORGE VAUX BACON was the central figure in the most widespread spy conspiracy of the war. It was always a matter of mystery to our counter-espionage authorities why the German Secret Service previous to 1916 had made no attempt to utilize the opportunity offered by the fact that dozens of American journalists were continually visiting the belligerent countries.

Perhaps they did try and failed, for it was well known to us that the United States Government exercised the most scrupulous care in the selection of such writers. Whatever the cause, up to the middle of 1916 we had been given no reason to suspect the *bona fides* of the many American journalists who landed in this country: they were made welcome and given the possibility of seeing things denied to the British Press in the hope that thereby they would keep our side of the war before the American public in such a way that would ensure the maintenance of our long-friendly relations.

To begin at the time when Bacon, who had already been in England for a few weeks, first aroused our suspicions that he was not all he pretended, I must date the opening of this narrative from September 20th,

1916. On that day the Military Permit authorities in Bedford Square, W.C., were called upon by Bacon, who produced his passport, stating that he was the European representative of the Central Press of New York, and applied for permission to travel to Rotterdam. So far as we then knew, Bacon was a *bona fide* journalist, and no objections were raised. He left for Holland about five days later, telling the people in the Strand Hotel, where he had stayed, that he was going to a hotel in Rotterdam which shall be nameless, but which was known to us as being a nest of German spies. That fact was only ascertained on subsequent inquiry, however.

The very same day he had made application for permission to go to Holland Bacon had written a letter to the German agent Denis, in Amsterdam, in which he said that he was coming to Holland on business connected with his American employers and that he hoped to meet Denis and discuss with him the production of a Vitagraph Photo Play and make some arrangements for booking it. But the significant part of the letter lay in the numerous and unnecessary underlinings. There could be no doubt that Bacon was open to suspicion as a German spy.

Unfortunately, by the time this communication had been examined and passed on to the counter-espionage source it was already nine days old. An inquiry was set on foot immediately, but it was discovered that Bacon had left his hotel in the Strand. The date of his return was uncertain. There was nothing to be done except notify the port officials to keep a look-out for him in case he should return. In the meantime we thought it worth while to send over to Holland to keep track of the suspected man.

Whatever Bacon may have been—and he informed us afterwards that he was the New York publicity agent for one of the most famous film companies in the world—there was no question that he knew precious little of the film business in Holland. As a matter of pretence he appears to have asked for the addresses of several film dealers, probably as a blind in case of subsequent trouble, but that was as far as he got. The greater part of his time was spent in the company of two fellow Americans whom we had every reason to suspect of being connected with German espionage. One was a tobacco and motor-car dealer whom I shall designate as "C," the other a journalist of the name of Rutledge Rutherford, whom afterwards we desired to lay hands on, but without success.

All the time he was in Holland Bacon was being shadowed, although he was quite unsuspicious of the fact. This was apparent, for he returned openly enough to England on November 3rd, landing at Gravesend. Probably as a clumsy attempt to convince the authorities that he was whole-heartedly for the Allies, he volunteered a statement to the port officials that while in Amsterdam a Dutchman of the name of Hymans had approached him with the idea of pumping him for information, but that he had refused to have anything to do with him. It did not interest the port officer greatly: he merely searched Bacon's luggage a good deal more thoroughly than would have been the case with people who kept their mouths shut.

The spy came to London and put up at an hotel in Southampton Row, still of the opinion that he had not incurred suspicion. He did not stay in London any time, however. Only a few hours afterwards,

the officer detailed to keep him under observation reported that he had left for Worcestershire. Near Cheltenham he met with a motor accident, and bore the marks of it on his face when he returned to London nearly a week later, in company with an officer of the King's Royal Rifles whom I shall mention in greater detail later. By this time all Bacon's correspondence, as well as his movements, was under the closest surveillance.

Nothing happened for a month. Bacon travelled about the country, sending an occasional article to New York which was harmless enough in tone and was allowed to go through. On November 26th he embarked at Holyhead for Dublin, and while in Ireland he visited, in addition to Dublin, Cork, Killarney and Belfast. That he was in Ireland for purposes of espionage would appear to be beyond all doubt. A letter from Professor Kuno Meyer, the well-known German authority on Celtic matters, throws some light on the anxiety with which the Germans regarded matters in the Isle of Erin. The letter said :

" The *Deutschland* had arrived, and will take for you this time unusually detailed reports from everywhere. I write this letter in case the same fate overtakes the *Deutschland* as the *Bremen*. At the same time I send yet another letter by the route known to you. It concerns ..... (2) not less than three sources of information from I(reland), all in the highest degree satisfactory."

This interesting epistle was written by Meyer, who was a member of the so-called Irish Committee in

Berlin which concerned itself with the task of assisting insurrection in Ireland. It merely substantiated what we had known for some little time, that Meyer had been entrusted with the work of instructing spies what they were to do if they were ever in Ireland. The Dublin rebellion, engineered by the traitor Roger Casement with German money, was still fresh in the minds of the people, and there was always the possibility that amongst the Sinn Fein element there might be someone who would give Bacon really valuable information.

It was during this time that close inquiries had been going on in Amsterdam as to the identity of Mynheer Denis. Both Madame Stanaway and Bacon had been writing to him, and on the result of our investigations would depend the question of bringing these people to trial. We found that Denis was a German tobacco dealer and the people he consorted with were mainly members of the enemy Secret Service. The business was run by a nephew, the original Denis having died some years ago.

Early in December we again got on the tracks of Bacon, then in Ireland, and wrote to him, asking that he would come to Scotland Yard on a confidential matter. Whether the spy suspected that he had come to the end of his tether we never ascertained, probably he did not. In any case it would have made little or no difference. Instructions had been sent to all ports that he was not to be permitted to leave the country.

However, he came to London willingly enough, crossing from Dublin on the night of December 8th-9th. When he was asked to give an explanation of his letters to Denis, he answered that he did not know

that Denis was a master spy, and pretended great astonishment when we told him this was actually so. His story was that he had written to him, hoping to sell him some films. But he completely failed to explain to our satisfaction why he had written to a perfect stranger on business matters without in the least knowing that Denis was interested in films. Bacon's story did not ring true, and at the close of his interrogation he was informed by the authorities that he was suspected of being a German spy, and would be detained in custody pending further investigation.

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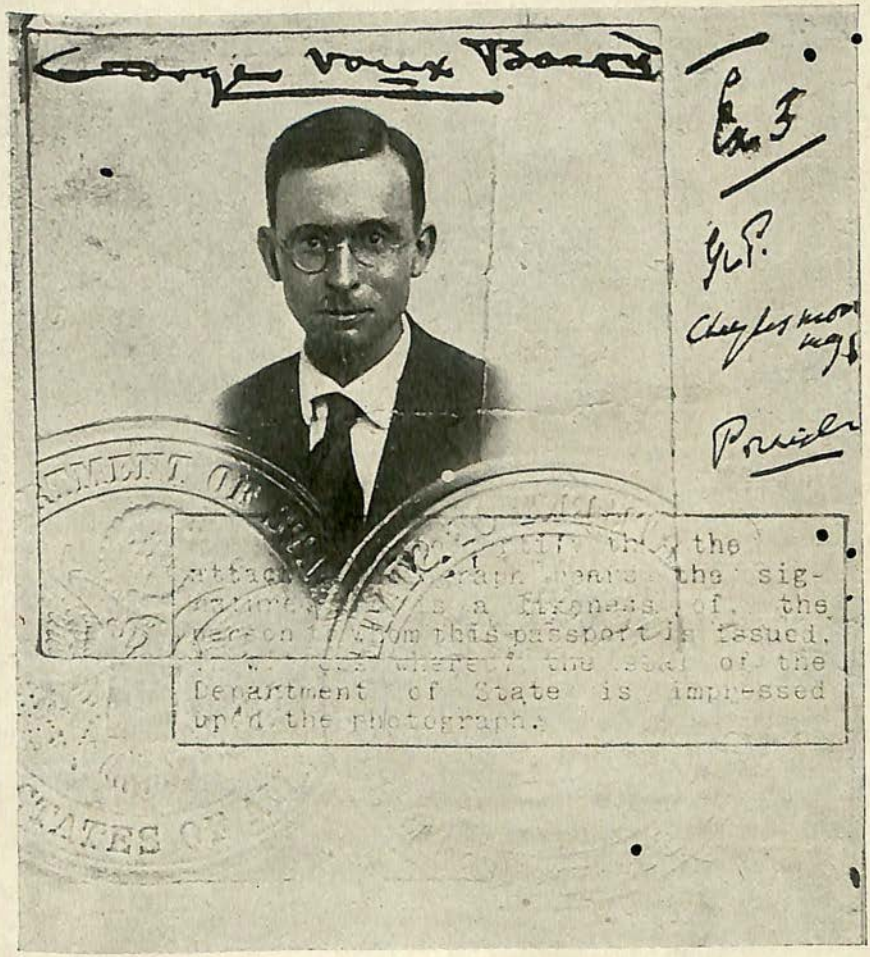
It is a tangled mass of intrigue, this story of the American-hatched spy conspiracy; we were only just beginning to appreciate its ramifications.

Much about the same time that Bacon was operating in England and Holland, Captain, afterwards Rear-Admiral, Sir Guy Gaunt, who was watching our interests in the United States, was successful in intercepting another spy on his way to this country. This man—there is no need to give his name—turned informer, and to save his skin volunteered full details of the plot which he had become involved in. He gave us full particulars of the Germans' spy organization in New York, and when that was done Sir Guy sent him on to England. Obviously, he had a story of absorbing interest to tell us.

It would appear that this individual, along with other American journalists, had been recruited by a German master spy, well-known to us, who was named, or passed under the name of, Sanders. For a long



George Vaux Bacon.

[To face p. 238.

time the enemy Secret Service had cast longing eyes at the numerous journalists from the States coming over here, and eventually made strenuous efforts to suborn some of them. The scheme was for these journalists to come to England, thence to Holland, where they would make their reports and receive the wages of their spying, and so on to America again. The scheme was certainly quite a good one. Who was to suspect a visiting American journalist of being an enemy agent?

All the information we received from the man captured in America tallied with Bacon's doings in England. We were told that Sanders, in America, was closely in touch with one of the numerous associations of disaffected Irishmen, and that it was part of the itinerary of the new spy scheme that a visit should be paid to Ireland, to ascertain what were the possibilities of further trouble there. This coincided with the letter from Professor Kuno Meyer.

Further, our informant told us that Sanders instructed his journalist spies to get into touch with wounded officers fresh back from the front, and to get their views on the war and the *moral* of the troops. It all fitted in with Bacon's routine, for had he not been seen in the company of a wounded officer of the King's Royal Rifles? And if any confirmation were needed as to the ulterior motive of Bacon's acquaintance, it was surely to be found in the fact that he suggested to this officer that they should take a trip to Scotland together. It was a jig-saw puzzle, and we were fitting the pieces together very nicely indeed: we knew, thanks to our voluble informant, that one of the items of news which Sanders required from his highly-paid spies was something dealing with our

great battleships, the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Resolution*, and other recently built classes. It was quite obvious that in no other place but Scotland was such intelligence to be gathered, and what better company could he have than that of a wounded British officer? We subsequently learnt that Bacon was trying to ascertain the winter disposition of the Grand Fleet, as well as the spot where a new cable from Russia touched British shores.

He had been told that Bacon had been provided with a wonderful new invisible ink, which was disguised as a medical mixture, that he was to use nothing but ball-pointed pens, that the paper was to be unglazed and sponged with a weak solution of ammonia before being written on.

Again, we learnt that under the new system spies leaving New York received a thousand dollars as a preliminary for expenses. Also did we glean the fact that there was already an American journalist in London doing good work for the Germans; his name began with "R." The identity of that individual was no great mystery.

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The game of Patience, which we were playing, was working out wonderfully well. All the cards were coming up in their appointed places, and when we searched Bacon's belongings any possible doubt of his complicity in enemy espionage vanished. The ball-pointed pens were found amongst his stationery; his ordinary writing appears to have been done with a green quill, of which he was inordinately proud, so much so that, in writing to his friend of the King's

Royal Rifles, he made mention of having specially purchased it. The bottle of mixture for use as invisible ink was on his dressing-table: his note-paper was rough and unglazed.

Even more incriminating was the fact that, when he returned from Holland in November, he was in possession of a draft for two hundred pounds, issued to him on October 19th. His stay in the Netherlands all lent colour to the supposition that during that time he had visited the German spy headquarters at Antwerp, for there were gaps in his stay at Amsterdam, as shown by the hotel bills seized in his luggage, which showed that for days he had been away somewhere. In his notebook was found the address of the master spy, Denis; an attempt had been made to obliterate it. Why? And we came across another clue to the clandestine activities of this dangerous individual, the name and address of one Van der Kolk, in Rotterdam, whom we had known for twelve months past as a German agent. As a matter of fact, instructions had been given months before that anyone found in possession of Van der Kolk's address was to be arrested.

While Bacon was under arrest we had intercepted a letter to him from Rutherford, in Holland. "Wish old 'C' had been here to help me read the letter," said Rutherford. Why should he want assistance to read any letter, unless it contained writing in invisible ink?

And, psychologically, Bacon's conduct while in England gave the impression that he had embarked on a desperate venture, the penalty of failure being one that he knew only too well. It was painfully familiar to us, that heavy drinking and dissipation

which the German spies indulged in. Always there seemed to be the one idea of having an enjoyable time before they were caught. Bacon himself told us that he had taken rooms in Jermyn Street in order that he might have a good address. What he did not tell us was that he had been turned out of his rooms there, owing to his habit of indulging in midnight orgies with companions of undesirable character.

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Any shred of doubt as to Bacon's guilt which we might have possessed came to an end on February 3rd, 1917, when the authorities received a letter from the accused man in Brixton Prison. It ran as follows: "*I have an important statement to make to someone in authority. If it is possible I should like to make it with as little loss of time as is conveniently possible.*"

An officer from Scotland Yard was sent to see him, and there Bacon said that he had come to the conclusion that he would feel happier if he were permitted to make a full confession of his connection with the German Secret Service. An amazing story it proved, more so that it corroborated in full all the grounds for suspicion which we had entertained ever since the letter to Denis had been intercepted.

Before he had taken to the dangerous profession of spy he had been the New York publicity representative of a well-known firm of moving picture producers. While in his office one day he was telephoned to by a man whom he knew to be a foreigner of some kind—Bacon thought he was a Bohemian, which might mean anything—asking whether he

would care to go to Europe. "What for?" was the reply. "Well," answered the voice at the other end of the line, "it is very special work, for which you will be well paid." Bacon said he was nothing loath, so the Bohemian told him to go along to a certain office in New York, where he would meet someone of the name of Davis.

What actually passed between Bacon and Davis remains untold, except the fact that Davis, whose real name was Charles Winnenberg, asked him if he were prepared to make a trip to England, for the purpose of obtaining information which would be useful to the German Government. Davis said that the Germans wanted some particulars of our anti-aircraft defence, the movements and *moral* of our troops, the actual whereabouts of the British squadrons in Scottish waters, and anything he might be able to get hold of concerning our new battleships. When Bacon suggested to him that spies received but a short shrift in England, Davis remarked scornfully, "Pooh, they have only caught two or three, and they were all fools. There will be no suspicion that you are a spy. We will pay you twenty-five pounds a week, and give you liberal expenses."

For some considerable time the pair talked matters over, at the end of which Bacon agreed to go. Then Davis became confidential and told him that he was to go to London first, where an agent of his, known as Robert W——, had already sent him several valuable reports. Davis gave him particulars of the people in Holland to whom he was to send his reports, adding that there were three or four Americans in that country who would relay his messages if necessary. "But how will I get these messages through?"

asked Bacon doubtingly. "Surely the British censor will see them."

"No, no," replied the master spy, "we know something much better than that. When you have arranged about your passport I will give you the secret of fooling the censor."

There was little difficulty about the passport. Being quite well-known in New York, Bacon went to see the Central Press, and, telling them that he was going to Europe on business, asked whether they would like a representative there. He was willing, so he said, to collect war pictures for them, on commission; they need not trouble about expenses. Naturally enough, the Central Press were only too delighted to get such a smart young man as George Vaux Bacon to represent them in Europe on so profitable a basis, and readily acquiesced in his suggestion that on his passport he should state that he was travelling in Europe on behalf of the Central Press.

With that trouble off his mind Bacon went to see Davis again. The master spy was greatly pleased with his protégé's progress, and congratulated him on the enterprise he was showing.

"Now, have you got a pair of black woollen socks?" he asked.

Bacon stared in astonishment. "Good gracious, no," was his reply. "I have plenty of fancy socks, but nothing in plain black."

"Well, go and buy a pair at once."

Obedience being second nature to him, Bacon duly went downstairs, and in a shop close by purchased a pair of socks for a dollar. When he returned Davis produced a collapsible tube, similar to that used for holding tooth paste.

"Give me your socks," he said. Bacon handed them over, and with wondering eyes watched Davis squeeze out of the tube a thick brown liquid. This he smeared all round the tops of the socks.

"There," he said gloatingly; "that is a secret ink which the English will never discover. When you write a letter to Holland with your reports, soak the top of these socks in water and use the fluid as ink. You will need to use a ball-pointed pen and a hard, rough paper, so that the ink will not run. We will give these before you leave. Whenever you write a report you must mark it 'M,' so that those who receive it in Holland will know it is for 'Marina,' Antwerp. That is the only place which knows how to develop the ink: even in the Wilhelmstrasse they they do not know the secret."

Everything passed off smoothly. Bacon was given a thousand-dollar bill as preliminary expenses, and told that he could spend as much as he liked. If he got good information he would be treated very liberally on his return.

It is extremely difficult to arrive at any reliable idea of what Bacon's intentions actually were. He arrived in England early in September, and in pursuance of the plan to pump British officers, especially those fresh back from the Front, he picked up many acquaintances in the lounges and smoking-rooms of the Strand hotels, which were then so popular. Very shortly after he had come here he struck up a warm friendship with the officer of the King's Royal Rifles whom I have previously mentioned. In fairness to this officer, it must be stated that he did not possess the remotest conception of Bacon's true mission, and readily accepted him for

what he professed to be, the European representative of an American house anxious to buy war films. The friendship ripened, so much so that the officer asked Bacon if he would care to come down to Worcestershire and stay a few days with his fiancée's people. Bacon accepted willingly enough, but said that he must go over to Holland on business first. When he returned he would go with pleasure.

The spy's confession of his activities in England proved that he had not wasted his time. He told us that he had written two or three letters to Holland with the new secret ink; but they dealt only with general matters, which might have been obtained from any newspaper. He told us the old, old story that we had heard so often—that he had not intended to give the Germans anything of value, and merely wrote letters to get his money. When he made the trip to Holland, on September 25th, he was nearly at the end of his financial resources, a statement which was true enough, as was proved by his possession of a draft issued in Holland for two hundred pounds on return. In one of these precious missives to the Germans he gave them the information that he had made a friend of a British officer (the K.R.R. man), who was a cousin of Earl Kitchener!

Like all spies, Bacon was attempting to bluff both ways. We knew a good deal more about his plans in England than he thought. One of them was to make his officer friend a representative of "C.," who, Bacon alleged, was the American representative of a big shipping firm. Bacon's suggestion was that the officer, who was being invalided out of the service, should be appointed as "C.'s" representative at Dover, where he was to handle Bills of Lading and

arrange for the import of food cargoes into Holland. For this "C" would pay him a salary of two thousand pounds a year. Like so many foreigners, Bacon fell down on details; he apparently did not know that Dover was a naval port, closed to all commerce. What he really wanted the officer for was to use him as an unconscious spy.

Something else was revealed, owing to a letter found in his possession. It was from a charming English girl, written from the rectory in Worcestershire where he had stayed with his officer friend, and it referred to the writer obtaining a post in the British censorship. It would seem that Bacon was not above employing innocent girls to assist him in his shameful work: probably he thought that someone who was at the censorship would be able to give him some hints which would be useful to his scoundrelly employers.

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With all the foregoing facts in their possession, the authorities had no hesitation in deciding to place George Vaux Bacon on trial by court-martial. This took place on March 17th, 1917. There was no defence, in view of the confession, and counsel, briefed by the United States Government, could only say that his client threw himself on the mercy of the Court. Counsel stated, on Bacon's behalf, that he could trace his descent back to 1644, and that his father's family had fled to America after the battle of Marston Moor. His mother's family, it was said, had been compelled to flee from France at the time the Edict of Nantes had been pronounced. Of Bacon himself, counsel stated that he was a Bachelor of Arts in

America, and had yielded to a sudden temptation to make money easily. It was all very interesting, but no answer to such a serious charge, and the Court had no hesitation in sentencing him to death by hanging.

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Bacon never paid the supreme penalty for his crime, richly as he deserved it. The coming entrance of the United States into the war brought about the idea that it would be infinitely preferable that the condemned spy's life should be spared, for the purpose of using him as a witness in the wholesale arrests which were then taking place in the States.

Our authorities decided to agree to this suggestion. Bacon was accordingly reprieved, and sent back to New York in the S.S. *Cedric*, under arrest. As a preliminary, the United States Government charged him with a breach of the neutrality laws. He was sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a day, and while serving the term gave evidence against the German master spies, who for nearly three years had so shamefully abused the hospitality of the Americans. That was not the last we heard of the volatile Bacon, however. Some few months later, while he was still in prison, he wrote a most cheerful letter to a friend in England, full of hopes to meet him in the future, and asking him to try and forward the balance of the money received from his German paymasters!

There were many spies throughout the war for whom one could feel sorrow, but those of the hireling type, like Bacon, could engender nothing but a feeling

of nausea. He was of British descent: he did not even possess the saving excuse of being German in origin. He can go through life congratulating himself on having passed through the valley of the shadow of death. There are not many nations in this world who would have spared a man's life under such circumstances.

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In time our counter-espionage service was able to piece together the full details of this dangerous conspiracy. The arrest and conviction of Winnenberg, alias Davis, and Sanders in New York, along with the remainder of the great spy organization built up by Count Bernstorff and Von Rintelen, gave us the opportunity of learning the extent to which the German Secret Service had spread its meshes during the war.

Winnenberg made a complete confession of all he had done. Probably his story contained many lies; some of the instances he gave of foreign Legations and Embassies being inculpated with the Germans were too amazing to be true. Winnenberg told us the true history of the Bacon–Rutherford–W—— arrangement, which, in view of the international importance of the case, is worth giving fully.

As originally planned, Rutledge Rutherford came to England as an American journalist, whose special mission was to write articles on the food situation in Europe, for publication in the American Press. No suspicion appears to have been aroused by his presence in London. To obtain the information required by the Germans he hit upon an idea which

was certainly clever. He made the acquaintance of the head of one of the Army Cookery Schools, and sedulously pumped that individual on matters of military importance.

Exactly what intelligence of value Rutherford succeeded in getting out of the country we never learnt. In his guise of American newspaper correspondent he made frequent trips to and from Holland, where doubtless he met the master spies and was taken by them to Antwerp. Rutherford was no fool. About August, 1916, he must have arrived at the conclusion that it was no use tempting Providence too long, and succeeded in persuading the Germans that it would be better to allow him to act as a chief agent in Holland, to deal with other American journalists coming across in the enemy interest. This he appears to have done until such time as America ranged herself on the side of the Allies. What ultimately became of him remains a complete mystery; probably he has gone to Germany. Certainly he will get a warm welcome if, and when, he returns to his native land.

We could never lay our hands on Rutledge Rutherford, hard as we tried. Several journalists from Holland, *en route* to the States, were detained on suspicion of being Rutherford, but each time we drew blank. Could we have laid him by the heels he would have finished his earthly career with a rope round his neck. The ineffable impudence of this brazen scoundrel was only revealed to the full some months after the whole conspiracy had been known to us. While in Holland, he had written six articles on the international food question for a well-known Radical newspaper. The arrangement was that he should receive

six guineas for each. The articles were published in perfectly good faith by the paper in question, but came to a sudden end when the authorities drew the attention of the editor to the fact that the writer was suspected of being a German spy.

After Bacon had been convicted, Rutherford wrote from Holland asking for payment for the articles. He said that he supposed the arrangement of six guineas an article would be remembered, but, in any case, if it were not, he would be pleased to take what the editor considered a fair remuneration. The letter was sent on to our authorities to ask if the request for payment should be acceded to. "Yes," said the official concerned, "tell him he can have the money if he comes to England."

Another gentleman whom we should like to have interviewed was Robert W——, but he, too, succeeded in getting across to Holland. Probably he is wandering about Europe in company with Rutherford. Still another member of the fraternity came our way in one I will call "H," who was brought ashore from a neutral steamer. This individual never landed in England, so, in consideration of his giving us his version of the German spy organization, he was permitted to continue his journey home.

In January, 1917, we had occasion to detain another American journalist, whom we had every reason to suspect was an emissary of Winnenberg. It proved extremely difficult to secure any evidence, however, and after a good many examinations "M," as I shall designate him, was sent back to America, with the parting salutation that he would be arrested if he ever attempted to land in England again.

I would like it clearly understood that, throughout

all the trouble which resulted from the attempt to make American journalism the tool of the German Secret Service, no suspicion ever attached itself to the great majority of the many writers from the States who were granted facilities to see what we were actually doing. It was only the few I have mentioned who took advantage of our hospitality to play the German spy, and, whatever their sympathies may have been, they were clearly guilty of conduct which can only be described as infamous. Their behaviour was much worse than that of the other hireling spies sent by the enemy, for these individuals entered the country unasked and unwanted. But the Americans came here nominally as guests; the thought that they would betray us did not enter our head until some time after the arrival of Bacon, when we obtained incontestable proof that he and several others were in close touch with the German agents who were then flooding Holland and Belgium.

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There remains only one phase of this extraordinary incident of the war which is worthy of mention. It is that of the secret ink which Bacon brought with him from America. There is no harm in saying now that this was easily the best ink for writing invisibly which came our way during the war: very exhaustive experiments had to be carried out before we could discover the developer. And even when that had been done, the writing, when revealed, faded so quickly that it was impossible to make the hidden message permanent. However, being of a persevering turn of mind, we eventually found something which would

fix the ink, once it was shown up, and thereby drove another nail in the coffin of the fast-decaying enemy spy organization.

Shortly after Bacon had been dealt with, the King and Queen paid a visit to the Postal Censorship. While in the building it was suggested that their Majesties might like to write their names with the now famous ink. This was done, and the ink developed while they waited. The signatures came up brown, with the ink having spread a little, but they were perfectly legible. The paper on which they were written was framed, and now hangs on the study wall of one of the principal officials of the counter-espionage service, a much-treasured memento of one of the most absorbing phases of the war.

CHAPTER XV

Alfred Hagn, spy and artist—The spy who was afraid—Invisible inks and how they were used—The Ruhleben prisoner who offered to guide Zeppelins—Professor Kuno Meyer's fair correspondent.

SPYING is not a savoury business, even at the best of times. Perhaps it may be excused on the score of being a necessary evil, although to this argument one might truthfully reply that two wrongs do not constitute a right.

However, there it is. All the great nations of the world maintain a Secret Service of some kind; they would find themselves left hopelessly behind in the never-ceasing struggle for pride of place did they not do so. Exactly what reliable information is obtained by espionage is another matter entirely; history will never tell us whether the course of the great European War was in any way influenced by the different intelligence organizations of the belligerent nations. Probably it would be true to say that Germany gained no ultimate advantage by the tremendous network of spies she had thrown around Europe. Bolshevik Russia, which, according to General von Ludendorff, was brought into being by German gold and German spies, reacted to the detriment of the Germans; while it is also an unquestionable fact that the outrageous conduct of the German Embassy in the United States, the open violation of the neutrality of the country, the constant acts of sabotage which were engineered by a special gang, did a great deal to estrange any ten

dency to stand aloof which might, or might not, have had the result of keeping the Americans out of the war. Similarly, the happenings in South America completely alienated the sympathy of countries like Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

The war revealed one outstanding fact: that the Germans, with all their boasted culture, were exceedingly bad judges of psychology. They did not appear to realize the effect on the world at large of their many disgraceful violations of the international code.

It would probably be correct to say that the Germans reaped a certain temporary advantage from intelligence gained by their spies in France. The contiguity of French soil made the passing to and fro of spies a comparatively simple matter as compared with England. And the Germans knew it: they offered people willing to act as agents in France one-third of the amount which was paid to spies coming to England. France was in an unfortunate geographical position as regards accessibility to espionage. She was exposed to enemy agents from Germany and Belgium, from Spain and from Switzerland. However, she lived through it all, and after nearly fifty years of waiting has seen the aggression of the war of 1870 more than repaid.

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I suppose there are many people who would not feel the slightest compassion for a spy; they would say that he enters his precarious profession fully aware of the penalty to be paid for failure. But from time to time during the war we came across a good many instances where some unfortunate individual, hard put to earn a living, had been tempted to turn spy.

Such a one was surely Alfred Hagn, a young Norwegian, whom we arrested on May 24th, 1917.

In a way, Hagn was one of the most picturesque personalities who came to England in the capacity of enemy agent. He had written novels, painted Futurist pictures, and generally dabbled in the hundred-and-one Bohemian occupations which greatly flatter the self-esteem of certain people, but rarely result in any adequate remuneration. When captured by us, he was passing as a Norwegian journalist. Evidently at that time the German Secret Service was pinning all its hopes on the Fourth Estate as a means of obtaining information.

Hagn's beginning as a German agent dates from 1916. About that time he had returned from America, more or less penniless, his efforts at convincing the practical Americans of the value of his paintings having apparently failed. It was subsequently told us that Hagn's parents were greatly to blame for his misspent life; they had educated him above his station in life, which was quite a humble one. The boy grew up with the idea that he was destined to be a great artist, and spent over thirty years of his life trying to prove it.

In the autumn of 1916, when he was making desperate endeavours to dispose of some of his pictures, he came into contact with two Germans, one a painter named Lavendel, the other a member of the German Secret Service, who called himself Harthern. Hagn began telling them of his struggle to earn money, and it was then jokingly suggested to him that he should become a German agent in England.

The young Norwegian refused to entertain the idea for a time, but, meeting Harthern again, that individual

brought it up, and said that if he, Hagn, went over in the guise of a correspondent for a Norwegian paper he was not in the least likely to be suspected. Thus it was eventually arranged. Hagn approached the editor of a daily paper, and, stating that he had to go to England on other business, offered to act as special correspondent for him. The low price he suggested as payment for the articles he was to write, together with the absence of any talk of expenses, probably had something to do with the editor's acquiescence. Whatever the reason, Hagn duly came to England on October 10th, 1916, and during a stay of some weeks evoked no suspicion. He wrote a few articles for the Norwegian paper. Probably this trip was in the nature of a reconnaissance, for none of his correspondence was intercepted, nor had we been given any reason to suspect any of the addresses to which he was writing.

He returned to Norway about the end of the year, and for a time resisted the blandishments of the German agents, who congratulated him on the cleverness with which he had arranged everything. But it was only a matter of time when money began to run short again, and when that happened he notified his friends that he was willing to make another trip.

So far nothing had happened to arouse our doubts, and when he arrived on April 13th, 1917, he was permitted to land without question. But fortune was not to be so kind to him on this occasion.

When he got to London he went to stay at a private hotel in Tavistock Square, W.C. He behaved very curiously all the time he was at the hotel, and a keen little Italian professor, greatly interested in psychology, came to the conclusion that from his preoccupied air

Hagn had something on his mind which was worrying him a good deal. He never spoke to anybody, although his English was excellent, and the Professor came to the conclusion that his secretiveness was but a cloak to his real mission of being a German spy.

There was a humorous interlude in the life of Hagn at the Bloomsbury hotel. It was created by a smart recruiting officer, who, apparently not knowing Hagn's nationality, sent him a notice calling him to join the Colours forthwith. It was probably the most wonderful chance that particular officer ever got of distinguishing himself, for the spy came to his office to explain that he was a Norwegian subject, and could not possibly be held liable for service. But he was liable for something else, although the officer certainly had no reason to suspect it.

Hagn's strange conduct in the hotel, his perpetual moodiness, so played on the feelings of the Italian professor that he eventually went to the nearest police station, and there stated that he had reason to believe there was a German spy staying in his hotel. All the police stations in the Bloomsbury district had heard this supposition many times during the war, but, in no wise discouraged, they promised the Professor that they would look into the matter.

The counter-espionage authorities were notified, and Hagn's reasons for his presence in England gone into. The result of this was that his correspondence came under surveillance, without, however, bringing anything incriminating to light. But we had reason to believe that he was using a new secret ink; the trouble was to get hold of some of it.

The subsequent happenings were quite exciting. An officer was detailed to stay at the hotel in Tavistock

Square, to get into conversation with Hagn, and, if possible, to get hold, by hook or crook, of the secret ink he was using. This plan succeeded well enough for a time; the officer became quite friendly with the spy, without in any way learning anything beyond the fact that he was a journalist acting as English correspondent for two Norwegian newspapers.

But one day the great chance arrived. Hagn had gone out for the afternoon; the officer watched him go down the street and then slipped up to his bedroom, the door of which was unlocked. A hasty look round the room did not augur well for finding the much-wanted ink. Suddenly the officer saw a bottle on the washstand labelled "throat gargle." "This must be it," he thought, and, hastily uncorking a small bottle he had brought for the purpose, poured in a little of the liquid. It was quite colourless, and might have been anything. Softly opening the door, he stepped into the corridor. And there bad luck befell him. One of the maidservants was coming along. She gave him a most suspicious look, for Hagn was well known in the hotel.

"What were you doing in that room?" she asked.

"Oh, Mr. Hagn asked me to put a bottle of medicine in there for him," was the guilty answer.

"Where is it?" countered the by-no-means appeased girl.

"There, on the washstand," opening the door and showing the girl the bottle.

"Um, all right," said the maid dubiously, in a tone which meant as plainly as possible that she meant to tell Hagn on his return. With tingling ears the officer went off downstairs. Like a wise man, he at once communicated with his superiors, and told them what

had happened. They agreed with his suggestion that it would be better for him to leave the hotel at once, certainly before Hagn could get back. It was obviously impossible to explain to the proprietress of the hotel, even less so to the maid, that Hagn was a spy. So under the circumstances the authorities made the best of a bad job, and hurried along with an analysis of the captured ink.

It was ink for invisible writing, sure enough. With that fact established, we decided to arrest the spy before he became thoroughly alarmed, so, on May 24th, a party of police took their way to Tavistock Square, and there took Hagn into custody on a charge of espionage. The Norwegian took his arrest quite calmly; from his dejected attitude one could surmise that he was quite expecting it. When his room came to be searched, the remainder of the "throat gargle" was found, also some pieces of cotton wool bearing traces of ammonia, which the Germans told their spies to use before writing on the specially-provided paper.

Hagn ultimately made a complete confession when taxed with his guilt. Like all the spies, he first made an attempt to lie his way out of the accusation, and told us a circumstantial story of his "throat gargle" having been specially prepared for him by a Norwegian chemist.

"What is the matter with your throat?" we asked.

"I suffer from chronic bronchial catarrh," was the reply.

"And have you used this liquid?" we inquired next. Hagn said he had.

"I suggest to you it is a secret ink," his interrogator said. Hagn replied that if it was he had no knowledge of the fact. "But you have been writing invisible

messages with it," we told him. "We have had your letters tested."

It all came out in the end, especially after we had questioned him as to his earnings from journalism. He admitted that he had only written two or three articles, for which he was to get something like two pounds apiece. When we asked how he lived on that he could not answer, and, after trying to bluff a little longer, suddenly told us the whole wretched story.

He said that he had not given the Germans any information of importance, for the simple reason that he had not been able to obtain any. In proof of his contention that he was not hostile to us he produced an article he had written, part of which read:

"The people of the Island and the Colonies are like one body, physically and mentally, still full of vitality and undaunted in temperament. I am in a good position to observe this, but cannot for the moment do so."

The tribute to our *moral* was quite a nice one, and would probably have done us no harm had it reached the Germans. However, that was not the point. Hagn also informed us that one of the things he had been requested to obtain was some particulars of our misuse of hospital ships. Evidently the Germans were still anxious to sink boats carrying wounded troops. Amongst other things he had made application for permission to visit the Western Front!

All the subsequent happenings in Hagn's case were of a pathetic nature. Through the Norwegian Government his mother was notified of her son's arrest as a spy, and she wrote us a letter full of the outpouring of a distressed soul. "Oh, judge the child of my heart leniently!" she said in conclusion. The spy

was duly brought to trial at the Westminster Guildhall on August 27th–28th, 1917. Counsel briefed for the accused man had nothing to offer in the way of a defence owing to his client having confessed, but he asked leave to bring before the court the history of Hagn's life. It was sad enough, in all conscience. He had been educated in America, and at the time when his father was alive his parents indulged his every whim. A doting mother's fondness had seen abilities in the boy which could not have altogether existed, with the result that he received an education which unfitted him for the struggle of life. He grew up a dilettante painter and writer, and when the father died the mother found herself without any regular means of sustenance. She brought her son back to Norway, thinking she would be able to get assistance from relatives, and for some years had dragged out a precarious existence, hoping for the time when her son would repay her for her earlier efforts.

In addition to this it was stated to the court that Hagn, suffering under the disappointment of an unhappy love affair, had really become a spy indifferent to what happened to himself.

Against all this, however, was the fact that the guilty man had made two trips for espionage purposes, and the court therefore pronounced the only sentence possible—that of death by shooting. In view of the strong representations as to the effect this would have on the mother's life—it was reported to us that her son's crime had driven her to the verge of insanity—the sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life.

But that was not the end of this extraordinary case. For two years Hagn remained in Maidstone Prison,

where his incarceration so worked upon his feelings that he began starving himself. We certainly had no desire to have him die under such circumstances, but nothing could be done for him. He would take no food, and there could be no question that his life was slowly ebbing away. The fact was reported to the Norwegian Government, with whom we were on the best of terms, and they suggested that, if we would do them the great favour of releasing the unfortunate Hagn, they would send him back to Norway and take care that he never troubled us again. That course we eventually agreed to, and on September 13th, 1919, Hagn was released from prison and permitted to return to his native land. Before leaving he thanked us, with tears streaming down his face, for the kindness with which we had treated him and swore that we would never have cause to regret it.

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I am fast coming to the end of the serious cases of spying with which we had to deal. After the arrest of Hagn we passed through a period of comparative quietude. There appeared every reason to believe that the Germans had grown thoroughly disheartened by the regularity with which we captured their agents, and had lost faith in their ability to discover anybody who would be able to obtain valuable information undetected.

The rigorous examination at our ports and the much stricter conditions for the issue of passports at the different places of embarkation had had the desired effect. Instead of being put to the trouble of capturing spies, we were able to prevent them getting into England at all. Besides that, we had by this time

cultivated such a knowledge of the German spy organization in Holland that we were warned when enemy agents were about to depart for these shores.

Naturally, there were plenty of people being interned or deported for one reason or another during this time, but it was not until September, 1917, that another real spy succeeded in landing in England. It would not be strictly accurate to say that this spy arrived unbeknown to us. As a matter of fact, he had been suspected on the passage across from Flushing, and when he arrived at Gravesend his answers to questions were so unsatisfactory that the authorities decided to detain him for interrogation at Scotland Yard.

The new-comer proved to be a handsome little Brazilian, palpably half-caste, well-educated and very much frightened. He told us his name was José de Patrocinio, that his father was a well-known journalist in Brazil. But it took us some considerable time to get at the real reason of his presence in this country. He lied profusely—but very badly—and we told him so. But it was not until we informed him that we were going to proceed against him on a charge of attempted espionage that he could be persuaded to divulge the whole truth. His story was interesting enough in that it revealed the class of people whom the Germans were approaching for purposes of espionage.

He had been a journalist in Brazil, and in 1913 had gone to Paris as a correspondent of the paper he had been employed on in Brazil. While in Paris an appointment as attaché to his country's Consulate had come his way: he had accepted it and for just on three years had remained a government employee, varied by one or two trips to Brazil. The year 1916

found him in Amsterdam, getting rather short of funds and wondering what would become of himself and his wife. Apparently the Brazilian Consulate in Amsterdam was economizing, so much so that Patrocinio found it impossible to live on what he was getting. He made up his mind to return to Brazil, but before that could happen one of the many German agents around Amsterdam had heard of his predicament. Not that it was any secret: Patrocinio told all and sundry of the petty little economies he was reduced to in order to find the passage money. The next step in this spy comedy is not difficult to foretell. A recruiter of spies was introduced to the poverty-stricken Brazilian. His name was Loebel and over a morning *apéritif* in an Amsterdam café he told Patrocinio that he would very much like to come to South America with him.

"But how are you going?" asked Loebel; "there are no Dutch boats sailing direct for Bahia."

Patrocinio told him he would make his way to the United States, and from there down to South America.

"Well, I think you are very stupid," continued the tempter. "If you like you could earn quite a lot of money."

With barely-concealed eagerness Patrocinio asked him how it was to be done.

"Oh, I shall introduce you to a man who till tell you everything," was the vague reply.

The Brazilian had no doubt in his mind that the "someone" was a German, and thought he could hazard a good guess as to the work he was required to do. However, he said nothing of that, and arranged to be at the café the day following, when the source of his promised wealth would be present.

The new-comer turned out to be a dark, furtive-

looking individual, sallow complexioned, bespectacled and possessing an apparently ineradicable habit of rubbing his hands together. His name was given as Levy. After they had been introduced Levy said, "I am indeed glad to make your acquaintance. I myself am a Brazilian."

Patrocinio spoke to him in Portuguese and received a reply which convinced him that, whatever Levy may have been, he was certainly not a native of Brazil. However, he said nothing. Levy went on to add that he had been born at Rio Grande do Sul, upon which Patrocinio told him that if that was so he spoke very bad Portuguese. "Oh, I am a naturalized Brazilian," replied that gentleman, unabashed.

But the real Brazilian was persistent and questioned Levy as to his knowledge of some of the towns. Levy could not answer, so Patrocinio said to him, "You see, you have never been there at all."

Such trifles did not bother Levy. He laughed and said, "You are very clever: you are just the man I want." Becoming confidential, he told Patrocinio that he wanted a passport to go to England: he was a Swiss, he said, but he wanted a Brazilian passport. He would give a lot of money for a passport which would certify him to be a native of that State.

It seemed rather a peculiar process of reasoning, and Patrocinio told him so. "You do not need a Brazilian passport if you are Swiss," he told Levy. But that gentleman was adamant, and seductively whispered to the slowly-succumbing Patrocinio that perhaps there were other ways in which he could earn money. "I can put you in the way of getting £1,000," said Levy mysteriously.

Patrocinio gave him a sidelong look, but Levy looked

quite unconcerned and took a sip at his drink, staring reflectively at the crowd passing along the street.

"How would you like to look after my affairs in England and France?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't think I would be much use to you," was the reply. "In any case I know nothing about your business."

Levy turned to him and said, "You are an intelligent man. If you want to earn £1,000, try and find out where the next offensive will take place in France."

The secret was out. According to Patrocinio's own account, the thought flashed across his mind that, if he could succeed in tricking this master spy, he would render a great service to the Allies and also to Brazil. That was his story, but as we had often heard something similar we took it with a grain of salt, and preferred to judge him in the light of his subsequent actions.

However, to resume this interesting dialogue.

"Even if I found this out, how could I let you know?" the Brazilian asked.

"Well," replied Levy, "I will tell you everything. Although you may not know it, I am specially employed by the Berlin police. If you remain faithful to us we can protect you, both in France and England. Now, if you are willing to get the information we want we will give you a secret ink which will enable you to write your messages in perfect safety, and you can communicate with addresses which no one will suspect."

"Where is this wonderful ink?" asked Patrocinio.

"Oh, I do not carry it about with me," was the reply. "You had better meet me this evening at Loebel's house and we will talk the matter over further." It was arranged that the meeting should take place be-

tween nine and nine-thirty p.m., and Patrocinio, after shaking hands, then took himself off.

He was very distrait and nervous all through the remainder of the day, so much so that at dinner his wife asked him what was the matter. "Oh, I have to go out and see the Consul to-night," he said, with an air which did not in the least convince his experienced spouse. However, she let him go, and shortly after nine o'clock Patrocinio found himself in company with Levy and Loebel.

"Well, have you thought it over?" was Levy's greeting. "We don't want you to go unwillingly. There is still time to draw back if you are afraid."

"I am not afraid," was the angry reply. "But I do not like the thought of becoming a spy."

"Do you want to get that £1,000," asked the tempter.

"Yes," answered Patrocinio, "I do. I will try and get you what you want."

"All right," said Levy, "but mind you do not try to betray us. I can have you assassinated either in London or in Paris."

"I will not betray you," said Patrocinio. "If you give me the secret ink I will send you the information you want."

With that assurance Levy then began to give the newly-enlisted spy his instructions. He was to obtain news of the movements of troops in certain districts in France and forward it, written between the lines of an ordinary letter, to six addresses which would be furnished to him. Some were in Switzerland; some in Denmark. At the end of six weeks he was to travel to Switzerland, and from there write to Frankfort-on-Main, announcing that he had arrived. He would be paid according to the value of the information he had

gathered, and if he served them faithfully they would treat him well and give him further employment.

The next move in this delightful little conspiracy was that Levy took Patrocinio into an adjacent room. "Now," he said, "I have the secret ink here, and am going to show you how to use it."

And an absorbing process it proved. Levy went into another room, and brought back with him a small bottle of ammonia, some cotton wool and a writing block. Then from the kitchen he procured a vegetable dish, in which he poured hot water.

The next step in this exhibition of legerdemain up-to-date was the appearance of a soft linen collar and two or three handkerchiefs. It was a white collar, cream in tinge, and Levy placed it in the hot water to soak. While the little party were waiting, Levy said to Patrocinio, "Now, when you soak these collars and handkerchiefs you must be careful to wash your hands well. Each collar is sufficient to make a hundred grammes of ink, which will be more than ample for your requirements. Leave the collars to soak about fifteen minutes. Generally our spies put the fluid in oxygen water bottles, because it is the same colour as bad oxygen water. You had better do the same thing." When the quarter of an hour had elapsed Levy took the collar out of the water, wrung it hard and carefully dried his hands.

"I will show you how to use the writing block now," he said. "Any kind of paper will do, provided it has a dull surface. You must not use hand-made papers with a smooth surface. The ink spreads on it and cannot be developed."

Going into the room adjacent Levy returned with a box of ball-pointed pens and a bottle of Eau-de-

Cologne. "Before you attempt to write a message in this ink you must be careful to put something on the nib which will enable the ink to be caught," he said. Suiting the action to the word, he soaked a small piece of cotton wool with Eau-de-Cologne, put it in the fire, and put the cinders on the nib. That done to his satisfaction, he dipped the nib in the secret ink and wrote two or three sentences on the block of paper. So far as Patrocinio could see, nothing had happened: the paper certainly did not show any trace of writing. "Is that all I do?" he asked rather scornfully.

"Wait," was the reply; "you want to go too fast."

For a few minutes Levy allowed the paper to dry. Then he mixed some ammonia and water, and, making a small mop with a piece of cotton wool, dipped it in the mixture and washed the surface of the paper, first downwards, then across. When that was finished he carefully went round the corners of the paper.

"When you have done this," he said, "you place the paper between two sheets of blotting paper to dry, so that no one shall be able to detect that it has been chemically treated. Patrocinio asked how he was to be able to read this secret ink, but he received a sudden shock in the change shown by the previously amiable Levy.

"You want to know too much," he said fiercely, clutching the Brazilian by both arms. "Be content with what you have seen. It will cost you dear if you betray us, and even if you attempt it we will have you assassinated."

Levy then told him that he was to remain in France: on no account was he to go to Brazil. "Here are some things from which you can make the ink," he said, handing him some collars and handkerchiefs

and a washing glove, similar to that sold in chemists' shops. "You will find inside the glove the address of the person you are to write to in Frankfort. When you have completed your mission somebody will come to you from there and give you the address of a man in France who will pay you for your information."

It was after eleven o'clock before this interesting séance concluded, and there can be no doubt that when Patrocinio took his departure he was badly frightened. Exactly what happened between him and his better half was never learnt, although it can easily be pieced together in view of the subsequent happenings.

According to the story he told us, Patrocinio had no intention of going to France to spy for the Germans. But it is much more likely that his better half compelled him to reveal what had occurred, and, like a sensible woman, threatened to confess everything if her husband would not. Apparently Patrocinio stipulated that he should get out of Holland first; the threat of assassination would seem to have had a potent effect on his none too bold nature. So the couple resolved to get back to Brazil via England, and booked a passage by the first boat.

The actual end of this spy comedy was the most humorous of all. As the boat was leaving the quay at Flushing one of the passengers saw Patrocinio lean over the side and throw some collars into the water. It seemed rather an extraordinary proceeding, and the witness thought he could not do better than keep the little Brazilian under observation on the passage to Gravesend.

Patrocinio had still another fright on the way. A lady who was bringing some children across said to Madame Patrocinio, in hearing of her husband, "Oh,

do you happen to know a Mr. Rene Levy. He was staying in the same hotel as myself and told me he was a Brazilian."

If this were not enough for the already-shattered nerves of the real Brazilian, the gentleman who had seen him throw the collars overboard came up soon after and asked him if he had any dealings with Germans while he was in Holland. This just about finished any intention Patrocinio may have had of serving the Germans, and he told his questioner a garbled story of his connection with Levy and Loebel, gave him the secret of the invisible ink and implored him not to tell anyone in England.

It is quite possible that Patrocinio never had any real intent of assisting the Germans: his flight to England supported that supposition. But when he arrived at Gravesend he told so many untruths that the authorities, with certain facts already in their possession, had no option but to detain him and get at the real facts. He had certainly committed a serious crime in having consorted with enemy agents abroad and making his way to England with materials for invisible writing in his possession. So he was detained in custody and the Brazilian Government notified.

We had trouble enough and to spare before Patrocinio's ultimate fate was decided. From the Brazilian Government we learnt that the father of the self-confessed man was a national hero in that country, and that if we were to bring his son to trial on a charge of attempted espionage it was more than likely that the pro-Ally Government then in power might not be able to stand before the storm which was certain to be aroused. We were informed that Patrocinio senior, a well-known half-caste journalist in Brazil,

had been responsible for liberating all the slaves in that country many years ago, and that his name was reverenced as "Liberator."

Our predicament was certainly an awkward one, and, after assuring ourselves that Patrocinio had told us everything, it was thought advisable to concur in the Brazilian Government's suggestion that the accused man should be repatriated to his native land. It is doubtful whether he could have been convicted on the major charge of attempted espionage, although he would undoubtedly have been found guilty on an indictment of having been in company with enemy agents and then attempting to land in England. But in all the circumstances it did not greatly matter, so we deported the erring individual and told him in future to keep out of such troublesome company.

* * * * * *

Although I have no intention of giving actual details of the many secret inks the Germans used during the war—for reasons that will be obvious—there is no harm in saying that we were able to develop them all. After the enemy had come to the conclusion—by sad experience—that it was a waste of time troubling about crudities such as lemon juice, his chemists were requisitioned to experiment in liquids which would defy detection. They were certainly clever at it, and produced many inks which took weeks of experiment to develop. But we learnt it all in time.

For some considerable period the enemy equipped their spies with an ink which masqueraded as a mixture for gonorrhœa, a comment on the habits of many of their agents which was probably too subtle to be German. The difficulty was to give the spy the secret

ink in such a form that would cause it to remain unsuspected. All sorts of stratagems were resorted to. In the case of the Dutch cigar travellers, Janssen and Roos, they were found to be in possession of a perfume which was nothing but a secret ink, although, so far as we knew, they had never attempted to use it.

Eva de Bournonville was another spy whose liquid for invisible writing was disguised as scent, while de Rysbach, the music-hall artist who was repatriated from Ruhleben to become an enemy agent, was given in Berlin a pomade which had to be dissolved in hot water to make the necessary medium for communication. De Rysbach told us that he threw away most of this pomade while passing Lake Constance in Switzerland, keeping one tube as a souvenir. One enterprising individual, who for a long time defied all our efforts to trace the ink he was known to be using, was ultimately found to have it concealed in the form of a powder, hidden away in the metal buttons of his coat.

George Vaux Bacon, the American journalist, carried in his socks an ink which bore some relation to Salvarsan or "606," while Alfred Hagn's ink was in the form of a throat gargle. Ingenious, some might say. But to what end? All the clever tricks of the Germans re-acted to their own detriment, as did their different poisonous gases. Invisible inks are not a modern adoption for espionage purposes. So long ago as 1759, when we were more or less embroiled with the French, a spy came to London, using lemon juice to send undetectable messages. It does not say a great deal for the ingenuity of the Hun that at the beginning of the war he could not think of some better protection for his agents' communications. Either that, or else the Germans must have thought we were so stupid

that anything would pass muster. However, we speedily undeceived him, and, thanks to the regularity with which we deciphered hidden messages, he was compelled to discover chemicals which might almost be beyond solution. Still, secret inks would appear in one respect to resemble ciphers: there had to be a key to the puzzle.

* * * * * *

After José de Patrocinio had been dealt with German espionage in England underwent a most pronounced slump. Whether the enemy gave it up in disgust or whether our arrangements for keeping spies out of the country were too efficient we shall probably never know, but this much is certain—we never brought another man or woman to trial on a charge of being a German spy.

There were plenty of suspicious characters always coming our way, one of the worst being a German Jew named Lionel Max Ettlinger, who had been naturalized in this country. On the outbreak of war, Ettlinger, who owned a prosperous business here, was in Germany, and, along with a great many others, was thrown into Ruhleben. He was repatriated in 1918, and arrived on April 28th, but the circumstances were so full of doubt that he was taken to Scotland Yard to be interrogated as to when and why the Germans had actually released him. It was the old tale of double deception. Ettlinger said that when war came he tried to bluff the Germans by offering to guide Zeppelins to England if they would release him. That stratagem did not appeal to the Huns, who probably knew that once Ettlinger got to England he would snap his fingers at them. So they put him into Ruhleben.

From the English point of view, Ettlinger was too dangerous to be at large: he may have come on a spying mission after all. In any case we decided that, having offered his services to the Germans, he was of no further use to us, so we denaturalized him and dumped him back on the Fatherland with orders not to return.

* * * * * *

All the evidence which we could accumulate from returning civilian prisoners pointed to the fact that the Germans had a great many spies in their different camps, and were making strenuous efforts to induce men to come to England and forward information, written in invisible ink, to neutral addresses. Money and freedom was the reward offered, with a threat of assassination if the willing ones attempted to betray them. Kurt de Rysbach was one instance, and there were many others whom we detained to make perfectly sure they had not gone over to the enemy. Of the Hun talk of assassination we have heard nothing further. It has vanished, along with the disreputable creatures whom Germany employed to carry out her espionage.

About April, 1917, we were keeping a keen look-out for a well-known German spy, named Heinrich Bode, who had been mixed up in the organization run by the Germans in America. Bode possessed several aliases. In Spain he was known as Boda, in America as William Reed or William Disque, while in other countries he passed as Dr. Israel. Probably the warning we sent all round the world proved too much for him, for he eventually got back to America, where he was arrested as a deserter from the United States Army, being

subsequently charged with infringing the laws of neutrality and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Bode was only one of the many cosmopolitans whom the Germans engaged in their espionage service. Most of them we got to know in time, although they were too cunning to venture outside German or neutral territory, so we never had the pleasure of interviewing them.

* * * * * *

Somewhere about the end of May, 1918, an instructive example of the enemy's ramifications came to light, when letters to Professor Kuno Meyer from someone in Ireland were intercepted. It turned out that the writer was a Mdlle. Mia Bruns, an Austrian woman employed as secretary to a well-known horse trainer in Ireland.

When we got to the bottom of the many lies which were told us, it appeared that the woman in question was an old flame of the Professor, and had probably not altogether lost hope that he would one day marry her. We asked Mdlle. Bruns if she was aware that the Professor was busily engaged in trying to stir up trouble in Ireland, also if she knew that he had been a German spy in America. After a little prevarication the lady admitted that she did, and furthermore told us she had written to de Valera, enclosing one of Meyer's letters to her (probably to prove her sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement), appealing to him for protection in the many raids which were then taking place. There did not appear to be any reason for thinking that Mdlle. Bruns had actually become a German spy, but all the same we came to the conclusion it would be better for all concerned if she were sent back to her native Austria.

CHAPTER XVI

Did Germany succeed in her espionage?—The character of her spies—Steinhauer.

I HAVE come to the end of my narrative in so far as it concerns the spies whom we actually brought to justice. In the not distant future there will be many stories woven around the careers of some of the more picturesque German agents who came here in the time of the Great War, and I am quite certain that most of them will be lavishly coloured by the brush of the painter in words.

What I have set down is nothing but the plain, unadulterated truth. Ordinarily I am not addicted to moralizing; if I were I might come to the conclusion, after studying the personality of people who took up the profession of spy, that the work would not have seemed so attractive had it not been invested with such false romance. One could understand the glamour of espionage if the type of spy so commonly portrayed on the stage and in books of fiction were heroic. But who has ever seen a play where the hero was a spy? And yet there is no reason why he should not. All over the world a spy is regarded with nothing but opprobrium and disgust, although it is an undoubted truth that the homage of a nation may not be too great a reward for the successful spy. If by spying we were able to forestall the enemy's intentions, and thereby save the lives of thousands of British

soldiers, is there a parent or wife in these islands who would say, "No, we will have nothing to do with such methods?" There is not one, of that I am certain.

The word "spy" has come to be associated almost entirely with warfare. But there are spies in commerce, men of honoured standing in the community, who, to protect their own businesses, find it necessary to obtain some idea of what their competitors are doing. Exactly the same state of affairs exists with the great nations of the world. They must keep pace with progress, and, whether it be in war or peace, cannot afford to let their rivals have the field to themselves. And the side which learns most of the other's intentions is the one which profits most. If the real truth were stated, I expect the world-wide anathema which surrounds the profession of spy is due entirely to the fact that commercial espionage is not an offence punishable even with a monetary penalty, much less death. How different it is with the naval or military spy! In time of peace he may be subjected to lifelong imprisonment: when war comes he may forfeit his life as the reward for failure.

I am hoping that this book will set at rest for ever those absurd stories which were current all over the United Kingdom as to the number of spies whom we executed. It will be recognized now that we handled the German spy menace quite cleverly. In France, Italy and Great Britain the concerted measures taken to suppress clandestine activities by the enemy, particularly sabotage, were so effective that the Germans, by the end of 1917, appear to have come to the conclusion that espionage was a waste of time and money. So that will be the end of spies, your super-

optimist will say. We have no more seen the last spy than we have passed through the last war.

I am quite certain that our national characteristic of regarding all foreigners with suspicion was responsible for the numerous spy scares in the early days of the war. And, as a natural consequence, people came to invest the German espionage system with powers and intricacies it certainly did not possess. If one-tenth of the number of men and women reported to be enemy agents in this country actually were so, then the Germans, unknown to our counter-espionage authorities, had at least ten thousand spies in this country. And if that were the case, we should have suffered innumerable acts of sabotage. As a matter of fact, not one took place. The tremendous explosions at Silvertown in 1917 and at Chilwell, outside Nottingham, in 1918, both of which were commonly credited to German agents, were definitely proved to be nothing but the result of accident.

Does it never occur to those English people who have nothing but amused contempt for the foreigner, that we are foreigners when we go to Paris, or Rome, or anywhere else on the Continent? A typical instance of the English attitude towards strangers within our gates occurred in the autumn of 1917, when one of the Russian commanders-in-chief, a man who had rendered brilliant service to the Allies, arrived in England after having been exiled by the ineffable Kerensky Government in Petrograd. This Russian general, accompanied by his wife, a woman who subsequently gave her life in nursing wounded French soldiers, came to London and went to one of those quiet, ultra-fashionable hotels off Piccadilly, seeking accommodation. What happened can best be related

in the words of the manageress of the hotel, on being questioned as to whether the Russian general was staying there. "Oh, yes," she said; "I remember the gentleman. A foreigner, was he not? No, I didn't take him in. I didn't quite like the look of him."

I wonder what she would have said had Earl Haig gone to Petrograd and been refused accommodation by a Russian hotel-keeper on the grounds that our Commander-in-Chief was a foreigner, and that he was not enamoured of his looks. Our immediate withdrawal from the ranks of the Allies would have been the least of the reparations demanded.

I am quite positive that this feeling had everything to do with the idiotic spy scares which permeated Great Britain all through the war. Every foreigner, potentially, was a German agent, and the enemy possessed the means to obtain almost any information he wanted—if common report was to be believed. The reader will be able to judge fairly well, by the incidents I have related in this book, the extent of the spy menace, and the conclusion arrived at will be the correct one—that the German espionage organization, so far as we were concerned, was remarkable chiefly for its stupidity.

The secret of successful spying, all the world over and in all countries, is to undermine the loyalty of the people. We know for certain that attempts in this direction were made here before the war; what happened after August, 1914, remains an unknown quantity. It is highly probable that there was never any serious effort to induce our people to turn traitor. I am quite aware that in the United States the Germans caused the Allies a considerable amount of damage by acts of sabotage and divulging information concerning

the movements of shipping which resulted in the loss of many vessels and their cargoes. But it must be remembered that there were nearly ten million Germans in America, all of whom possessed the freedom of the ordinary citizen. The wonder is that they did not rise *en masse* when the United States declared war on Germany.

Our achievement in going through the war without having cause to arrest a *bona fide* British subject of spying for the enemy will go down to history as an incident of the highest importance. How different it was with the Germans! There were thousands of them only too willing to work for the Allies.

It would hardly be fair to apply severe criticism to prisoners of war captured from the battle line, who might be compelled to reveal matters of military interest under what would literally be a threat of death. The Germans, once they had broken all the canons of the accepted methods of warfare, had, of course, no reason to stick at anything which might be of value to them, and accordingly practised the most disgraceful cruelties on their prisoners, especially the Irish and Indian troops, in the attempt to seduce their national allegiance. It was all part of the great scheme to disintegrate the British Empire by rebellion in Ireland and India.

There was a great outcry in Germany at the time we were spreading all over the world that horrible story of the bodies of dead German soldiers being rendered into fat. The enemy Press protested that it was not war. Probably not, any more than was the German corruption of a section of the French Press. The enemy process of reasoning seems to have been, "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you."

Towards the end of the war the Germans complained that occupied France and Belgium was overrun with our spies. But why make a grievance of that fact? Did the invaders imagine that their presence gave pleasure to the unfortunate people whose houses they had forcibly taken, whose labour had been impressed under threat of starvation? Did the enemy imagine that he should be permitted to spy without let or hindrance, while his opponents remained idle? The German is surely a humourless creature. The plain fact of the matter is that the militarists who once reigned in Potsdam possessed the intelligence of a spoilt child. They were fought with their own weapons, and the result was not to their liking.

I am hopeful that one of these days we shall be vouchsafed a glimpse of what the British Secret Service did in Germany. I know it will make much more cheerful reading than the dismal record of failure which attended the efforts of the Germans in England. It is quite probable that in the early months of the war, before the Postal Censorship was in full working order, and before there was any regular system of supervising the arrival and departure of people through our ports, that a certain amount of information found its way into German hands. But these were the days of chaos. Our naval and military preparations changed so rapidly that any intelligence the enemy may have received would be out of date so quickly as to be valueless.

There are other reasons, however, which discountenance the possibility of the Germans having received much that would be of real utility. First and foremost is the test infallible in everything all the world over—that of results. If the enemy did get anything

particularly valuable, then he either made exceedingly poor use of it, or, more likely still, so mistrusted the source that the ultimate effect was the same.

To judge from the character and professional ability of the spies we captured in England, one is fairly safe in assuming that the average German agent possessed neither the training nor the experience to become a successful spy. Nor did many possess the patriotism which might have kept them comparatively honest in the reports they attempted to send to their employers. With the exception of Lody and Küpferle, we did not come across a single German spy whose motives were other than mercenary. Nearly all the letters we intercepted enlarged on the great importance of the information being sent, of the terrible risks being incurred, and the immediate necessity for more money. Naturally, much of the so-called "intelligence" contained in these letters was fabricated by the spies themselves. Whether the Hun actually swallowed all these fairy-tales is another matter. He was probably wily enough to put himself in the other fellow's place—mentally, I mean—and come to the conclusion that, if he were spying in a hostile country, he would try and furnish his employers with the class of news they wanted. Its accuracy would be a minor consideration. In the first place, there was always the grave likelihood that he would finish his earthly career in front of a firing party. If he were a neutral, and escaped, it was likely that he would never need to set foot in Germany, and thus put himself within reach of the authorities for furnishing false information. And, lastly, always there remained the saving clause that the German Secret Service would not be able to prove that he had

wilfully sent false reports, knowing them to be so. When, in addition, is taken into calculation how few of the German spies could plead "*Pro Patria*" as the underlying motive for their turning spy, then it will not be difficult to arrive at a precise estimate of the value of their work in this country. I will conclude this short diatribe on espionage with a story which is perfectly true, and which illustrates better than anything I know the character of the people employed by the German Secret Service.

In July, 1914, information came into our possession, thanks to the close watch we maintained over correspondence received by Ernst, the postman of the enemy's pre-war spy system here, that Steinhauer, the head of the organization, was on his way to England. His mission was to inspect his spies in different parts of the country. But the crafty Steinhauer, who must have known how close war was, knew better than to put his head into the lion's mouth. Instead of landing here, he wrote twenty-two postcards and enclosed them under one cover to Ernst, with instructions to forward one to each of his spies, and have them posted in the particular town where an agent lived. Berlin would naturally conclude that Steinhauer was going his round according to schedule. While this pretty little deception was being carried through, Steinhauer was enjoying a gorgeous holiday at Blankenberghe, near Ostend. The money he had drawn for the expenses of the trip more than paid for the cost of the holiday at the Belgian seaside resort. However, we never told Berlin of this. We thought it to our advantage that people of the Steinhauer type should continue to be employed. If the head of the enemy espionage system swindled his employers, then

obviously the rank and file would follow suit. And so it proved, all through the war. The paymasters in Holland cheated the spies in England, and compelled them to write for money and thus give themselves away, the spies in England cheated their rascally employers with false information. Sometimes we took a hand in the game and continued a spy's correspondence for him, to add to the general confusion.

* * * * * * *

Quite one of the most picturesque figures in the thousands of spies who overran Holland and Belgium during the war was the woman known as the Frau Doctor Elizabeth, who was reputed to be the head of German espionage schools. Her real name is supposed to have been Heinrichsen, although we could never definitely establish the fact. She possessed a dozen sobriquets; sometimes she was known as the "Black Cat," at others the "Red Tiger." There is no doubt that this woman, who walked about the streets of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and was well known to our authorities by sight, was the instructress-in-chief of the enemy's spies, although great success does not seem to have attended her efforts. She was a buxom, good-looking creature, who probably relied much on her powers of fascination to induce unfortunate neutrals to turn spy. Her headquarters were Antwerp, but she made a great many trips through Holland in a fast motor-car, accompanied by two men known to be armed to the teeth, so there was little chance of kidnapping the lady. Weird stories were current all over Holland as to the awful oaths she made her agents swear that they would not

turn traitor; but, having regard to what we learnt from the men and women we captured, it is quite possible that the lady really relied on bountiful promises of money, in addition to a threat of assassination, to ensure loyalty.

Well, they have played their petty parts, these puppets of the German War Lords. Their victims lie buried in nameless prison graves, or are still eating out their hearts behind iron bars, wondering perhaps if they will ever again meet the person who tempted them to turn spy. It is all dreadfully pitiful, all the more pathetic in that no country will want them. Spying is not a crime in the strict sense of the word: it only becomes punishable when you are found out. Some day, when the nations of the world grow more sensible, there will be two methods of treating spies. Those who can prove patriotism as the inspiring motive will be dealt with as prisoners of war; the hirelings will be condemned to the death they richly deserve. There is something radically wrong in the rules of warfare when a soldier taken prisoner on the battle-field is treated with honour, while a spy, who undertakes the infinitely more dangerous task of entering the enemy's country on the perfectly justifiable errand of obtaining information of value to his country, is put to death. Of all the German spies who came our way Carl Lody will stand supreme as the man who placed country before everything. His last letter deserves to be a classic in the history of espionage. "A hero's death on the battle-field is certainly finer, but such is not to be my lot, and I die here in the enemy's country, silent and unknown. But the consciousness that I die in the service of the Fatherland makes death easy."

Brave words: braver spirit. Had there been more

of such spirit displayed amongst the spies whom the Germans sent here there would not have been the feeling of profound contempt which the enemy engendered through sending so many unfortunate individuals to their death.

I suppose the fate of a few spies is trifling alongside the greater catastrophe of the twelve million men who laid down their lives in battle. But it represents an absorbing phase of a war which was without precedent. It will be many, many years before England is again invaded by such numbers of spies. Indeed, it is quite possible that, if Germany should try to make war in the future, she will find it more profitable to confine her espionage to the actual area of operations. The people whom we collected to trap spies have scattered to the four corners of the earth; the part they played in the great struggle for civilization will probably never be told outside this book. But I should feel that justice had not been done if some record were not made of the brilliant work accomplished in assisting to defeat an enemy who utilized every contemptible subterfuge to attain his ends. Many volumes of history will be written for hundreds of years to come, telling what our Navy, our Army and our Air Force did in the Great War, but they will be silent concerning the people who helped to win the war other than on the battle grounds. If this little book is not written in vain it will make people realize that there are others who have a claim to the gratitude of the nation.

THE END

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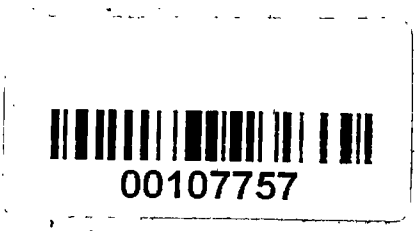

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